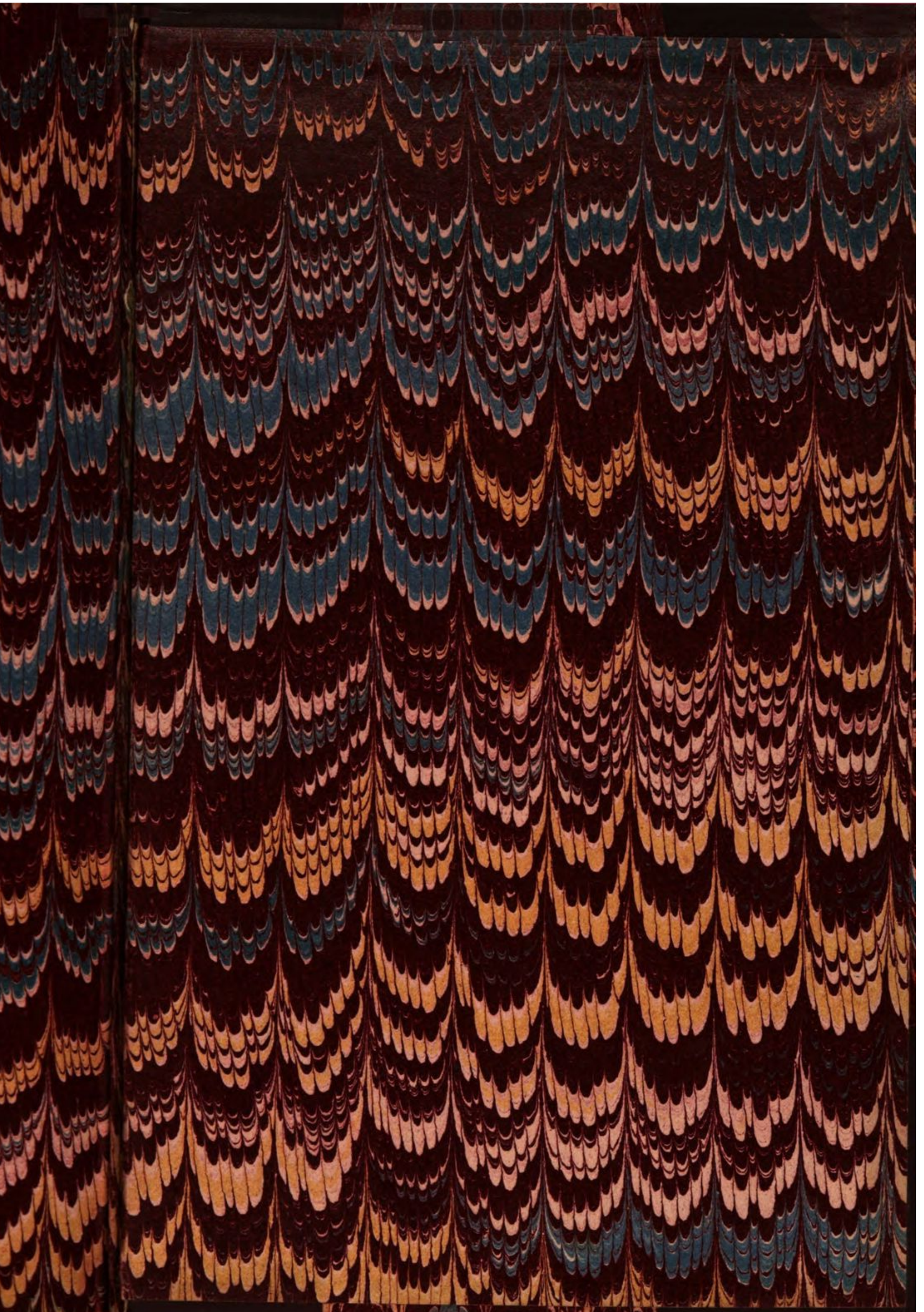

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Tho.s Chatterton

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON

WITH A MEMOIR

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

Brighton
Branch Library
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BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY.
Cambridge: The Riverside Press.
1878.

Tho: Chatterton

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In 1803, the Works of Chatterton were collected by Southey and Cottle, and published in three handsome octavos. We are not aware that they were again printed in a form requiring notice until 1842, when the well-known edition in two volumes, (published anonymously, but the work, we are informed, of Charles Wilcox,) appeared at Cambridge, England. From this laboriously executed edition nearly everything in the present has been derived. There are, however, differences in the arrangement, and some omissions. We trust that we have acted discreetly in rejecting many of the *variorum* notes with which the Cambridge editor has overloaded his pages, and that the Glossary (taken from the edition of 1803) will be found an ample substitute for the very numerous marginal explanations by which the artificial dialect of the Rowley Poems has hitherto been illustrated. The Biographical Memoir has also undergone a slight pruning, and

four or five pages have been dropped at the end. Notwithstanding some defects of taste and judgment, it will be found highly valuable for its completeness, and interesting from the earnestness with which it is written.

By the kindness of J. R. Dix, Esq., we have been furnished with a copy of some farewell verses, never before printed, which were found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death. They are given in a note towards the end of the Memoir.

JULY, 1856.

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THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"To wryte of a Mannes Lyfe mote bee enowe to saie of somme he was ybore and deceased; odher somme lacketh recytalle, as manie notable matteres bee contained in yer storie." *Lyfe of W. Canynge, bie Rowley.*

I.

His Birth—Parentage—Education.

THOMAS CHATTERTON,[1] whose life we are about to record, was born at Bristol on the 20th of November, 1752. He was of humble origin. His father in the early part of his life is said to have filled the office of

[1] The materials for this biography are derived from Dean Milles's Preliminary Dissertation to Rowley's Poems; Dr. Greogry's Life of Chatterton; Bryant's Observations; Sir Herbert Croft's Love and Madness; Warton's Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley, and the eighth section of his History of English Poetry; Malone's Cursory Observations; Barrett's History of Bristol; Life of Chatterton, by Chalmers; Edition of his Works, by Southey and Cottle; Britton's History of Redcliffe Church; Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets; Chatterton's Life, by Dix; Cottle's Early Recollections of Coleridge, and miscellaneous articles in various Magazines and Reviews.—ED.

writing-usher to a classical school. He was afterwards appointed one of the choir in the Cathedral of Bristol, and subsequently became the master of the Free-school, situated in Pyle-street, in the same city, which latter situations he continued to hold conjointly till the time of his death, which took place in August, 1752, three months before the birth of his son, who was thus ushered, a posthumous child, into the world. This parent, if we may credit the statements and authorities of the poet's last biographer, was scarcely competent to have supplied the careful attention and control for which Dr. Gregory—on the boy's part—deplores his premature loss.[1] That he was clever and fond of study, there is evidence to prove. He believed, moreover, in magic, and was deeply read in Cornelius Agrippa.

Of the mother of Chatterton little is known previous to her husband's death. She appears to have been a plain, worthy woman; of gentle, though some

[1] That he (Chatterton's father) was a man of some talent and shrewdness, is evident from the various testimonials of those who knew him well; but he was inclined to dissipated habits, and was of a "brutal disposition." The house in which he lived had only two sitting-rooms, and he often passed the whole night roaring out catches in one of them, with some of the lowest rabble of the parish. His wife he always treated with the greatest indifference, and once, on being asked why he married her, he coolly replied, "*solely for a housekeeper.*" That he was not likely to experience much "careful attention" from his father may be inferred from the fact of the ill-usage Mrs. Chatterton received from him; and few will doubt, that, as the *wife* was treated with harshness and neglect, the *son* would have experienced similar treatment.—Dix's *Life of Chatterton.*—(1837.)

what melancholy disposition,—of mild and amiable qualities, and possessing withal a most devoted attachment to her children, of which Thomas, the subject of this memoir, was the second,—the eldest, a girl, being at the time of his birth apparently some years old. In order to support her family, now relying entirely on her own exertions, she opened a day-school, and advertised herself as a milliner or sempstress—a resource which the attention of her neighbours, who very greatly esteemed her, appears to have rendered valuable, both by their patronage and assistance.

The infancy of Chatterton is distinguished by little that is worthy of record. At the age of five years, he was sent to the school in Pyle-street, formerly under the superintendence of his father, and then kept by a Mr. Love. Here, however, he exhibited no symptoms of that precocious genius which, ere long, was to "make grey-headed erudition bend before it." On the contrary, he was remarkably dull and stupid, receiving into his apparently obtuse skull no portion of the luminous instruction which the pedagogue of a free-school could be supposed to impart.

Indeed, it seemed pretty plain that the young Chatterton was about to turn out an incorrigible dunce. The most ordinary attainments acquired by the generality of children while yet in the nurse's arms,—the commonest rudiments of knowledge,—the very letters of the alphabet, though insinuated by no harsh master, but by the care of a fond and anxious mother, seemed to baffle every attempt made to penetrate the hopeless stupidity which there was reason to apprehend he would always exhibit. This circumstance appears to have caused his poor parent, to whom he was sent

back on the score of incapacity, a great deal of uneasiness; and we are told by a neighbour, that "until he was six years and a half old, she thought him to be an absolute fool, and often when correcting him, told him so."

But a change was soon to be displayed. There chanced to be in her possession an old musical manuscript, in French, and adorned with illuminated capitals. It arrested the child's attention: to use his mother's words, he "*fell in love*" with it.[1] He began to read. An ancient black-letter Bible, which she brought to her assistance, completed the attraction. Thomas Chatterton was no more a dunce.

His mental cultivation now commenced in earnest. He read with the utmost avidity. He stormed the bookshelves of all his acquaintance. He devoured, not volumes, but libraries. "At seven," says the same neighbour, who was much in the house, "he visibly improved: at eight years of age he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him."

[1] He was taught to read from an old black-letter Testament, or Bible. Perhaps the bent of most men's studies may, in some measure, be determined by accident, and frequently in very early life; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this little circumstance.—Dr. Gregory.

One of his biographers [Chalmers] has expressed surprise that a person in his mother's rank of life should have been acquainted with black-letter. The writer might have known that books of the ancient type continued to be read in that rank of life long after they had ceased to be used by persons of a higher station.—Campbell.

And the dreams of ambition were already commenced. A manufacturer promised to make the children a present of some earthenware—a cup or plaything that might gratify a child: he asked the boy what device should be inscribed on his. "Paint me," replied the future creator of Rowley—"Paint me an angel, with wings and a trumpet, *to trumpet my name over the world.*" This anecdote rests upon credible authority—that of his sister.

"My brother," writes the same relation, in her expressive letter to Sir Herbert Croft, "very early discovered a thirst for preëminence. I remember, before he was five years old he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old, and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the alphabet from an old folio music-book of my father's, my mother was then tearing up for waste paper: the capitals at the beginning of the verses I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his eighth year, excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery, when he grew up, as a reward of her care."

The affection with which he regarded his relatives, whom throughout his life he distinguished by every token of regard, forms indeed one of the most interesting traits of his character. Here it began to manifest itself in the promise of fine clothes—of gauds and fripery—which no doubt his pen was to procure; and the child's dream of greatness derived additional splendour from the imagined glories of his bedizened friends.

Another change became apparent in him. He grew reserved and thoughtful. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself up in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered his being most severely chastised for a long absence; at which he did not however shed one tear, but merely said, "It was hard indeed to be whipped for reading."

Not unfrequently a search was instituted. His mother's house was close to the fine structure of St. Mary Redcliffe, and they well knew that the boy's favourite haunts were the aisles and towers of that noble pile. And there they would find the truant, seated generally by the tomb of Canynge, or lodged in one of the towers, reading sometimes, or—what if thus early imagining Rowley? Stealing away in this manner, he would constantly awaken the solicitude of his friends, to whom his little eccentricities were already the source of much uneasiness.

In August, 1760, when he had not quite attained his eighth year, he was admitted into the school established at Bristol for charitable purposes, by one Edward Colston in 1708. This person, who was a merchant, and who by excess of industry possessed himself of almost unlimited wealth, has recorded his benevolent disposition in the numerous benefactions which he has bestowed on his native city. In this institution,

which is situated in a part of that city called St. Augustine's Back, one hundred boys are clothed, boarded, and educated, and in many instances apprenticed at a suitable age to some creditable trade or profession. The rules are very strict; the hours in summer are, from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon; in winter they assemble from eight till twelve, and from one to four. Throughout the year they are obliged to be in bed by eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and Saints'-days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon, and seven and eight in the evening. Into this school, and subject to these regulations, was Chatterton admitted, at a time when his faculties were ripe for cultivation, his ambition eager for enterprise, his soul expanding with desire for renown.

After all, however, it was only a charity-school; and elated as he was with the prospect of acquiring knowledge, he soon manifested his disgust. He is said to have asserted "that he could not learn so much at school as he could at home, for they had not books enough there." It was but a kind of mercantile, ledger and day-book education the young poet was receiving: they taught him nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic,—made him each day pursue the round of a gin-horse, while his brain was labouring with the conception of Rowley, soon to issue from that teeming womb. Who can wonder that Chatterton was disgusted?

But he was not so backward, even here; he kept stirring, and made some progress, especially in the arithmetic classes, in which the usher allowed him to

be amongst the foremost. This usher will be remembered with the fame of Chatterton, for *he* too—in his way—was a poet; and the reader of Chatterton's works will recollect the Elegy on his death, composed in later years, but bearing adequate testimony to the warmth of their mutual attachment. He appears to have been an amiable and estimable man, and is indeed so connected with the early life of Chatterton, and the first production of Rowley, that Dr. Gregory is justified in lamenting the want of a more perfect memoir of him. One of his intimate acquaintances shall tell us all that is known respecting him:—

"In the summer of 1763, being then in the 12th year of my age, I contracted an intimacy with one Thomas Phillips, who was some time usher or assistant master of a hospital or charity-school, founded for the education and maintenance of youth at Bristol, by Edward Colston, Esquire. Phillips, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a very confined education, possessed a taste for history and poetry; of the latter, the magazines and other periodicals of that time furnish no very contemptible specimen.

"Towards the latter end of that year, by means of my intimacy with Phillips, I formed a connection with Chatterton, who was on the foundation of that school, and about fourteen months younger than myself. The poetical attempts of Phillips had excited a kind of literary emulation amongst the elder classes of the scholars; the love of fame animated their bosoms, and a variety of competitors appeared to dispute the laurel with him; their endeavours, however, in general, did not meet with the success which their zeal and assiduity deserved; and Phillips still, to the mortification of his opponents, came off victorious and unhurt.

"In all these trifling contentions, the fruits of which are now, and have been long since, deservedly and entirely forgotten, Chatterton appeared merely as an idle spectator, no

ways interested in the business of the drama; simply contenting himself with the sports and pastimes more immediately adapted to his age, he apparently possessed neither inclination, nor indeed ability, for literary pursuits; nor do I believe (notwithstanding the evidence adduced to the contrary by the author of Love and Madness) that he attempted the composition of a single couplet during the first three years of my acquaintance with him."[1]

We shall presently find this opinion to be incorrect; in the mean time, as, in the writer's company, we have stepped over to the summer of 1763, we must look back and see how Chatterton has been employed. He is reported to have stood aloof from the society of his schoolmates—to have made few acquaintances, and only amongst those whose dispositions inclined them to reflection.

After his admission into the school—two years after say some authorities, but hardly so long—his mother allowed him a trifle for pocket-money, which found its way to the treasury of a bookseller, who supplied him, in return, with all the literature his circulating-shelves could afford. The bibliopole was liberal, too, for when the pence were not forthcoming, knowing the boy's family, he allowed him to select his volume, and even to make transcripts from new books.[2] His name de-

[1] Letter from Mr. Thistlethwaite to Dean Milles, printed in the Dean's Edition of Rowley, and in Southey and Cottle's Edition of Chatterton.

[2] Recorded on the authority of W. H. Ireland, the fabricator of the Shakespeare MSS. The reader can refer to his "Confessions," and allow the passage what credit he pleases. In this, as in one or two other incidents in the early life of Chatterton obtained from the same source, and inserted in

serves to be recorded; he was a Mr. Goodal, and he kept his shop nearly opposite the Cider House Passage, in Broad Street.

The works thus procured were of a very miscellaneous character. Chatterton confined his studies to no particular head. In later life he pursued the same course, and amassed a confused heap of heterogeneous knowledge, which included subjects the most abstruse. Even at this early period he perused promiscuously, works on religion, history, biography, poetry, heraldry, —and betrayed a passionate attachment for antiquities. To be sure, the Burgum pedigree was engendering in his brain—a mere fœtus, to be delivered in due time. He was not very communicative, this poet in embryo; neither too obsequious, though incurring a favour; he merely bowed his head, as he entered the shop, and made a similar obeisance on taking leave.

In fact, the pride, the reserve, the native and unconquerable haughtiness had already betrayed itself in his young character. One expression—that "God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they chose to be at the trouble," was frequently in his mouth. He was in arms for the omnipotence of the human intellect. Slight mistake, that; though he did his share, and something more: how many have performed one thousandth such a part?

Soon after this time he wrote a catalogue of all the

this biography, the author observes nothing of a suspicious nature—even when the character of Ireland is taken into consideration. The name of the bookseller is derived from Dix.

books he had read; the number amounted to seventy, —not despicable for his contracted means. The subjects they embraced were chiefly history and divinity, all devoured and digested perhaps—in a manner, after school-hours, and during the seasons allotted for recreation. Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet were among them. No slender stock of theology he was accumulating; but then—Rowley's sermon was to follow.

It cannot be doubted that all this time the elements of his great work were arranging themselves in order, and silently shaping into Ella tragedies and Bawdin histories. During holidays and half-holidays, and leisure moments—whenever he could procure them—he would retire to a little room which he called his own, shutting himself in, and allowing no one to bear him company. Here he would remain for hours, in no way solicitous about external things. Of his meals he was even oblivious, letting the hour slip by, or disregarding the often-repeated summons; and making his appearance at last begrimed with ochre, charcoal, and black-lead.

II.

Confirmed at ten years old by the Bishop—Is articled to an Attorney—Commences the Rowley fabrications.

At ten years old, Chatterton was confirmed; an age, apparently, when the meaning of the rite, the importance ascribed to it, or the nature of the responsibility, could hardly have been understood by him. But Chat-

terton, we repeat, was no common boy. Not only was he prepared for the occasion, but his sister adds, that he made very "sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony," and his own feelings in relation to it. This event is assigned by all his historians, whose authority indeed is the evidence of his sister, to a period full two years later. The date commonly ascribed, however—that of his twelfth year—has been sufficiently invalidated by Mr. Tyson, to authorize the present biographer in assigning it to the earlier period. His sister, Mrs. Newton, made reference to the event many years after it had taken place, when her brother had been long dead, during an interval of ill-health, too, as she acknowledges; and no considerable time before her own disordered faculties rendered her a subject of painful attention. Her account is as follows:—

"At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the Bishop: he made very sensible, serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this, in the week he was door-keeper, he made some verses on the last day, I think about eighteen lines; paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job; and, not long after, some chapters in Isaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remarked he was more cheerful after he began to write poetry. Some satirical pieces we saw soon after."[1]

Upon this Mr. Tyson remarks:—

"Mrs. Newton's communications in this letter are evidently what they profess to be, the result of recollection, and on a

[1] Letter to Sir Herbert Croft.

subject, as she acknowledges, painful to the writer, as well as undertaken at a period of ill-health. With respect to dates, therefore, it is exceedingly probable that mistakes should occur, and especially where they do not tend to affect the credibility of the circumstances to which they relate.

"That Mrs. Newton was incorrect in asserting that it was not till after he was twelve years old that Chatterton produced his first poetical attempts, is apparent from the statement of Sir Herbert Croft, that the satirical verses entitled "Sly Dick," as well as the Hymn for Christmas-Day, were written by Chatterton at about the age of eleven; information which he must have derived either from Mrs. Newton, or from her mother, Mrs. Chatterton. The inaccuracy of Mrs. Newton's memory with respect to the date of her brother's first poetical efforts, is further proved, beyond all controversy, by the fact that the verses entitled "Apostate Will" bear the date, in Chatterton's own handwriting, of April 14, 1764, when he was not quite eleven years and five months old.

"This point being established, it remains to determine to what limit Mrs. Newton's inaccuracy upon the subject may reasonably be supposed to extend.

"There can be no doubt of the correctness of Mrs. Newton's statement, that her brother began to write poetry soon after he was confirmed. Her error, as to his age when he produced his first poetical efforts, arose from the period she assigned to his confirmation; and the question about to be raised is, whether that event did not take place when he was ten years old, instead of twelve, as stated by Mrs. Newton.

"In support of the assumption of the inaccuracy of her memory, in reference to the date of her brother's confirmation, it should be recollected that her letter was written on the 22d of September, 1778, fourteen years after the period assigned by her as that when the event took place; and when the circumstances under which she wrote are also considered, it appears but reasonable to conclude that, whether fourteen or sixteen years had elapsed since the period to which she refers, was a point on which her memory was not unlikely to prove fallacious.

"Neither is there any improbability to contend with, in assigning Chatterton's confirmation to so early a period of his life. More than five years had then elapsed since "the wond'rous boy" fell in love, to use his mother's expression, with the rudiments of literature; and such was the ardour he evinced in the pursuit of knowledge, that at the very time to which it is contended the circumstance of his confirmation should be assigned, he was in the habit, as his sister informs us, of expending what was given him for pocket money in hiring books from a circulating library.

"In addition to these suggestions in favour of the suppo sition that Chatterton was confirmed at the age of ten instead of twelve years, the verses themselves, now produced as those which he wrote upon the occasion, combined with the cir cumstances connected with their publication, may be con fidently adduced as tending in a very high degree to establish the position. Besides the identity of the subject, they consist of sixteen lines, approximating to Mrs. Newton's statement in that respect, as nearly as can be expected from the indeter minate manner in which she expresses herself; they contain abundant internal proof of the juvenility of the writer; they were inserted in the Bristol newspaper to which Chatterton, as well as his literary associates, were subsequently in the habit of communicating their productions; and they appeared in the seventh week after he had attained the tenth year of his age."[1]

Mr. Tyson then produces the lines, to which we shall presently refer.

With respect to Chatterton's first poetical productions Mr. Tyson is undoubtedly right. It was written in 1762, instead of 1764. His sister is positive to the subject, which she states to be " verses on the last day

[1] From a communication respecting Chatterton's first poetical production, published as an Appendix to Dix's Life, and which I am permitted, by the kindness of Mr. Tyson, to make use of in this biography.

—about eighteen lines—written in the week he was door-keeper."[1] To Mr. Tyson's industrious research we owe the preservation of these lines, which it was thought were entirely lost. "It is with a feeling of gratification," observes that gentleman, "that they are rescued from the obscurity in which they were enveloped, and placed before the public eye, as exhibiting the flutterings of the unfledged eaglet." They were published in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, for January 8, 1763, and are entitled—

ON THE LAST EPIPHANY, OR CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Behold! just coming from above,
The JUDGE, with majesty and love!
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T'admit him through the realms of day
The sun astonish'd, hides its face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At JESU'S bright superior rays!
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth and briny shore;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierceth through the sea and land;
The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice;
For now the awful hour is come,
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

[1] It was, and still is, I believe, customary for the boys educated at Colston's school to take the post of door-keeper in rotation, the office continuing for the space of a week at a time in the occupation of one boy. Of course the lad in office had much leisure time during this period.—DIX's *Life*

Nothing uncommon in these—even for ten years; but then, in composition, as in every thing else, when once fairly in progress, Chatterton made rapid strides towards perfection.

"*He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but he became more cheerful when he began to write poetry.*" Why, the weight—the incubus—was removed. He had burst his bonds—could flutter now, and prepare himself for higher flights. It was pleasant even to feel his liberty, and to know that what was within him he could speak out. The bandage was removed from the eyes of the mewed bird. He could behold the heaven, where his thoughts rested—whence his prophesyings had descended, and the living fire that had tipped his tongue. While he was yet musing, the flame had kindled. His beliefs, his aspirations, and his ardent yearnings—burning, struggling to be uttered—they might be uttered now.

"*Some satirical pieces we saw soon after.*" That is, after his twelfth, or, as it has been proved, his tenth year. Of his powers of satire, we shall, bye-and-by, have much to say. It has been generally thought that his verses entitled "Apostate Will" were his first essay in that line. The opinion was erroneous; and the proof in this case we likewise owe to Mr. Tyson. This "Apostate Will" was an unprincipled man, who for mercenary motives shifted his religion from one sect to another without compunction. Sir Herbert Croft transcribed it after his death from an old pocket-book in the possession of his relatives. This pocket-book had been given to him by his sister, as a New-year's present, after his confirmation, and he had subsequently returned it to her filled with attempts at poetry. "It

appears," says the transcriber, "to be his first, perhaps his only copy of it, and is evidently his handwriting. By the date, he was eleven years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world; but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction: whereas, when we read the Ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, friend, or parent, at least no parent who could correct or assist him." [1]

This is a lame and impotent conclusion. Pope's father was any thing but friendly disposed towards his son's poetical powers. *He* would not, even if he could, have assisted him. And Chatterton *had* a tutor—which tutor was his intimate friend, and who himself made a pretence of writing poetry—Thomas Phillips. The verses, however, for which this question is begged, would confer as little credit on Phillips as they do on Chatterton.

We must again have recourse to Mr. Tyson.

"In *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* of Saturday, December 17, 1763, and some following numbers, a succession of satirical attacks, in verse and prose, are inserted, on a churchwarden, who is accused of having ordered the levelling of the churchyard entrusted to his care, and of hauling away the clay to be used for the purposes of his trade as a brickmaker.

[1] "Love and Madness," by Sir Herbert Croft

One of the pieces states that the churchyard alluded to ' is an appendage to the grandest structure in this city;" thus clearly indicating it to be that of St. Mary Redcliff's, the churchwarden of which, for the year 1763, was Joseph Thomas; and by a familiar abbreviation of whose Christian name, the person satirized is addressed in the lines about to be produced. With respect to their authorship, the locality of the circumstance to which they relate would directly point to Chatterton, in whose mind the subject could not fail of exciting an interest; in addition to which it presented a tempting opportunity of indulging the propensity to satire, which formed so prominent a trait in his character.

"But Chatterton's title to the composition in question requires no other proof than a comparison with the satire entitled "Sly Dick," the commencement of which is here transcribed to facilitate the reader's immediate reference.

"Sharp was the frost, the wind was high,
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky:
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest,
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
'Twas then a dark infernal sprite," &c.

* * * * *

And then follows the "first satirical poem," which, as we have not included it in the collection of his "Acknowledged Poems," we proceed to transcribe. It appeared in the Journal before mentioned for January 7, 1764.

THE CHURCHWARDEN AND THE APPARITION.

A FABLE.

The night was cold, the wind was high,
And stars bespangled all the sky;
Churchwarden J*E. had laid him down,

And slept secure on bed of down;
But still the pleasing hope of gain
That never left his active brain,
Expos'd the churchyard to his view,
That seat of treasure wholly new.
"Pull down that cross," he quickly cried,
The mason instantly complied;
When, lo! behold the golden prize
Appears—joy sparkles in his eyes.
The door now creaks,—the window shakes,
With sudden fear he starts and wakes;
Quaking and pale, in eager haste
His haggard eyes around he cast;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
That instant rose and thus began:
"Weak wretch—to think to blind my eyes!
Hypocrisy's a thin disguise;
Your humble mien and fawning tongue
Have oft deceiv'd the old and young.
On this side now, and now on that,
The very emblem of the bat:
What ever part you take we know
'Tis only interest makes it so.
And tho' with sacred zeal you burn,
Religion's only for your turn.
I'm Conscience call'd!"—J*E. greatly fear'd;
The lightning flash'd—it disappear'd.[1]

[1] "The paper," continues Mr. Tyson, "from which this poem is extracted, contains a letter, addressed to the printer on the same subject, with the signature of "FULLFORD *the Grave-digger*." To enter into any argument to prove that it was written by Chatterton would be trifling with the reader's judgment, for to no other person than the author of the "Bristowe Tragedy" would such a signature have occurred. The observation, however, should not be omitted, that this circumstance affords a decided proof of Chatterton's acquaintance with the subject of one of the finest of Rowley's

Nothing of "Kew Gardens" here,—and yet it was written in little better than five years afterwards.

These productions are sufficient to convict Mr. Thistlethwaite of inaccuracy in the opinion which he had formed of Chatterton's power, and the period at which he first began to join couplets together. The poems of "Sly Dick" and "Apostate Will" are in themselves a meagre evidence of his poetical faculties in his eleventh and twelfth years. But Thistlethwaite

poems, upwards of four years before the least intimation was given of the discovery of any ancient manuscripts. Here follows the letter:—

"MR. PRINTER: Being *old*, and having enjoyed my place many a long year, I have buried, or rather dug the graves for one half of our parish; and could tell to an inch *where* and *how* their bodies lie, and are ranged under ground; and by this my skill am always consulted by my master, the sexton, where such and such a family are interred, and have never failed of giving great satisfaction in the discharge of my office. But, alas! I am like to be robbed at once of all my knowledge, procured at the expense of so many years' close study and application to business: for you must know, my HEAD MASTER, a great projector, has taken it into his head to level the churchyard; and by digging and throwing about his *clay* there, and defacing the stones, makes such confusion among the *dead*, and will so puzzle me, if he goes on, that no man *living* will be able to find where to lay them properly, and then he may dig the graves himself; for I foresee, I shall get the ill-will of the parish about it, for even the poor love to bury with their kindred: and all's but right that they should. I should be glad, therefore, to know the sense of the public, whether any body has a just right, or needful call to dig in the churchyard, besides 'FULLFORD *the Grave-digger*.'

"P. S. As I intend dropping the business of grave-digger, now rendered so very troublesome, I propose renting my old

was an advocate for the genuineness of the Rowley Poems,—was a correspondent of Dean Milles on the subject,—and a bit of an author in his way.[1] He was no friend to Chatterton; and had an interest in depreciating his abilities.

Of the other juvenilities of Chatterton we shall not speak. Allowing him, which was undoubtedly the case, to have had his great work in contemplation, and to have been fitting his powers for the creation,

spot of ground (the churchyard) when the green turf is all removed, and for *decency's* sake, will prevent the *naked* appearance of it, by planting potatoes, raising some fine beds of onions, &c., as the mould is fat and good. And I see no reason why I may not get a *profitable job* out of the church, as well as my GREAT MASTER,—as I find that's the game now-a-days, tho' decency, convenience or the like, be the pretence."

With all deference to Mr. Tyson's judgment, I do not think this *jeu d'esprit* to be the composition of Chatterton. Certainly the mere casual coincidence between the assumed name of the writer and that of Sir Baldwin Fulford, in the "Bristowe Tragedy," which I presume Mr. Tyson alludes to, is not sufficient to establish it. Besides, Chatterton has nowhere recorded that Sir Charles Bawdin and Sir Baldwin Fulford are the same,—there is a presumption that they are, but nothing more. I do not think that Chatterton, in his twelfth year, was equal even to the very indifferent prose of the letter in question. He was never a good prose writer, and in no way tolerable in that line till 1770.

[1] He wrote some things which have been long since forgotten: "The Consultation"—"The Prediction of Liberty"—"The Tories in the Dumps"—and "Corruption," were among them. "He was a Colston's-schoolboy, and apprenticed to Mr. Grant, bookseller and stationer. He afterwards went to London, and studied the law."—DIX.

we cannot help wishing that he had either not written at all such pieces as "Apostate Will"—or had written them better.

III.

Produces the Burgum pedigree—Leaves Colston's school, and is articled to one Lambert, an attorney.

In the house in which Mrs. Chatterton resided,—a poor back tenement, dismally situated in a kind of court, behind a row of somewhat better houses that fronted the street,—there was a small garret which had been used as a lumber-room. Of this apartment Chatterton possessed himself; he kept the key, and suffered no one, if he could help it, to have access to it. In it were deposited all his papers and parchments, and a variety of other articles, for which his relations found no other terms than "rubbish" and "litter," but which Chatterton managed to convert into uses that will confer immortality on his name. In short, they were the materials from which sprung to light the Manuscripts afterwards produced by him as the originals of Rowley, and which are now snugly preserved in the Library of the British Museum.

There were not many opportunities afforded him of labouring at his darling project. His hours of absence from Colston's school were wide apart—his half-holidays occurred but on Saturday afternoons. Punctually, however, as the day came round, he returned, arriving at home a few minutes after the boys were dismissed, and proceeded to shut himself in his chamber. What

passed there remained a mystery ; he revealed nothing to his friends.[1]

There were residing at this time in Bristol two tradesmen, pewterers, and partners in that trade—Mr. Burgum, and Mr. George Catcott. Chatterton had attracted the notice of Mr. Burgum, as a remarkable boy, fond of reading, attached to antiquities, and of quick and lively intellect, and occasionally he had received from him small sums of money. There were

[1] From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home, returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room, and shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday almost he passed at home, and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it, (because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty,) he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end ;—so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments, (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert,) both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow,—all these circumstances began to alarm them ; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at every thing. Once he put his foot on a parchment on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up, saying, "You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room." To this she answered by telling him, it was only a general lumber room, and that she wanted some parchment to make thread-papers of; but he was offended

few points of human character, which, young as he was, he had left unstudied. Burgum is described as having been a vain and credulous man, fond of notoriety and display,—a fit subject, undoubtedly, to practise a hoax upon; and Chatterton set about it.

He went to him one day, and told him that he had found his pedigree, from the time of William the Conqueror,—a pedigree that allied him to the proudest families in England,—a pedigree that deduced his descent from Simon de Leyncte Lyze, *alias* Senliz, who married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon. He assured the pewterer this, and the pewterer believed it.

In the generosity of his elated heart, Mr. Burgum, upon the production of this important document,—presented its fortunate discoverer with the magnificent sum of five shillings. From this recompense, and some peculiarities displayed by the same gentleman, Chatterton has handed him down to posterity in his will:—

> "Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
> And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!

and would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on; but at last, with a voice of entreaty, said, "Pray don't touch any thing here," and seemed very anxious to get her away; and this increased her fears, lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money, and ambition to appear like others. At last they got a strange idea that these colours were to colour himself, and that, perhaps, he would join some gypsies one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy.—*Communicated by G. Cumberland, Esq., in Dix's Life.*

What would he give to hand his memory down
To Time's remotest boundary?—A crown.
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue,
Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow;
Strut in Iambics, totter in an ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode."

But where was this document found?—and how came it into the possession of a Bristol charity-boy? Rather important questions, in the estimation of those at the Herald's office. Alas! Burgum, thy blue looks, and thy blank looks—of what avail will they be? Thou must get thee back to thy pewterer's shop, and thy smelting pot.

The ancestors of Chatterton, for upwards of one hundred and fifty years, had filled the office of Sexton of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe. His uncle, indeed, John Chatterton, who died a few years previous to his birth, had been the last of that name who had inherited it; but from the contiguity of his mother's house to that noble structure, the young Chatterton had generally a free access to all parts of the building. The affair is somewhat singular, and will be best told in the following extract from Dr. Gregory.

"Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe church, which was founded, or at least rebuilt, by Mr. W. Canynge, (an eminent merchant of Bristol in the fifteenth century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth,) there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was said to be *Mr. Canynge's cofre;* this chest it is said, was secured by six keys, two of which were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church,

two to the mayor, and one to each of the churchwardens. In process of time, however, the six keys appear to have been lost; and about the year 1727, a notion prevailed that some title-deeds and other writings of value were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre. In consequence of this opinion an order of vestry was made that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney, and that those writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were therefore forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were all broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, and the other manuscripts were left exposed as of no value. Considerable depredations had, from time to time, been com mitted upon them by different persons; but the most insatiate of these plunderers was the father of Chatterton. His uncle being sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, gave him free access to the church. He carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments; and one time alone, with the assistance of the boys, is known to have filled a large basket with them. They were deposited in a cupboard in the school, and employed for different purposes, such as the covering of copy-books, &c.; in particular, Mr. Gibbs, the minister of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve these books from being damaged, covered them with some of the parchments. At his death, the widow being under the necessity of removing, carried the remainder of them to her new habitation. Of the discovery of their value by the younger Chatterton, the account of Mr. Smith, a very intimate acquaintance, which he gave to Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, is too interesting to be omitted. "When young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother, by way of a short visit. There, one day, his eye was caught by one of these parchments, which had been converted into a thread-paper. He found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but that the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being

naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with their appearance, and, as might be expected, began to question his mother what those thread-papers were, how she got them, and whence they came. Upon further inquiry, he was led to a full discovery of all the parchments which remained.' The bulk of them consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom Chatterton at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century. *Such at least appears to be the account which Chatterton thought proper to give, and which he wished to be believed.*"

That Chatterton was acquainted with these documents before he was articled to Mr. Lambert, is evident from the circumstance of his producing the Burgum pedigree, and his assertion that the materials from which it was compiled were found in the old chests in the muniment room of Redcliffe church.

Burgum never seems to have doubted the improbability of this story. We do not know that he even inquired about the originals, but appeared sufficiently contented with the *transcript* which Chatterton thought proper to give him. And lo!—in the charity-boy's handwriting—in a small school-boy's copy-book, there came to Mr. Burgum a succinct account of all his ancestors, rescued from the gulph of all-devouring time. The document bore the following title: "An account of the family of the De Bergham, from the Norman Conquest to this time; collected from original records, tournament rolls, and the heralds of march and garter records, by T. Chatterton." The remuneration which Chatterton received, we have already stated to have been five shillings.

Elated with this success, and finding his poor dupe to be no way incredulous or suspicious of the hoax thus triumphantly practised upon him, Chatterton set to work again, and in a fortnight afterwards presented the pewterer with a second document, being nothing else than a supplement to the pedigree—in fact, a "Continuation of the account of the family of the De Bergham, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by T. Chatterton." And indeed he had been even more liberal in this second communication than in the first, for *now* Mr. Burgum discovered that he might claim descent from an undoubted son of Parnassus, who was, as Chatterton testified, "the greatest ornament of his age." The fact was truly undeniable; for here, preserved in the archives of Redcliffe church—amongst all the evidence that allied Mr. Burgum to nobility and royalty—appeared a poem written by his ancestor, one John De Bergham, and entituled "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte." This poem Chatterton had transcribed in all its genuine orthography; and the better to elucidate its beauties—as Mr. Burgum was unskilled in gothic lore—he accompanied it with a modernized version, by *himself*. "To give you," says he to the pewterer, "an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote by him (John De Bergham) about 1320." This was not all; he adds a list of some of the works of which this said ancestor was the author.

"This John was one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several books, *and translated some part of the Iliad*, under the title 'Romance of Troy,' which possibly may be the book alluded to in the following French memoire.

"Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes, et de Charles: le romaunce Titus et Vespasian: le romaunce de Agyres: le romaunce de Marchaunce: le romaunce de Edmund et Agoland: le Ribaud par Monsieur Iscannus: le romaunce de Tibbot de Arable: le romaunce de Troys, &c."

He brought likewise the De Bergham arms "laboriously painted" on parchment.

In this second portion of the pedigree the "account" is carried down to the reign of Charles the Second; and there, as the pewterer was not unlikely to know something of his ancestors—it being only removed by a period of a hundred years—Chatterton very wisely stopped.

Long afterwards—after Chatterton's death, indeed—Mr. Burgum made a journey to London, and laid before the heralds of March and Garter, for their approval, this pedigree of the De Bergham family; the result was, that he returned to Bristol, carried on his pewtering, and thought no more of his ancestors![1]

So much for the first creation of Thomas Chatterton.

In the letter from Mr. Thistlethwaite to Dean Milles, to which we have before had occasion to refer, there is mention made of a circumstance, which, if true, will prove the composition of the Rowley poems to be already commenced.

[1] Messrs. Catcott and Burgum appear to have been respectable men, and to have carried on a good business. We can hardly laugh at the half-ennobled pewterer for swallowing the hoax, when we find the late editors of Chatterton's Works—Messrs. Southey and Cottle, 1803—not *daring* to say that they knew it to be such, but only questioning its authenticity.

"Going down Horse-street, near the school, one day during the summer of 1764, I accidentally met with Chatterton; entering into conversation with him, the subject of which I do not now recollect, he informed me that he was in possession of certain old MSS. which had been deposited in a chest in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent some, or one of them, to Phillips. Within a day or two after this I saw Phillips, and repeated to him the information I had received from Chatterton. Phillips produced a MS. on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was "*Elinoure and Juga*" a kind of pastoral eclogue, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May, 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin, for what purpose or by what accident I know not, but the words were evidently entire and unmutilated.

"As the writing was yellow and pale, manifestly as I conceive occasioned by age, and consequently difficult to decipher, Phillips had with his pen traced and gone over several of the lines, (which, as far as my recollection serves, were written in the manner of prose, and without any regard to punctuation,) and by that means laboured to attain the object of his pursuit—an investigation of their meaning. I endeavoured to assist him, but from an almost total ignorance of the character, manners, language, and orthography of the age in which the lines were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted; and although we arrived at an explanation, and corrected many of the words, still the sense was notoriously deficient.

"For my own part, having little or no taste for such studies, I repined not at the disappointment; Phillips, on the contrary, was to all appearance mortified; indeed, much more so than at that time I thought the object deserved; expressing his sorrow at his want of success, and repeatedly declaring his intention of resuming the attempt at a future period."

Little dependence, I believe, is to be placed on the veracity of Mr. Thistlethwaite's statement. It is true

that his letter was written in 1781, seventeen years after the time to which he refers; and that at the period in question he was only *thirteen* years of age. What could a charity-boy, like Thistlethwaite, of hardly average talents, know about the antiquity of parchment and vellum, and the genuineness of manuscripts of the fifteenth century? I must be pardoned if I state that I believe the whole to be a fabrication. Phillips and Chatterton were both dead, and no doubt could be thrown on the story. And allowing—what I will readily acknowledge—Chatterton to have been the most remarkable youth upon record, I cannot, with "Apostate Will" and the "Hymn to Christmas Day" before me, as the evidence of his poetical powers at eleven, believe, that in less than a year he could have *produced*—though he might have contemplated—one of the finest of the Rowley Poems. Certainly, among the parchments which were preserved as originals, there is no trace of "Elinoure and Juga."

It was on the 1st of July, 1767, that Chatterton took his leave of Colston's school. He had been there nearly seven years. On the same day he was bound apprentice to a Mr. John Lambert, an attorney; the trustees of the school paying the usual fee of ten pounds to his new master. The indentures of his apprenticeship are preserved in the Literary and Scientific Institution at Bristol. They specify that he was to be found in food, clothing, and lodging by his master; while his mother was to wash and mend for him.

And here a new era opened in the life of Chatterton. It does not indeed appear that he had any choice offered him of a situation,—or whether his inclinations were consulted,—whether, in short, he had any interest

in the affair, further than a home found him for another seven years, which was the intended term of his apprenticeship. His mother was very poor; and he would not like to have remained a burden upon her, which in the choice of another occupation might have occurred; his every wish, on the contrary, seems to have been, to relieve and assist her.

But here he was removed from home altogether: no more Saturday afternoons, and whole holidays on saint's-days; no more of the little room, and hammering on the Rowley anvil—not, at least, in the neighbourhood of Redcliffe church, and the tomb of "dynge Maistre Canynge." A great mistake, Mr. Catcott seems to have made, when, in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1788, he says that Chatterton first presented him with the poems of Rowley in 1768, while he wore on his head *the tonsure-cap of Colston's school.*

There was very little business transacted in Lambert's office, and, with the exception of about two or three hours, Chatterton had the whole day to himself. He was kept sufficiently strict, however, being sent to the office every morning at eight o'clock, where he remained, omitting the sixty minutes allotted for dinner, till the clock stood at the same hour in the evening. He was then at liberty till ten o'clock, at which time the family went to bed. When in the house, which was distinct from the office, he was confined to the kitchen; he slept with the foot-boy, and was subjected to other indignities of a like nature. His pride, which always characterized him, took offence at this mortifying treatment, and he became gloomy and sullen, exhibiting frequent fits of ill-temper.

Lambert, indeed, was a vulgar, insolent, imperious man, who, because the boy wrote poetry, was of a melancholy and contemplative disposition, and disposed to study and reading, thought him a fit object of insult and contemptuous usage. Yet, notwithstanding, he bears the highest testimony to the worth of Chatterton, to his regularity in his profession, his punctual attendance on all the duties required of him, and admits that he once only had occasion to correct him. And then Chatterton must needs satirize the head-master of the school he had just left, a Mr. Warner, in an anonymous letter, written in very abusive terms, but which the handwriting, only partially disguised, and the texture of the paper—being the same as that used in the office—brought home to the real culprit. On this occasion he struck him a few blows.

Chatterton was a good apprentice. There are still extant in his handwriting, a folio book of law forms and precedents, containing three hundred and thirty-four closely written pages; also thirty-six pages in another book of the same kind. In the noting-book are thirty-six notarial acts, besides many notices and letters transcribed in the ordinary book. These were done independently of his regular duties. At night, punctually as the clock struck ten, he would be at Mr. Lambert's door. "We saw him," his sister writes, "most evenings before nine, and he would, in general, stay to the limits of his time, which was ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us." The time, also, which was at his command, when he neglected to visit his friends, was generally spent in solitary rambles. Mr. Lambert says that he never knew him in bad company, or suspected him of any inclination thereto.

When we consider that he was now fifteen years of age, and that in less than three years more his career of existence was terminated, we begin to inquire where, and how, did he find time to produce the works which now bear his name? Let the reader examine the contents of this volume. A goodly quantity even here, to say nothing of the quality; and this without taking into account a series of Prose Works not of sufficient value to be reprinted; and many poems, some of considerable length, which are gone altogether, which perished with their author when he tore his manuscripts into fragments; or have been since lost by the carelessness of persons into whose possession they fell.[1]

That the greater part of his works were written during his stay with Mr. Lambert,—that the Creation, which will forever confer immortality on his name, was consummated in these hours of leisure, of which, we have already intimated, many fell to his share, there is abundant evidence to prove. We are indeed entering upon his life in earnest, when we arrive at this period. The proud and lonely boy, with those bright flashing eyes of his, and that wild unearthly look, did not wander about the banks of the river, when he could snatch an hour for exercise, swinging his arms to and fro, and talking rapidly to himself, without an object. Those fits of sullenness and stupidity of which he has been accused—of total abstrac-

[1] That this has been the case with many of his productions, there is no doubt. Walpole speaks of several which he *saw*, and which are now nowhere to be found. Among these were "The Flight," addressed to Lord Bute, in forty stanzas of six lines each; and "The Dowager, a Tragedy," unfinished.

tion from the all of the external world; those intervals of silence, when with difficulty he could be got to speak or make answer to an inquiry; when, by his sister's testimony, "for days together he would say very little, and apparently by constraint;" when he he would sit and weep for hours, no cause or motive assigned,—were nothing less than the agonies of the poet--as of the inspired Pythoness, labouring beneath the transmission of the divine afflatus, and the spirit of unwonted prophecy.

There was much to bear with in the life they were leading him, portioning him with vulgar, illiterate menials, and confining him to strict office hours, sending to and fro men-servants and maid-servants to watch his actions, and, if possible, detect him off his post. There was much to endure in the insolent brutality of his master, who, as Chatterton complained, "was continually insulting him and making his life miserable;" tearing up and destroying his compositions, and annoying him with coarse and contemptuous allusions. But the ardour of the young poet was not so easily quenched,—of too obdurate and fierce a nature the spirit they meanly assailed. "The sleep of the eagle on the cliff-edge above the roar of cataracts, and in the heart of the thunder-cloud, is hushed and deep as that of the halcyon on the smooth and sunny main."

IV.

Astonishes the literati of Bristol with an account of the "Fryars' first passing over the old bridge."

Chatterton was devotedly attached to the study of

heraldry. According to the evidence collected by his last biographer, he seized upon every opportunity to perfect himself therein.[1] I cannot help thinking, however, that the knowledge of that science which he acquired, and certainly the taste he displayed—judging by the shields and escutcheons he has left behind him—border very closely on the ridiculous. His ideas of architecture were perhaps more grotesque: the drawings of Bristol Castle, and other public edifices, which he palmed upon Mr. Barrett, and which the silly Dean Milles believed to be authentic, are justly reprobated by Warton, as the representations of buildings which never existed, in a capricious, affected style of Gothic architecture, reducible to no system. The *attempts*, however, in both sciences display considerable ingenuity, and a wonderful talent for *invention*.

In the mean time, while engaging himself in multifarious pursuits, the disgust which he had conceived

[1] He was also very partial to the study of heraldry, and used to inform persons what their arms were. He one day said to Mr. Palmer, "I'll tell you the meaning of *your* name. Persons used to go to the Holy Land, and returned from thence with palm branches, and so were called Palmers:" he said the arms of the Palmers were three palm branches, and the crest, a leopard, or tiger, with a palm branch in his mouth.—Chatterton was very anxious to understand the drawing of heraldry, and for this purpose he applied to Mr. Palmer for some instructions respecting it; the employment of the latter chiefly being that of engraving coats-of-arms and crests on plate. Mr. P. also taught him how to colour his designs. A number of these drawings of Chatterton were in Mr. Palmer's possession, which he afterwards gave up to some person who was making inquiries with a view to writing his life.—DIX'S *Life of Chatterton*.

for his profession continued to increase. He was loud in his complaints against the injustice of Lambert. He despised the society into which he was cast; he maintained a gloomy reserve, speaking to no one—retreating into his own invisible world—betraying only by the curled lip and scornful smile, his consciousness of any thing that passed around him. What had *he* in common with his vulgar associates?

Even with the better class of persons with whom he occasionally mixed, he was not disposed to be over communicative. His mind was growing antique from the long contemplation of Rowley. His existence—only partially, and when he gave the reins to his satirical disposition—was of the eighteenth century,—otherwhiles of the fifteenth; shrouded amongst dust and cobwebs, musty parchments and obliterated inscriptions, and his imagination haunted with visions of ghostly friars and trains of shaven monks pacing in sable stole the cloisters of St. John's.

A friend named Baker, who had left Bristol and gone to America, had requested Chatterton to maintain a correspondence with him: this friend had been his bedfellow while at Colston's school, and the poet had conceived a great attachment for him. About his fifteenth year, soon after Baker had reached his destination, Chatterton sent him a letter composed of all the hard words he could think of, and requested him to answer in the same style. About nine months after he was articled to Mr. Lambert, he wrote again. The letter on this occasion, which is the earliest of Chatterton's epistles extant, is as follows:—

"*March* 6, 1768.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I must now close my poetical labours,

my master being returned from London. You write in a very entertaining style; though I am afraid mine will be the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informs me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their own liberty; just apropos to the old law—but out of the frying-pan into the fire! For a lover, heavens mend him! but for a husband, oh excellent! what a female Machiavel this Miss Rumsey is! A very good mistress of nature to discover a *demon* in the habit of a parson; to find a spirit so well adapted to the humour of an English wife, that is, one who takes off his hat to every person he chances to meet, to show his staring horns, and very politely stands at the door of his wife's chamber, whilst her gallant is entertaining her within. O mirabili! what will human nature degenerate into? Fowler aforesaid declares he makes a scruple of conscience of being too free with Miss Rumsey before marriage. There's a gallant for you! why a girl with any thing of the woman, would despise him for it. But no more of him. I am glad you approve of the ladies in Charles-Town; and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your happiness; my friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves roar around it and the waters burst on its hoary top, when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics. To speak in plain English, I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend. I did not give your love to Miss Rumsey, having not yet seen her in private, and in public she will not speak to me, because of her great love to Fowler; and on another occasion. I have been violently in love these three-and-twenty times since your departure; and not a few times came off victorious. I am obliged to you for your curiosity, and shall esteem it very much, not on account of itself, but as coming from you. The poems, &c. on Miss *Hoyland* I wish better, for her sake and your's. The TOURNAMENT I have only one canto of, which I send herewith; the remainder is entirely lost. I am, with the greatest regret, going to subscribe myself—Your faithful and constant friend, 'till death do us part, THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"*Mr. Baker, Charles-Town, South Carolina*"

The poem "To a Friend," in vol. i. p. 94, was written at the same time, and to the same correspondent.

This Miss Hoyland was Baker's *inamorata*. The poems enclosed in the letter, and addressed to her, were sufficiently "namby-pamby" to captivate the intellect of any young lady. They are, in truth, with one or two exceptions, but trashy compositions, hurried over in a slovenly manner, when he could snatch a moment from works of greater importance. Nor is the taste of Chatterton to be at all impugned in the matter. There are some ten or twelve of them, exhibiting every mark of haste and carelessness; but then it was only behind the bush that he was their author, Baker having requested to exhibit them as *his own*.

A question arises, from the perusal of this letter, respecting the amatory inclinations of Chatterton. His was scarcely a disposition to fall in love, though he here confesses to three-and-twenty flames. Sparks only they must have been,—not actual flames, with a smoke to them. His sister asserts that, up to the time of his apprenticeship, he was remarkably indifferent to females. "One day," she says, "he was remarking to me the tendency severe study had to sour the temper, and declared he had always seen all the sex with equal indifference, but those that nature made dear. He thought of making an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood, supposing it might soften the austerity of temper study had occasioned. He wrote a poem to her, and they commenced corresponding acquaintance." This young lady was the Miss Rumsey of the foregoing letter. The writer continues, "He would frequently walk the college green with the young girls

that statedly paraded there to show their finery, but I really believe he was no debauchee, (though some have reported it.) The dear unhappy boy had faults enough: I saw with concern he was proud, and exceedingly imperious; but that of *venality* he could not be justly accused with." Mrs. Newton was no scholar; by the word "venality," she means libertinism.

But was he, indeed, a libertine? Let us hear the testimonies of his acquaintance. "He stands charged," says Dr. Gregory, "with a profligate attachment to women; the accusation, however, is stated in a vague and desultory manner, as if from common report, without any direct or decided evidence in support of the opinion. His sister could not perhaps have produced a better proof of his morality, than his inclination to associate with modest women."

Mr. Thistlethwaite had certainly a good opportunity for observing the course of Chatterton's conduct. We have called in question some of his statements; they related however to a period when he was a mere child; and were of too important a nature to be admissible on such evidence. But at the time for which we are now collecting references, he was old enough—being nearly eighteen months older than Chatterton—to be admitted as counsel for the prisoner. He writes thus to Dean Milles:—

"It has been said that he was an unprincipled libertine, depraved in his mind, and profligate in his morals; whose abilities were prostituted to serve the cause of vice, and whose leisure hours were wasted in continued scenes of debauchery and obscenity.

"I admit that amongst Chatterton's papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to

attempt a vindication of those passages, which for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example.

"The opportunities a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying that whilst he lived in Bristol he was not the debauched character represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. What change London might have effected in him I know not; but from the strain of his letters to his mother and sister, and his conduct towards them after he quitted Bristol, and also from the testimony of those with whom he lodged, I have no doubt but the intemperancies and irregularities laid to his charge did either not exist at all, or, at the worst, are considerably aggravated beyond what candour can approve."

When we reach his London life, we shall adduce evidence even more satisfactory than this.

The fact is, that Chatterton's character has been blackened by every slanderer who could trace scurrilous words upon paper. He was a kind of whipping-post for every scribbling apprentice to try his hand on; "a butt at which every callow witling made his proof-shot." Not a few calumniators, whose judgment was tested by the conventional rank which they held in literature, encouraged them to the flagellation, and even dealt him a lash or two themselves sometimes. Of these persons more hereafter.

In the mean time how stands it with this Bristol profligacy? All the evidence is for the accused, and the charge amounts to nothing more than assertion without proof,—nay, without the possibility of being proved, or the indirectest limbo of a foundation on

which to establish it. Already it disappears, and, shade like, while we attempt to observe it, fades into the impalpablest æther. His writings, it is allowed, occasionally exhibit a laxity of expression, which had better been avoided. But even these instances are only in his satires, and the satires too of the eighteenth century, when Churchill was famous, and Wilkes' 'Essay on Woman,' though burnt by the common hangman, was remembered. Chatterton was a youth of strong and tumultuous passions, which he subdued by his love of literature, and his devotion to study; small time indeed he had for the indulgence of amatory propensities and lascivious inclinations, who died before he was eighteen, and besides a mass of other productions, left his Genesis of Rowley behind him.

To proceed to another subject. We have not yet clearly seen how Chatterton disposed of his time, and managed to economize it with such success. Here his sister lets us into a secret. He seldom slept, and would even write by moonlight. "We heard him frequently say that he found he studied best towards the full of the moon; and would often *sit up all night and write by moonlight*."

To be sure, he was all this time at work on the Rowley Poems: an engagement which not only occupied his mind, but influenced his every day actions. He would seldom eat animal food; not like Byron, for fear of getting fat—but like Shelley, because he supposed it to impair the intellect. He never tasted strong or spirituous liquors, living upon a tart only, or a crust of bread and a draught of pure spring water. Sometimes his mother would tempt him, when he paid her a visit, with the offer of a hot meal, to which he would

reply, that "he had a work in hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." Few such instances of temperance, especially among literary men, are on record. Byron dined, when in Italy, on a biscuit and a glass of soda-water; but he, we repeat, anticipated corpulency, and shuddered at the notion of a *fat* Childe Harold.

There was in Lambert's office-library, amongst a heap of law books possessing little interest to Chatterton, an old copy of Camden's Britannia. From a bookseller of Bristol he obtained, as a loan, an edition of Speght's Chaucer, which everybody knows to be in black letter, and for his own use, compiled from the scanty glossary which is appended to that work, a counter-glossary, having for its arrangement, in something like alphabetical order, so as to be easy of reference, the words in *modern* English, with the word corresponding to each in the antiquated diction of Chaucer. The books, however, from which he derived most assistance were the English dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, from which it has been incontestably proved that nearly the whole of the obsolete words employed in the Rowley poems were obtained. He had access also to the old library at Bristol, in which were to be consulted such works as Holinshed's Chronicles, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Fuller's Church History. With these at his command, and the exhaustless stores of an unconquerable mind and an untiring energy to draw from, the creation of Rowley proceeded apace—indeed, by this time was almost completed.

In the month of September, 1768, a new bridge was completed at Bristol, superseding the old structure that had spanned for centuries the river. On the day

upon which it was first opened to the public a kind of ceremony seems to have taken place, and the thoroughfare to have been proclaimed with all due honours. Immediately afterwards there appeared in the weekly newspaper already alluded to—Felix Farley's Bristol Journal—an account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old bridge, which had just been demolished. It was accompanied by the following note to the printer:—

MR. PRINTER,—The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old Manuscript, may not [at this time] be unacceptable, to the generality of your readers. Your's, &c.

DUNHELMUS BRISTOLIENSIS.

"On Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the newe Brydge: Aboute the time of the tollynge the tenth Clock, Master Greggorie Dalbenye mounted on a Fergreyne Horse, enformed Master Mayor all thyngs were prepared; whan two Beadils want fyrst streyng fresh stre, next came a manne dressed up as follows—Hose of goatskyn, crinepart outwards, Doublet and Waystcoat also, over which a white Robe without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so longe, reeching but to his Lends; a Girdle of Azure over his left shoulder, rechde also to his Lends on the ryght, and doubled back to his Left, bucklyng with a Gouldin Buckel, dangled to his Knee; thereby representyng a Saxon Elderman.—In his hande he bare a shield, the maystrie of Gille a Brogton, who paincted the same, representyng Saincte Warburgh crossynge the Ford. Then a mickle strong Manne, in Armour, carried a huge anlace; after whom came Six Claryons and Six Minstrels, who sang the Song of Saincte Warburgh; then came Master Maior, mounted on a white Horse, dight with sable trappyngs, wrought about by the Nunnes of Saincte Kenna, with Gould and Silver; his Hayr brayded with Ribbons, and a Chaperon, with the auntient arms of Brystowe fastende on his forehead. Master Maior bare in his Hande a gouldin

Rodde, and a congean squier bare in his Hande, his Helmet, waulking by the Syde of the Horse: than came the Eldermen and Cittie Broders mounted on Sable Horses, dyght with white trappyngs an Plumes, and scarlet copes and Chapeous, having thereon Sable Plumes; after them, the Preests and Freeres, Parysh, Mendicaunt and Seculor, some syngyng Saincte Warburgh's song, others soundyng clarions thereto, and otherssome Citrialles. In thilk manner reechyng the Brydge, the Manne with the Anlace stode on the fyrst Top of a Mound, yreed in the midst of the Bridge; then want up the Manne with the Sheelde, after him the Ministrels and Clarions. And then the Preestes and Freeres, all in white Albs, makyng a most goodlie Shewe; the Maior and Eldermen standyng round, theie sang, with the sound of Clarions, the Song of Saincte Baldwyn; which beyng done, the Manne on the Top threwe with greet myght his Anlace into the see, and the Clarions sounded an auntiant Charge and Forloyn: Then theie sang againe the songe of Saincte Warburgh, and proceeded up Chrysts hill, to the cross, where a Latin Sermon was preeched by Ralph de Blundeville. And with sound of Clarion theie agayne went to the Brydge, and there dined, spendyng the rest of the daie in Sportes and Plaies, the Freers of Saincte Augustine doeyng the Plaie of the Knyghtes of Bristowe, and makynge a great fire at night on Kynwulph Hyll.[1]

Such a singular document produced at so critical a moment could scarcely fail to awaken curiosity, especially among the amateurs of that half-literary

[1] In this small document, as carelessly printed by Southey and Dix, there are no less than 280 mistakes, many of which are of considerable importance. The original MS. in Chatterton's handwriting is preserved in the British Museum. It is there called "The description of the MAYOR'S passing over the Bridge," and not the 'Fryars,' as hitherto printed. So likewise in Farley's Journal, with which the MS. has been carefully collated.

Bristol city. The Journal office was besieged. Where was the original manuscript? who was the transcriber? who the fortunate discoverer? where too was it discovered? amongst what cobwebs had it reposed for centuries? and what spiders had spun the cobwebs? Rapidly the interesting number was bought up; the description flew from mouth to mouth, intersecting broadways and bye-lanes, while the real author—the ex-charity boy—young Thomas Chatterton, sat silently laughing in his sleeve, upon his stool in Mr. Lambert's office.

To the disappointment of the *soi-disant* antiquarians, no satisfactory answer could be obtained to the numerous questions they propounded. There was the document, plain enough, and written in a small, neat, not un-lawyer-like looking hand; but to whom that *hand* belonged, or who Dunhelmus Bristoliensis was, was more than Mr. Farley or any of his devils could discover.

Encouraged by his success, however, Chatterton soon presented another paper for insertion, and was immediately recognized as the individual on whose account so much clamour had been raised. The alarm was sounded; the citizens hastened to the office; the musty original was of course demanded, only—as they said—for inspection.

Now Chatterton at this time was little more than a child, and as such they treated him. He was assailed with threats, to which he retaliated with haughtiness, and flatly refused to give any account. Finding him invincible, they assumed another tone; spoke to him in a gentle manner, talked of patronage and assistance, and at last fairly won him over. He stated that he

was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who alsc had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. This, of course, was an extempore invention, fabricated on the spot. It agrees, however, with what we have seen was really the case—an engagement which he was under to his friend Baker of Charlestown, to supply him with poems of that nature. Perhaps, as the first thought that entered his head, he caught at it on the spur of the necessity. Be it as it may, it was not deemed sufficiently satisfactory by his judges.

He next asserted that the original document was one of many ancient manuscripts in his possession, which had formerly belonged to his father, who had obtained them from a large chest in the muniment room of Redcliffe church. This information, we must suppose, was considered authentic, as no doubts appear to have been expressed. It is rather singular, however, that an inspection of these manuscripts was not immediately demanded; and, considering the manner in which, according to Chatterton's statement, his father possessed himself of them, carrying them away without leave asked or given, that some compulsion was not used to make the boy restore them. What *was* the behaviour of the parties on the occasion is buried in the uncertainty of time.

The real origin of the manuscript will be best ascertained from the following statement sent to Dean Milles, by a Mr. Rudhall, an early friend of Chatterton:—

Mr. John Rudhall, a native and inhabitant of Bristol, and

formerly apprentice to Mr. Francis Gresley, an apothecary, in that city, was well acquainted with Chatterton whilst he was apprenticed to Mr. Lambert; during that time Chatterton frequently called upon him at his master's house, and soon after he had printed the account of the bridge in the Bristol paper, told Mr. Rudhall that he was the author of it; but it occurring to him afterwards that he might be called upon to produce the original, he brought to him one day a piece of parchment about the size of a half-sheet of foolscap paper; Mr. Rudhall does not think that any thing was written on it when produced by Chatterton, but he saw him write several words, if not lines, in a character which Mr. Rudhall did not understand; which, he says, was totally unlike English, and, as he apprehended, was meant by Chatterton to imitate or represent the original from which this account was printed. He cannot determine precisely how much Chatterton wrote in this manner, but says, that the time he spent in that visit did not exceed three quarters of an hour; the size of the parchment, however, (even supposing it to have been filled with writing,) will in some measure ascertain the quantity which it contained. He says also that when Chatterton had written on the parchment, he held it over the candle, to give it the appearance of antiquity, *which changed the colour of the ink, and made the parchment appear black and contracted;* he never saw him make any similar attempt, nor was the parchment produced afterwards by Chatterton to him, or (as far as he knows) to any other person. Mr. Rudhall had promised Chatterton not to reveal this secret, and he scrupulously kept his word till the year 1779; but, on the prospect of procuring a gratuity of ten pounds for Chatterton's mother, from a gentleman who came to Bristol in order to collect information concerning her son's history, he thought so material a benefit to the family would fully justify him for divulging a secret by which no person now living could be a sufferer."

V.

Is introduced to Messrs. Catcott and Barrett, and is of great service to the latter gentleman in his projected "History of Bristol."

Very soon after the description of the Mayor's passing over the old bridge appeared in *Farley's Journal*, as Mr. Catcott of Bristol, partner to Mr. Burgum the pewterer, of pedigree memory, was walking with a friend in Redcliffe church, he was informed by him of several ancient pieces of poetry, lately discovered there, and which were in the possession of an extraordinary young man with whom he was acquainted. Mr. Catcott is described by those who knew him to have been fond of study and attached to literary pursuits. He had been the first to inquire at Farley's office respecting the communication of the old-bridge document, and had evinced a lively interest in the whole affair. Struck with his friend's information, he desired an introduction to the young man, whose turn of mind appeared so congenial to his own, and who proved, of course, to be the youth he had anticipated —Thomas Chatterton.

With this gentleman our friend is disposed to be somewhat communicative. He gives him a copy of the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph upon Canynge's Ancestor, and other smaller pieces. In a few days afterwards he gives him the *yellow Roll*. About this period Mr. Barrett, a surgeon of Bristol, and a man of great respectability, has undertaken to publish a history of Bristol, and is anxiously collecting materials for that work. His friends, eager to procure him

intelligence, fail not to apprise him of the treasure of ancient poems and other manuscripts relative to Bristol, which have been discovered in the oaken repository in Redcliffe church. Mr. Catcott hastens, specimens in hand, to his study. The poems are examined, pronounced authentic, and Chatterton is introduced to the believing historian, whom he immediately supplies, not only with poems, but with materials of the utmost value for his own work. It is Mr. Barrett's purpose to collect information on the subject of the churches and public edifices of Bristol. Chatterton undertakes to examine the papers of Rowley for that purpose, and in a few days brings him a true and particular account of the *ancient* churches of Bristol, which formerly occupied the sites of the existing structures. The historian entertains no doubt of the authenticity of the documents, rewards his young friend with a sum of money; and Chatterton, more elated than ever, goes off to coin his brain afresh, and invent, not only churches, but castles, and even palaces. We will give the reader a specimen. It is from what he entitles "Turgot's Account of Bristol, translated by T. Rowley out of Saxon into English," and is to be found in p. 31 of Barrett's History of Bristol.

"Sect. ii. of Turgotus.—Strange as it maie seem that there were Walles to Radclefte, yet fulle true ytte is, beynge the Walles of Brightrycus pallace, and in owre daies remainethe there a small piece neie Eselwynnes Towre. I conceive not it coulde be square, tho Tradytyon so saieth: the Inhabiters wythyn the Walle had ryghte of Tolle on the Ryvers Severne and a part of Avon. Thus much of Radclefte Walles. Sect. iii. of Turgotus.—Nowe to speake of Bryghtstowe, yttes Walles and Castelle beynge the fayrest

buyldinge, of ytte I shalle speake fyrste. The pryncipall Streets meete in forme of a Cross, and is a goode patterne for the Cityes of Chrystyannes. Brightricus fyrst ybuylden the Walles in fashyon allmoste Square wythe four Gates: Elle Gate, Baldwynnes or Leonardes Gate, Froome or the Water Gate, and Nycholas or Wareburgha's."—&c. &c. &c.

And from time to time does he furnish Mr. Barrett with similar documents; of such magnitude, moreover, that as he does not hesitate to publish them, they occupy no inconsiderable portion of his large quarto volume, a work otherwise of considerable value and research.

But what are we to say to all this—this duping and deceiving, this inventing of pedigrees and histories? The fabrication of the poems, the mere poems of Rowley, must be forgiven him. No one was injured, no one was defrauded. "It must, indeed," says Thomas Campbell, "be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsifications of history; but it deprived no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius; it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country of a name which was its pride and ornament." Sir Walter Scott's testimony is scarcely so favourable. "I fear," he says, "the original source of the inconsistencies of Chatterton's conduct and character was in that inequality of spirit with which Providence, as in mockery of the most splendid gifts of genius and fancy, has often conjoined them. This strange disorder of the mind, often confounded by the vulgar with actual insanity, of which perhaps it is a remote shade, is fostered by the workings of an ardent imagination, as it is checked and subdued by mathematical or philosophical research I

cannot regard the imposture as of an indifferent or harmless nature." Southey, on the contrary, expresses it as his opinion, that "the deception might most assuredly have been begun and continued without the slightest sense of criminality in Chatterton." And a writer in the Edinburgh Review remarks, "The pretended antiquity of his poems has been denounced as a crime against truth, with all the solemnity with which Ananias's lie is quoted from Scripture. The word 'forgery' does not apply to such an innocent deception." "Posterity," Mr. Britton feelingly observes, "may be excused, if, forgetting his errors in the contemplation of his neglected state and youthful sorrows, it speak only of his genius." Nor must we, though we have already cited him, forget the peroration of Campbell: "When we conceive the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to 'airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity.'

But a wide difference between the pseudo-poet and the pretended historian. Heartily, for the fair fame of Thomas Chatterton, is it to be wished that he had never met with Barrett, or that Barrett, as he afterwards did, had offended him at the first outset. The Burgum pedigree, also, though innocent comparatively —as it duped only a silly, ostentatious individual—with this fabrication and falsification of history for pecuniary motives, is too serious a deception to be passed silently over. But let us be sparing of blame, at least, till we have rightly unravelled the mysteries of his character.

This introduction to Catcott and Barrett seems to

have elevated Chatterton in his own importance. His sister's testimony is :—

"He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. His ambition increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloomed that for days together he would say but very little, and apparently by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame: confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success. Mr. Barrett lent him many books on surgery, and I believe he bought many more, as I remember to have packed them up to send to him when in London, and no demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote several satirical poems. He began to be universally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintances, but I am confident but few intimates."

For some time he continued to be very communicative on the subject of Rowley. "He was always," says Mr. Smith, one of his intimate companions, "extremely fond of walking in the fields, particularly in Redcliffe meadows, and of talking about these manuscripts, and sometimes reading them there. 'Come, (he would say,) you and I will take a walk in the meadow; I have got the cleverest thing for you imaginable—it is worth half-a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you.' When we arrived at the place proposed, he would produce his parchment, show it me and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of trance. Then on a sudden, and abruptly, he would tell me, That steeple was burnt down by lightning: that was

the place where they formerly acted plays.'[1] His Sundays were commonly spent in walking alone into

[1] It is remarkable that in the course of the evidence afforded by Mr. Smith, there is mention made of Redcliffe church spire being destroyed by lightning. But how could either Mr. Smith or Chatterton have been apprised of this, as there was no history nor any *known record* concerning such an event? It is true that since the death of the latter, there has been a publication, by Mr. Nasmith, of William of Worcestre; this came out in the year 1778, and we find the fact there mentioned. 'Latitudo (lege altitudo) Turris de Radclyfe continet 300 pedes: de quibus 100 pedes sunt per fulmen dejecti.' p. 120. As the only history in which this is mentioned came out after the death of Chatterton, he could not have his intelligence from hence, but it *must* have come from one of the manuscripts of Rowley. Rowley must have been in some degree an eye-witness of the event; but Chatterton had no history of it, no record excepting what must have come from Rowley. He could not have mentioned it without some previous intimation from that quarter; for *no account was elsewhere to be had.*—BRYANT'S OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. Bryant was not aware that in the parlour of a person residing in Bristol, a Mr. Katar, whom Chatterton *used to visit*, hung a print of St. Mary Redcliffe church, engraved by Toms from a drawing by William Halfpenny, and published in the year 1746, seven years before Chatterton's birth, underneath which is the following inscription: "This church was founded by Simon de Burton, merchant, in y^e^ 22nd year of y^e^ reign of King Edward y^e^ first. In the year 1446, the steeple of the said church was blown down in a great storm of thunder and lightning, w^ch^ did much damage to the same, but was by Mr. Wm. Canynge, a worthy merchant, w^th^ the assistance of diverse other wealthy inhabitants, at a great expense, new covered, glazed, and repaired." &c. &c.—*Published May*, 1746, *by* BENJAMIN HICKEY, *Bristol.*—A more detailed account of this engraving will be found in DIX's *Life of Chatterton*, p. 44.

the country about Bristol, as far as the duration of daylight would allow; and from these excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of some other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination."

The repeated sums of money which he obtained from Messrs. Catcott and Barrett enabled him to have frequent recourse to his old friends, the circulating libraries. From those gentlemen, too, he procured several volumes; from Mr. Barrett especially, many on surgery. He became a frequent purchaser moreover, as he acknowledges in his "will;" but discontented with the amount of the sums bestowed on him, he is said to have exclaimed against the parsimony of his patrons, who 'dribbled' their rewards in shillings and half-crowns.

Indeed, neither Catcott nor Barrett seem to have been regarded by him with deference. The reader of his Acknowledged Poems will remember numerous instances in which the former gentleman falls under his lash. But, when "the fit" was on him, that he "spared neither friend nor foe," was his own confession. Perhaps his sincere opinion of them both is to be found in the following lines of his "last Will and Testament:"—

> "Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
> But, ah! thy merit's seldom understood:
> Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
> Receiv'd to venerate as Gospel truth,
> Thy friendship never could be dear to me;
> Since all I am is opposite to thee.
> If ever obligated to thy purse,
> Rowley discharges all—my first chief curse!

For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed,
When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a poet's brain?
I thank thee, Barrett—thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordained by fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face."

It is certain, at the time when Mr. Catcott first became acquainted with Chatterton, that the works now known as the Rowley poems were either in existence, or were so far matured in Chatterton's mind as to enable him to speak confidently of them. During the first conversation which Mr. Catcott held with him, he enumerated the titles of most of the poems which afterwards appeared. He confessed, moreover, that he had destroyed several; and a nearly completed tragedy, called "The Apostate," was seen by Mr. Catcott, but is now nowhere to be found. To this production Mr. Bryant makes allusion in his 'Observations.' "The subject of it," he tells us, "was the apostatizing of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith." "A small part," says Dr. Gregory, "has been preserved by Mr. Barrett;" and a writer so late as 1835 asserts that a portion of it was printed by that gentleman in

his History of Bristol. Four lines only, in a note to the "Parliament of Sprytes." It may, however, turn up some day, if not actually destroyed.

Whether he was offended by the repeated examinations, to which he was subjected, on the score of the original parchments, and the multiplied entreaties that he would produce them, or whether he was disgusted with the paltry sums with which his patrons requited his services, is uncertain; but he soon became suspicious and reserved, made fewer communications on the subject, and exhibited no more parchments, or fragments of Rowley's handwriting.

In the mean time his peculiarities were remarked by all who were thrown into contact with him. His pride was excessive. For days together he would scarcely utter a word. He would enter and quit his master's house without deigning to address a single inmate; would occupy his stool at the office in rigid silence, noticing the observations of his fellow-clerks only with a supercilious, sarcastic smile of contempt.

It was the general impression that he was going mad. His fits of absence were remarkable. "He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking, or seeming to see the person, for a quarter of an hour or more." So says one of his companions; but perhaps for a quarter of an hour we should read five minutes. Some considered him dull, stupid, and sullen.[1] Yet Dr. Gregory asserts that "his pride,

[1] What was supposed to be dulness in Chatterton was genius. The symptoms of talent were misconstrued by his contemporaries. They were disgusted with his pride, which was a consciousness of preëminence of abilities. Mr. Capel, a brother apprentice in the same house with Chatterton,

which perhaps should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance than apt to decline the advances of others. There is reason however to believe," he continues, "that the inequality of his spirits affected greatly his behaviour in company."

There is extant a curious document in Chatterton's handwriting, which there is ground for supposing he actually sent to Mr. Catcott, with a view of extorting money from him. Before we pass judgment upon it, however, we should remember that Chatterton had presented that gentleman with the most valuable productions of his pen, and that they were received and treasured by him as "a creation from the old ages." We must further remember that he afterwards disposed of them to Messrs. Payne and Co., the London

relates that there was "generally a dreariness in his look, and a wildness attended with a visible contempt for others." The silence, the solitude of this visionary boy, his eccentric habits, his singularities of behaviour, were not attributed to the true cause. His fits of melancholy were mistaken for sullenness. An old female relation, who undoubtedly thought him mad, has reported that "he talked very little, was very absent in company, and used very often to walk by the river side, talking to himself and flourishing his arms about." He despised discretion, a virtue allied to many meannesses; and in the place of worldly prudence, attention to proposals of economy, and a regular profession, substituted his anticipations of immortality. He scorned subsistence, but what his own poetry could alone confer. Silent and unsuspected, he was now soliciting the muse in secret. At the hours allotted him to play, we are told that he constantly retired to read. This was the young Edwin who forged Rowley's Poems.—WARTON.

booksellers, for fifty pounds; so that he might have liquidated the debt, and obtained "the executors" receipt in full, without doing himself any violent injury or injustice.

'Mr. G. Catcott

To the Exors. of T. Rowley.

'To pleasure recd in readg his Historic Works . .	£5 5 0
—— his Poetic works .	£5 5 0
	£10 10 0

There is some levity in this, but it may easily be pardoned—"the labourer is worthy of his hire,"—and the sum after all is not so very exorbitant. But Mr. Catcott determined otherwise, and allowed the account to 'stand over.'

In the mean time he was not indolent, but, as we might say, was rather actively employed. Mr. Thistlethwaite has drawn a vivid picture of his engagements and pursuits at this period.

"One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside to make room for music and astronomy, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric."

He must needs learn Latin, moreover. He had

borrowed from Mr. Barrett's library, Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, and Skinner's Etymologicon Anglicanæ, of which the interpretations are in Latin, and were consequently unintelligible to the Bristol charity-boy. But being dissuaded from the attempt by one of his friends, on account of the alleged difficulty of acquiring, by self-instruction only, any thing like a competent knowledge of that language; at the recommendation of the same friend he devoted himself for a few days to French, which he then, with his usual versatility, abandoned. The Benson and Skinner were returned to Mr. Barrett with an expression of disappointment; and Kersey and Bailey, more suitable for his purposes, were applied to with greater diligence than ever.

Through Mr. George Catcott he obtained an introduction to his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, an acquaintance the young bard was very vain of. Indeed, he would fain have persuaded his associates that he was so necessary an assistant to the clergyman's pursuits—which *were* something in his own line—that he could not be dispensed with; and he made it a boast, that he had access whenever he pleased to the parson's study. Chatterton sometimes shot with the long bow, and he is said to have done so when he made this assertion. They got on very well, however, and were very good friends, though their friendship did not prevent the shafts of Chatterton's ridicule from aiming at his reverend patron, and making somewhat too free with his name. But he made him amends, and even spoke of him at other times with fondness. Mr. Catcott had written a work to prove the truth of the scriptural account of the Deluge. Numerous are the hits

at that performance which are scattered through Chatterton's satires. In his "Kew Gardens" he is more than usually tolerant:

> If Catcott's flimsy system can't be prov'd,
> Let it alone, for Catcott's much belov'd.

And the apology in his 'Will,' is, as Dr. Gregory observes, "the best recompense he had in his power to make."

"I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason, and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy, *but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me I spare neither friend nor foe.* This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere."

"We hardly know whether to laugh or grieve," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "when Chatterton reproaches Catcott, down whose throat he had crammed the improbable tale of Rowley, with gross *credulity* because he was a believer in revelation."

Before we take leave of these gentlemen, one circumstance must be mentioned. George Catcott, as before stated, was a pewterer by trade, and partner to Burgum, the man of pedigree notoriety, 'a presumptuous, vulgar, ignorant fellow, who boasted of his ancestry.' Will the reader pardon Chatterton his impudent but amusing hoax, when he is informed that this Burgum defrauded his partner of all the property he possessed, £3,000? I wish we could release him with as little blame from the graver charge of inventing histories for Barrett.

So much then up to his sixteenth year; though as

yet he has been only conning his part, which he will play finely presently, when he has a freer stage, and is not hampered by side-scenes and foot-lights. After all it is only a melodrame, and no complete tragedy; it would never be licensed as such by the Lord Chamberlain.

VI.

Corresponds with Dodsley and Walpole on the subject of the Rowley Poems.

We may suppose that by this period the creation of Rowley was nearly, if not all, completed. How long this shadowy renown might have contented Chatterton, had he met with the success he anticipated, it is difficult to determine. Whether, from under the supposititious mantle of Rowley, he might still have continued to hoodwink the world; or whether, casting aside the 'simulacrum, or ghost-defunct' of a poet, he would have stepped forth and cried Lo! I am Cæsar! and gathering up his monkish habiliments, have hurled them back into the shadow of deep night, can only be matter for conjecture. For indeed he seemed little ambitious of his own renown, and preferred the applause showered upon Rowley to the astonishment that might have greeted Chatterton. And hence, in this acting of a dual part, arises the great difficulty of rightly estimating his character.

But, leaving it to the reader to solve the difficulty as he pleases, we find that we are now arrived at one of the most important eras of Chatterton's life. He had grown ambitious to appear in print, and here again

not in the proper person of his one self, Chatterton, but of his other self, Rowley. To compass this end he made application to Dodsley, the noted publisher, in the following letter:—

"*Bristol, December* 21, 1768.

"SIR,—I take this method to acquaint you that I can procure copies of several ancient poems; and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry the VIth, and Edward the IVth. If these pieces will be of service to you, at your command, copies shall be sent to you by,

"Your most obedient servant,

"D. B.

"Please to direct for D. B., to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton, Redcliffe Hill, Bristol.

"*For Mr. J. Dodsley, bookseller, Pall Mall, London.*"

It is supposed that the bibliopole returned no answer. To correspondents of small notoriety, publishers are *so* uncourteous. In less than two months Chatterton addressed him again.

"*Bristol, February*, 15, 1769.

"SIR,—Having intelligence that the tragedy of Ælla was in being, after a long and laborious search, I was so happy as to attain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send to you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one unless I give him a guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you: several gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it at my own risque. It is a perfect tragedy; the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied, and, though wrote

in the reign of Henry the VIth, not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall be immediately sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this is, to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige. I shall not receive your favour as for myself, but as your agent.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"P. S.—My reason for concealing my name was, lest my master (who is now out of town) should see my letters, and think I neglected his business. Direct for me on Redcliffe Hill."

Then came an extract from the tragedy, by way of specimen; and the letter concluded with this notice:—

"The whole contains about one thousand lines. If it should not suit you, I should be obliged to you if you would calculate the expenses of printing it, as I will endeavour to publish it by subscription on my own account.

"*For Mr. James Dodsley, bookseller, Pall Mall, London.*"[1]

It is generally thought that Chatterton likewise received no answer to this second letter;—I must say

[1] These letters were for a long period preserved—by accident, apparently—among other loose papers in Dodsley's counting-house. They were subsequently advertised among the autograph rarities in Thorpe's catalogue, and were afterwards traced into the possession of Mr. Haslewood, a great Chattertonian collector. They were first published in 1813, by Mr. Britton, in his work on Redcliffe Church. A more detailed account, and a fac-simile of one of the letters, will be found in a periodical called "Sherwood's London Miscellany," for January, 1839.—ED

that I am of a different opinion. In his letter to his relation, Stephens, he speaks of Dodsley as his correspondent; and notwithstanding all the romance of that epistle, a vein of truth runs through his account of the affair with Walpole, and I see therefore no reason to question the accuracy of his other statement. But of course the scheme failed. Publishers do not remit the purchase-money for a copyright until they have the *quid pro quo* in hand. And a tragedy too, of the age of Henry VIth! *A perfect tragedy, the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple.* And this on the word of an unknown correspondent, whose 'master' might think he neglected his 'business.' There was not so much shrewdness in this manœuvre of Chatterton's to obtain a guinea, as might have been expected from him.

And now it was, that defeated in his application to Dodsley, he conceived the project of opening a correspondence with Horace Walpole—Lord Orford,—a man of eminence and high standing, both in literature and the world. And here he went to work in a different manner, as suited to the altered rank of the party on whom he intended to practise. He commenced with this letter, and manuscript:—

"SIR,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige,

"Your most humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"*Bristol March* 25, *Corn-street*"

"The Kyse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie,[1] 1469, for Mastre Canynge.[2]

"Peynctynge ynn England, haveth of ould tyme bin yn use; for saieth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn soundrie wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone wythe the hearbe woade: albeytte I doubte theie were no skylled carvellers. The Romans be accounted of all menne of cunnynge wytte yn peyncteynge and carvellynge; aunter theie mote inhylde theyre rare devyces ynto the mynds of the Brytonnes; albeytte att the commeynge of Hengeyst, nete appeares to wytteness yt, the Kystes are rudelie ycorven, and for the moste parte houge hepes of stones. Hengeste dyd brynge ynto this reaulme herehaughtrie, whyche dydde peyncteynge. Hengeste bare an asce[3] ahreed bie an afgod. Horsa, an horse sauleaunte, whych eftsoones hys broder eke bore. Cerdyke, a sheld adryfene.[4] Cuthwar, a shelde afægrod:[5] whose ensamples were followed bie the

[1] "T. Rowlie was a secular priest of Saint John's, in this city; his merit as a biographer, historiographer, is great; as a poet still greater: some of his pieces would do honour to Pope; and the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world, will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet, under an eternal obligation."

[All these notes are by Chatterton, and are printed as they appear in the letter.]

[2] "The founder of that noble gothic pile, St. Mary Redclift Church, in this city; the Mæcenas of his time; one who could happily blend the poet, the painter, the priest, and the Christian, perfect in each: a friend to all distress, an honour to Bristol, and a glory to the church."

[3] *Asce*, &c., a ship supported by an idol.

[4] *Adryfene*, an embossed shield; being rudely carved with flowers, leaves, serpents, and whatever suited the imagination of the carver.

[5] *Afægrod*, a shield painted in the same taste as the carving of the last.

latter of hys troope, thys emproved the gentle art of peyncte-ynge. Herehaughtrie was yn esteem amongste them: take yee these Saxon acheumentes. Heofmas [1] un æcced-fet was ybore of Leof, an Abthane of Somertonne. Ocyre [2] aaded-ybore bie Elawolf of Mercier. Blac [3] border adronet an stowe adellice—the auntiaunte armourie of Bristowe. A scelde [4] agrefen was the armourie of Ælle Lord of Bristowe Castle. Crosses in maynte nombere was ybore, albeyt chiefes and oder partytiones was unknowen, untill the nynth centurie. Nor was peyncteynge of sheeldes theire onlie emploie, walles maie be seene, whereyn ys auntiaunte Saxonne peynteynge; and the carvellynge maie be seene yn imageies atte Keyneshame, Puckilchyrche, and the castel; albeyt largerre thane life, theie bee of feeytyre hondie warke. Affleredus was a peyncter of the eighth centurie, hys dresse bee ynne menne, a longe alban, braced wyth twayne of azure gyrdles; labelles of redde clothe onne his arme and flatted beaver uponne the heade. Next Aylward in tenthe centurie ycorven longe paramentes; wyth-oute, of redde uponne pourple, wyth gould beltes and dukalle couronnes beinge rems of floreated goulde. Afflem a peyncter lived ynne the reygne of Edmonde; whane, as storie saiethe was fyrst broughte ynto Englande, the counynge mysterie of steineynge glasse, of which he was a notable performer; of his worke maie bee seene atte Ashebyrne, as eke at the myn-ster chauncele of Seyncte Bede, whych doethe represente Seyncte Warburghe to whose honoure the mynstere whylome han bin dedycated. Of hys lyfe be fulle maint accountes. Goeynge to partes of the londe hee was taken bie the Danes, and carryed to Denmarque, there to bee forslagen bie shotte of arrowe. Inkarde, a soldyer of the Danes, was to slea hym;

[1] *Heofnas*, &c., azure, a plate; which is the signification of æced-fed.

[2] *Ocyre*, &c., or Promeise, and in Saxon, was little green cakes offered to the afgods or idols.

[3] *Blac*, &c., sable, within a border under, a town walled and crenelled proper.

[4] *A scelde*, &c., a shield, carved with crosses.

onne the nete before the feeste of deathe hee found Afflen to bee hys broder. Affryghte chayuede uppe hys soule. Ghastenesse dwelled yn his breaste. Oscarre, the greate Dane, gave hest hee shulde bee forslagen, with the commeynge sunne, no teares coulde availe, the morne cladde yn roabes of ghastness was come; whan the Danique kynge behested Oscarre, to arraye his knyghtes eftsoones, for warre: Afflem was put yn theyre flyeynge battailes, sawe his countrie ensconced wyth foemen, hadde hys wyfe ande chyldrene broghten capteeves to hys shyppe, and was deieynge wythe sorrowe, whanne the loude blataunte wynde hurled the battyle agaynst an heck. For fraughte wythe embolleynge waves, he sawe hys broder, wyfe, and chyldrenne synke to deathe: himselfe was throwen onne a bank ynne Isle of Wyghte, to lyve hys lyfe forgarde to alle emmorse: thus moche for Afflem. John,[1] second abbatte of Seyncte Austyn mynsterre, was the fyrste Englyshe paynstere in oyles; of hym have I sayde in odere places relateynge to his poesies. He dyd wryte a boke of the Proportione of Imageries, whereynne he saieth the Saxonnes dydde throwe a mengleture over theyre coloures to chevie them from the weder. Nowe methynkethe steinede glasse motte need no

[1] "This John was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard I.

"Harte of lyone! shake thie sword,
Bare thie mortherynge steinede honde;
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thonderynge armies
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.
Harte of lyon! sound the beme!
Sounde ytte ynto ynner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes."

syke a casinge, butte oile alleynge, botte albeytte ne peyncteynge of the Saxonnes bee in oyle botte water, or as whylome called eau. Chatelion, a Frenchmane, learned oyle peyncteynge of abbot Johne. Carvellynge ynne hys daies gedered new beauties, botte mostelie was wasted in small and dribelet pieces, the ymageries beeynge alle cladde ynne longe paramentes, whan the glorie of a carveller shulde bee in ungarmented ymagerie, therebie showinge the semblamente to kynde. Roberte of Glowster lissed notte his spryghte to warre ne learnynge, butte was the sonne, under whose raies the flourettes of the field shotte into lyfe: Gilla a Brogtoune was kyndelie noticed bie himme, who depycted notable yn eau. Henrie a Thornton was a geason depyctor of countenances; he payncted the walles of master Canynge hys howse, where bee the councelmenne atte dynnere; a most dayntie and fætyve performaunce nowe yrased beeynge done M.CC.I. Henrie a Londre was a curyous broderer of scarces ynne sylver and golde and selkes diverse of hue. Childeberte West was a depyctour of countenances. Botte above alle was the peyncter, John de Bohunn, whose worke maie be seene yn Westmynster halle. Of carvellers [1] and oder peyncters I shall saie hereafter, fyrst Englyschynge from the Latyne cit to wytte. Peynctynge improveth the mynde, and smotheth the roughe face of our spryghtes.

"*For Horace Walpole, Esq.*

"*To be left with Mr. Bathoe, bookseller, near Exeter Change, Strand, London.*"

With what amazement must Walpole have greeted the receipt of this epistle! Heraldry introduced into England, by Hengist! and achievements borne by the Saxons! "Bathoe, my bookseller," writes Wal-

[1] "I have the lives of several eminent carvers, painters, &c., of antiquity, but as they all relate to Bristol, may not be of service in a general history. If they may be acceptable to you, they are at your service."

pole, many years afterwards, "brought me a pacquet left with him. It contained an ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I.; and I was told, in very few lines, that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol. Here I must pause to mention my own reflections. At first, I concluded that somebody having met with my Anecdotes of Painting, had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The ode or sonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be a part of the plan; and, as is easy with all the other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern, by changing the old words for new; though yet more difficult than with most of them. I then imagined, and do still, that the success of Ossian's poems had suggested this plan."

But Walpole was courteous, and, without hinting his suspicions, which perhaps were not so serious as he would have had the world believe when it began to laugh at him, sent Chatterton an immediate reply, couched in the following terms:—

"*Arlington-street, March* 28, 1769.

"SIR,—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged, by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to cor-

rect me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my Anecdotes was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon, but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you, where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

"The abbot John's verses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit; though there are some words I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know; as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry's discovery of oil painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that oil painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with none other.

"I am, Sir, your much obliged
and obedient humble servant,
"HORACE WALPOLE.

"*P. S.—Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington-street.*"

Chatterton allowed no time for this enthusiasm to cool. He instantly forwarded a further communication; but unfortunately, of the letter that accompanied it, we have only a fragment remaining. It is probable that the mutilation took place after Walpole, at Chatterton's desire, had returned the letters. In the missing portion of this epistle, Chatterton had, with a

generous but imprudent confidence,—relying upon the frankness and apparent liberality of Horace Walpole,—confessed his limited means, and deplored the humble sphere in which he was condemned to move. Then a change took place in Walpole's behaviour, which Chatterton always attributed to his unfortunate confession. We may imagine the indignant boy, in a fit of mingled pride and resentment, tearing and defacing the guilty document; and charging it with the ruin of those magnificent visions which Walpole's answer had raised and beautified. The remaining fragment is as follows:—

* * * * * *

"I offer you some further anecdotes and specimens of poetry, and am,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"*March* 30, 1769. *Corn-street. Bristol.*"

Mistorie of Peyncters yn Enylande.

BIE T. ROWLIE.

"Haveynge sayde yn oder places of peyncteynge and the ryse thereof, eke of somme peyncteres; nowe bee ytte toe be sayde of oders wordie of note. Afwolde was a skylled wyghte yn laieynge onne of coloures; hee lyved yn Merciæ, ynne the daies of Kynge Offa, ande depycted the countenaunce of Eadburga, his dawter, whyche depycture beeynge borne to Bryghtrycke he toke her to wyfe, as maie be seene at large in Alfridus.[1] Edilwald, Kynge of the Northumbers, understode peyncteynge, botte I cannot fynde anie piece of hys nemped.[2] Inne a mansion at Copenhamme I have seene a

[1] "This is a writer whose works I have never been happy enough to meet with."

[2] *Nemped*, mentioned.

peyncteynge of moche antiquite, where is sitteynge Egbrychte in a royaul mannere, wythe kynges yn chaynes at hys fote, wythe meincte semblable[1] fygures whyche were symboles of hys lyfe; and I haveth noted the Saxons to be more notable ynne lore and peyncteynge thann the Normannes, nor ys the monies sythence the daies of Willyame le Bastarde so fayrelie stroken as aforetyme. I eke haveth seene the armorie of East Sexe most fetyvelie[2] depycted, ynn the medst of an auntyaunte wall. Botte nowe we bee upon peyncteynge, sommewhatte maie bee saide of the poemes of these daies, whyche bee toe the mynde what peyncteynge bee toe the eyne, the coloures of the fyrste beeynge mo dureynge. Ecca Byshoppe of Hereforde yn D.LVII. was a goode poete, whome I thus Englyshe:—

Whan azure skie ys veylde yn robes of nyghte
  Whanne glemmrynge dewe droppes stounde[3] the fay-
    tours[4] eyne,
Whanne flying cloudes, betinged wyth roddie lyghte,
  Doth on the bryndlynge wolfe and wood bore shine,
Whanne even star, fayre herehaughte of nyghte,
  Spreds the darke douskie sheene along the mees,[5]
The wrethynge neders[6] sends a glumie[7] lyghte,
  And houlets wynge from levyn[8] blasted trees.
Arise mie spryghte and seke the distant delle,
And there to echoing tonges thie raptured joies ytele.

Gif thys manne han no hande for a peynter, he had a head: a pycture appearethe ynne each lyne, and I wys so

[1] *Semblable*, metaphorical.
[2] *Fetyvelie*, elegantly, handsomely.
[3] *Stounde*, astonish.
[4] *Faytours*, travellers.
[5] *Mees*, mead.
[6] *Neders*, adders, used here perhaps as a glow-worm.
[7] *Glumie*, dull, gloomy.
[8] *Levyn*, blasted by lightning.

fyne an even sighte mote be drawn as ynne the above. In anoder of hys vearses he saithe:—

Whanne sprynge came dauncynge onne a flourette bedde,
Dighte ynne greene raimente of a chaungynge kynde;
The leaves of hawthorne boddeynge on hys hedde,
And wythe prymrosen coureynge to the wynde:
Thanne dydd the Shepster[1] hys longe albanne[2] spredde
Uponne the greenie bancke and daunced rounde
Whilest the soest flowretes nodded onne his hedde,
And hys fayre lambes besprenged[3] onne the grounde,
Anethe hys fote the brooklette ranne alonge,
Whyche strolleth rounde the vale to here his joyous songe.

Methynckethe these bee thoughtes notte oft to be metten wyth, and ne to bee excellede yn theyre kynde. Elmar, Byshoppe of Selseie, was fetyve yn workes of ghastlieness,[4] for the whyche take yee thys speeche:—

Nowe maie alle helle open to glope thee downe,
Whylst azure merke[5] immenged[6] wythe the daie,
Shewe lyghte on darkned peynes to be moe roune,[7]
O mayest thou die lyvinge deathes for aie:
Maie floodes of Solfirre bear thie sprighte anoune,[8]
Synkeynge to depths of woe, maie levynne brondes[9]
Tremble upon thie peyne devoted crowne,
And senge thie alle yn vayne emploreynge hondes;

1 *Shepster*, shepherd.
2 *Albanne*, a large loose white robe.
3 *Besprenged*, scattered.
4 *Ghastlieness*, terror.
5 *Merke*, darkness.
6 *Immenged*, mingled.
7 *Roune*, terrific.
8 *Anoune*, ever and anon.
9 *Levynne brondes*, thunderbolts.

Maie all the woes that Godis wrathe can sende
Uponne thie heade alyghte, and there theyre furie spende.

Gorweth of Wales be sayde to be a wryter goode, botte I understande notte that tonge. Thus moche for poetes, whose poesies do beere resemblance to pyctures in mie unwordie opynion. Asserius was wryter of hystories; he ys buryed at Seyncte Keynas College ynne Keynsham wythe Turgotte, anoder wryter of hystories, Inne the walle of this college ys a tombe of Seyncte Keyna[1] whych was ydoulven anie, and placed ynne the walle, albeit done yn the daies of Cerdyke, as appeared bie a crosse of leade upon the kyste;[2] ytte bee moe notablie performed than meynte[3] of ymageries[4] of these daies. Inne the chyrche wyndowe ys a geason[5] peyncteynge of Seyncte Keyna syttynge yn a trefoliated chayre, ynne a long alban braced wythe golden gyrdles from the wayste upwarde to the breaste, over the whyche ys a small azure coape;[6] benethe ys depycted Galfridus, MLV. whyche maie bee that Geoffroie who ybuylded the geason gate * to Seyncte Augustynes chapele once leadynge. Harrie Piercie of Northomberlande was a quaynte[7] peyncter; he lyvede yn M.C. and depycted severalle of the wyndowes ynne Thonge Abbye, the greate windowe atte Battaile Abbeie; he depycted the face verie welle wythalle, botte was lackeynge yn the most-to-bee-loked-to accounte, proportione. John a Roane payncted the shape of a hayre: he carved the castle for the sheelde of Gilberte Clare of thek[8] feytyve

[1] "This I believe is there now."
[2] *Kyste*, coffin.
[3] *Meynte*, many.
[4] *Ymageries*, statues, &c.
[5] *Geason*, curious.
[6] *Coape*, cloak or mantle.
[7] *Quaynte*, curious.
* This gate is now standing in this city, though the chapel is not to be seen.
[8] *Thek*, very.

performaunce. Elwarde ycorne [1] the castle for the seal of Kynge Harolde of most geason worke; nor has anie seale sythence bynne so rare, excepte the seale of Kinge Henrie the fyfthe, corven by Josephe Whetgyfte. Thomas a Baker from corveynge crosse loafes, tooke to corveying of ymageryes, whych he dyd most fetyvelie; he lyved ynne the cittie of Bathe, beeynge the fyrste yn Englande, thatte used hayre ynne the bowe of the fyddle,[2] beeynge before used wythe peetched hempe or flax. Thys carveller dyd decase yn MLXXI. Thus moche for carvellers and peyncters.

"John was inducted abbot in the year 1146, and sat in the dies 29 years. As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley,[3] whose works when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you."

And with this document, as from the pen of Rowley, came a further specimen of Abbot John, in the poem on "Warre," inserted at page 330 of vol. ii.

The note on the antiquity of the violin is curious enough, and affords another exemplification of Chatterton's ruling passion for falsifying history. There can be no doubt, had Horace Walpole offered to undertake such a work, that Rowley's pretended manuscripts would have been forthcoming, and that Chatterton would have suffered them to be printed without throwing off the mask, or confessing the imposition;

[1] *Ycorne*, a contraction of *ycorven*, carved.

[2] "Nothing is so much wanted as a History of the Antiquity of the Violin, nor is any antiquary more able to do it than yourself. Such a piece would redound to the honour of England, as Rowley proves the use of the bow to be knowne to the Saxons, and even introduced by them."

[3] "None of Rowley's pieces were ever made public, being, till the year 1631, shut up in the iron chest in Redcliffe Church."

supposing, all this time, that Walpole had allowed himself to have been deceived by them.

But already, in the second letter only, here were *four* poets, of whom the world had never heard, rescued from oblivion by Thomas Chatterton. Rowley; Abbot John; Ecca, Bishop of Hereford; and Elmar, Bishop of 'Selseie.' He must have formed a liberal opinion of the measure of Horace Walpole's credulity, which perhaps was sufficiently ample, in the success of his former experiment, to warrant any test he might think fit to administer in a second.

However, Walpole declined being caught twice. Or, probably, Chatterton's confession, as its author persisted, was, after all, the real cause of the alteration —if indeed there was any, beyond a natural disinclination to be imposed upon—in Walpole's behaviour. Upon reading Chatterton's statement, which, according to the virtuoso, was in these terms—" he informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent;"—upon reading this statement, Walpole wrote to a relation, an old lady living at Bath, and desired her to make enquiries respecting Chatterton, and communicate the result to him. This was done, and the boy's story was verified, though " nothing was returned about his character," on which subject Walpole had particularly requested information; for, indeed, the authenticity of these extraordinary documents was being called in question.

Walpole had communicated the poems to his friends, Gray and Mason—famous in their time, and the former artificial as he is, still read and admired—who "at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptom in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age;" and "recommended the returning them without any further notice:" but overstepping their advice, Walpole wrote another letter to Chatterton, in which he told him that he had "communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS.;" objecting the harmony and structure of the versification, which indeed is an insurmountable objection to the antiquity of any of the poems produced by Chatterton. For the substance of his observations, as the letter is lost, being probably destroyed by the angry boy, we cannot do better than quote Walpole's words, as he afterwards related the affair in his own defence:—

"Being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for, though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations"

So far, good; but while we believe that no blame

whatever attaches itself to Walpole—estimating his *action* only--in his conduct towards Chatterton, we must acknowledge that the above statement looks rather awkward when placed side by side with the following, which occurs in the same 'defence:'—

"I should have been blamable to his mother, and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master, to marry him to the nine muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age. *All of the house of forgery are relations;* and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and I believe, hands, *might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes.*"

This indeed is a 'damnatory clause;' especially when we remember that Horace Walpole was the author of the "Castle of Otranto," in the preface to which work it is stated to have been discovered "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in the black letter, in the year 1529;" assuming, in fact, to be a translation from the Italian; and then, in the second edition, casting off the mask, "the author flatters himself he shall appear excusable for having offered his work to the world under the *borrowed personage* of a translator." So might Chatterton have appealed—Was not *my* Rowley a "borrowed personage," and am not I therefore 'excusable?' "Oh! ye," exclaims the indignant Coleridge, coupling this fact with the foregoing heartless reference to the 'house of forgery,' "Oh! ye who honour the name of *man*, rejoice that this Walpole is

called *a lord*."[1] One fact, however, in Walpole's favour must be borne in mind; Chatterton did *not* so appeal, but still persisted in his first assertion. On the other hand, it should not be forgotten—what seems hitherto to have escaped notice—that Walpole many years afterwards, had the cowardice to deny the receipt of these letters which Chatterton had sent him, with their history of Painters and Glass-stainers, and specimens of "time-shrouded minstrelsy," of which no other than himself was the "sweet harper." This the virtuoso did in a letter to Hannah More, dated September, 1789, immediately after the publication of Barrett's History of Bristol, in which these letters were printed for the first time, and made public for all the world to read, and as a likely consequence to ridicule the poor dupe who had suffered himself to be, in his own words, "so bamboozled." Here runs his denial:—

"I will not ask you about the new History of Bristol, because you are too good a citizen to say a word against your native place; but do pray cast your eye on the prints of the cathedral[2] and castle, the *chef d'œuvres* of Chatterton's ignorance, and of Mr. Barrett's too, and on two letters, *pretended to have been sent to me, and which never were sent.* If my incredulity had wavered, they would have fixed it. I wish the milkwoman[3] would assert that Boadicea's dairymaid had invented Dutch tiles; it would be like Chatterton's origin of heraldry and painted glass in these two letters.[4]

[1] This must have been before he wrote "for the *Morning Post* its aristocracy."

[2] The print of the cathedral, in Barrett's History, is in no respect connected with Chatterton.—TYSON.

[3] Ann Yearsley, the poetical milkwoman, and a *protégée* of Hannah More's.

[4] Horace Walpole's Letters, vol. vi. 1840.

This was indeed cowardly, and somewhat impudent. The man of science, who had desired further information—had particularly enquired about Abbot John and the discovery of oil-painting, shrank from the ridicule to which he had now become obviously exposed. And so pitifully done—not boldly denied,—*that* he dared not do, for he too well knew that his own answer was in existence, and might some day be produced against him,—but snivelling in a letter to an antiquated blue-stocking. This was mean enough.

Setting all this aside, however, and judging of Walpole's conduct by his actions during Chatterton's lifetime, we cannot think he was to blame. Sure we are that there was scarcely one person living who would have acted otherwise had the overture been made to himself. Besides the recent discovery of the Macpherson imposition, in which Walpole was implicated, as he was one of the first entrusted with specimens of Ossian's fragments, which he implicitly believed, was too fresh, and too galling, to have allowed him to weigh calmly the merits of another attempt at imposition. "I had not," he frankly confesses, "zeal enough to embark a second time in a similar crusade."

But we are forestalling our narrative by these remarks. Upon receiving Walpole's second letter, and after pondering upon the advice it contained, Chatterton wrote, in reply, the following:—

"Sir,—I am not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's poems, &c. &c. from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's minster was in Bristol. In speaking of painters in Bristol, I mean glass-stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the pres-

ent possessor, which is all I know of them. Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, Sir, for your advice and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

"I am, your most humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

As no immediate answer was returned to this, its writer became impatient, and in six days time sent again:—

"SIR,—Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return me the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, an able antiquary, who is now writing the History of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

"Your very humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"*Bristol, Corn-street, April* 14, 1769.

"P. S.—If you wish to publish them yourself, they are at your service."

There are two other letters to Walpole in the British Museum, one in Chatterton's handwriting, the second in that of Mr. Barrett, and both bearing the same date with this last, April 14. They were *never sent*, however, and the fact only shows that their author had not determined what arguments to urge upon the occasion. That in Chatterton's writing, and which was probably the first copy, is as follows:—

"*For Horace Walpole, Esq., Arlington-street, London.*

"SIR,—As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's papers are genuine, should be obliged to you if you'd send copies of

them to the Town and Country Magazine, or return them to me for that purpose, as it would be the greatest injustice to deprive the world of so valuable a curiosity.

"I have seen the original from which the extracts first sent you were copied. The harmony is not so extraordinary, as Joseph Iscam is altogether as harmonious.

"The stanza Rowley writes in, instead of being introduced by Spenser, was in use 300 years before

* * * * * * *

by Rowley; although I have seen some poetry of that age exceeding alliterations without rhyme.

"I shall not defend Rowley's pastoral; its merit can stand its own defence.

"Rowley was employed by Canynge to go to the principal monasteries in the kingdom to collect drawings, paintings, and all the MSS. relating to architecture: is it then so very extraordinary he should meet with the few remains of Saxon learning? 'Tis allowed by every historian of credit, that the Normans destroyed all the Saxon MSS., paintings, &c. that fell in their way; endeavouring to suppress the very language. The want of knowing what they were, is all the foundation you can have for styling them a barbarous nation.

"If you are not satisfied with these conspicuous

* * * * * * *

the honour to be of my opinion.

"I am, Sir, your very humble and obedient servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"*Bristol, Corn-street, April* 14, 1769."

The other, of which Barrett has preserved a copy runs thus:—

"SIR,—Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, who is now writing the History and Antiquities of the city of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be very sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an

authentic piece of antiquity. However barbarous the Saxons may be called by our modern virtuosos, it is certain we are indebted to Alfred, and other Saxon kings, for the wisest of our laws, and in part, for the British Constitution. The Normans, indeed, destroyed the MSS. paintings, &c. of the Saxons that fell in their way; but some might be, and certainly were, recovered out of the monasteries, &c. in which they were preserved. Mr. Vertue could know nothing of the matter—'twas quite out of his walk.. I thought Rowley's Pastoral had a degree of merit that would be its own defence. Abbot John's verses were translated by Rowley out of the *Greek*, and there might be poetry of his age something more than mere alliterations, as he was so great a scholar. The stanza, if I mistake not, was used by Ischam, Gower, Ladgate, in the sense as by Rowley, and the modern gloomy seems but a refinement of the old word. Glomming, in Anglo-Saxon, is ye twilight.

"From, Sir, your humble servant,

"*April* 14. "T. CHATTERTON."

"As Joseph Iscam," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "is equally a person of dubious existence with Rowley, this is a curious instance of placing the elephant upon the tortoise."

The silence which Walpole continued to preserve towards Chatterton—notwithstanding the importunity with which the latter had urged the return of his manuscripts—does not tell much in his favour. When he received Chatterton's letter he was about to set out on a journey to Paris, where, according to his own statement, he remained six weeks. But why allow three months to elapse without taking any notice of his correspondent? In July we find Chatterton, with his patience exhausted, writing again in no very measured terms:—

"SIR,—I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me with the

notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir: and did not you know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MS.—no answer from you. An explanation, or excuse for your silence, would oblige

"*July* 24." "THOMAS CHATTERTON."

"Singularly impertinent!" cries Horace Walpole. "Dignified and spirited!" exclaims Robert Southey. We leave our readers, with a fair statement of the case before them, to decide whether Chatterton's conduct was the more *insolent*, or Walpole's behaviour the more *unjust;* in Southey's words, it is thus "particularly stated" that they may form a just conception of the whole of the correspondence between Mr. Walpole and the great but unfortunate Chatterton.

What Horace Walpole *did*, when he received this last epistle, will be best told by himself.

"He wrote me (says Walpole, referring to the forementioned letter of advice,) rather a peevish answer; said he could not contest with a person of my learning, (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges,) maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman.

"When I received this letter I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or perhaps, not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain; nor will charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains.

"Soon after my return from France I received another

letter from Chatterton, the style of which was singularly impertinent. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I would not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances.

"My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and snapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them.[1]

Walpole regrets that he took no copy of Chatterton's MSS. Had he done so, would such a proceeding have been strictly honourable? However, the world, after heaping upon him all the abuse it could think of,

[1] On these circumstances was founded the whole charge that was brought against Walpole, of blighting the prospects, and eventually contributing to the ruin of the youthful genius. Whatever may be thought of some expressions respecting Chatterton, which Walpole employed in the explanation of the affair which he afterwards published, the idea of taxing him with criminality in neglecting him, was manifestly unjust. But in all cases of misfortune, the first consolation to which human nature resorts, is, right or wrong, to find somebody to blame, and an evil seems to be half cured when it is traced to an object of indignation.—CAMPBELL.

Walpole's memory has suffered most on account of his conduct towards Chatterton, in which we have always thought he was perfectly defensible. That unhappy son of genius endeavoured to impose upon Walpole a few stanzas of very inferior merit as ancient, and sent him an equally gross and palpable imposture under the shape of a pretended

and even charging him with having been the immediate cause of the pitiable catastrophe which succeeded, has at length, and of its own accord, pardoned him, and, I believe, only with justice. That he should be made accountable for Chatterton's suicide, was one of the maddest and most absurd persecutions ever urged against an individual. The proud boy held on his course, "unslacked of motion," for more than a twelvemonth afterwards, manifesting the same passion for imposing upon the credulity of others; nor did Walpole, during that time, nor till after his most mournful end had awakened public curiosity and solicitude, hear any thing more of him.

Chatterton, indeed, had no right to expect patronage at the hands of Horace Walpole. What had he to do, sitting under the shadow of the great? He was, could he but have seen it, in a fair way of earning a respectable livelihood,—might, in no far removed perspective of time, have seated his mother and his sister comfortably at his own board. And this, too, independent of literature, which—when he had grown to love honesty for its own sake—might have become to him, if not an entire crutch, at least no despicable walking-staff. What did he then currying

List of Painters. Walpole's sole crime lies in not patronizing at once a young man who only appeared before him in the character of a very inartificial imposter, though he afterwards proved himself a gigantic one. The fate of Chatterton lies not at the door of Walpole, but of the public at large, who, two years (we believe) afterwards, were possessed of the splendid proof of his natural powers, and any one of whom was as much called upon as Walpole to prevent the most unhappy catastrophe.—Sir Walter Scott.

patrician favour; and rebuking the divine oracle that had made its temple within him?

Is it not true that in the soul of every man dwell his only means of exertion and redress, and the casting off "the fardels of a weary life;" and that worse than leaning upon a reed, is reliance upon another? "Drink waters out of thine own cistern," says Solomon, "and running waters out of thine own well." Chatterton could not see this: and he perished—perished miserably, *because* he could not see it. Alas! the poison-chalice is a desperate remedy against

> "The whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong,—the proud man's contumely."

VII.

Abandons his profession, and forms a resolution to try his fortune in London.

His disappointment in the affair with Walpole did not improve Chatterton's temper. The irksomeness of his profession, and the disgust which he had conceived for its restraint, continued to increase; and he soon came to the determination, at whatever risks, to abandon it altogether. The treatment and patronage which he had received from his native city—in the very bosom of his friends—he resented, as insufficient for his merits; and he began to cherish hypochondriacal notions, and a general contempt for the human race. His powers of satire, too, which he wielded at random,

wounding alike friend and foe, and with weapons handled, in either case, with equal malignity and skill, had brought him into disgrace, and singled him out as an object for resentment. He related to one of his intimate friends, that going one evening after dark over the drawbridge, he was suddenly knocked down with a blow dealt him by some powerful assailant. He was stunned at first, but on recovering his senses, he found his adversary renewing the attack, and exclaiming with oaths, that "he would spoil his writing-arm." Chatterton called loudly for the watch, and his assailant took to flight; nor was the poet aware by whom he had been thus assaulted.[1]

His religious opinions, moreover,—if indeed he had ever been impressed with any such,—had now declined, and he began to talk infidelity, and to write it. That an intellect like his should at some time or other have been overtaken by doubts, was only to be expected. The greatest minds and the best of men have ever been thus tried. Perhaps for their after guidance such misgivings are not wholly unnecessary; and always must they induce pity, and never contempt. The "Philosophy of the Garden" is not the worst, though for minds other than the strongest, the most dangerous knowledge we can acquire. Under the porch, where its schoolmen teach, at some stage or other, we must all sit, except perhaps the mere foolish, who would include any thing in their blind belief, and who are only Christians because they are not Pagans. We believe Shelley—warring all his life against the *abuse* of religion—to have been the most religious of all

[1] From Mr. Cumberland's communication.

men. There are many who cannot understand this, and to such will offence come. These see, not with the eye of faith, but with the fleshly vision only.

It is to be hoped at least of Chatterton, that he was sincere in his disbelief; for an affectation of skepticism is of all vices the most odious, though unfortunately not the most uncommon. In his writings he strove rather against the hypocrisy of professors, than against religion itself; he ridicules the Pharisee, but never the Publican. His antique poems are uniformly of an exalted moral, and not unfrequently of a devotional character. In extenuation of his offence, be it remembered that he was "literally and strictly" a boy; and let his accusers, who would be first to cast a stone at him, question of themselves what were their own religious principles, "and whether they had any" in their schoolboy era, at the age of sixteen.

Dealing with Chatterton's life, from this period till its most melancholy termination, we have many difficulties to encounter. "Few subjects of composition," says Sir Walter Scott, "equally affecting or elevating can ever occur, when we consider the strange ambiguity of his character, his attainments under circumstances incalculably disadvantageous, and his wish to disguise them under the name of another; his high spirit of independence, and the ready versatility with which he stooped to the meanest political or literary drudgery; the amiable and interesting affection which he displays towards his family, with a certain looseness of morality which approaches to profligacy,—a subject uniting so strong an alternation of light and shade." Regarding these "conflicting elements" of his disposition in a generous and sympathizing spirit, many of

his admirers have endeavoured to excuse his failings, and at once to account for them by urging the plea of insanity,—a visitation which is likely to have been too true, and which is strongly countenanced by the fact that there were decided symptoms of such a malady in his family. His sister was placed under restraint, and her own child was subject to frequent fits of mental aberration. "A key," remarks his generous friend Southey, "to the eccentricities of his life, and the deplorable rashness of his death." [1]

[1] Scott laments that the life and character of Chatterton have never been drawn by the "hand of a master." Unfortunately there is no biography of Chatterton, worthy of the name, in existence. That by Dr. Gregory is wholly unworthy of the writer; it is meagre of facts, and affords us scarcely one opportunity of judging of the poet, or of deciding in what particular he differed from the herd of ordinary mortals. The Doctor expresses no opinion of his own, but leaves for the reader the summary of his scanty evidence.

Of the recently published Life by Dix, it may be as well to state, that there is little new in the work beside the appendices. That by Mr. Tyson, signed T., is important. Of the Life by Chalmers, "the hack of Grub-street for many a long year," we shall not speak ourselves; but, by way of evidence, append a review from the hand of a writer, who, as Lord Byron can well attest, had the power, when he so pleased, to castigate smartly. The memoir of Chatterton, by a person named Davis, which may occasionally be picked up for a few pence at the bookstalls, is in every respect beneath criticism.

"Mr. Chalmers's Life of Chatterton is written in the spirit of pharisaic morality, which blinds the understanding as much as it hardens the heart. He tells the history of the Rowley papers just as a pleader would have told it at the Old Bailey, if Chatterton had been upon trial for forging a bill

Among the papers of Chatterton, preserved in the British Museum, there occurs the following curious

of exchange! After saying that 'his general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular; and that on one occasion only Mr. Lambert thought him deserving of correction, for writing an abusive letter, in a feigned hand, to his old schoolmaster;' he adds, in true Old Bailey logic, 'so soon did this young man learn the art of deceit, which he was now preparing to practise on a more extensive scale.' When this letter was written, Chatterton was hardly fifteen! Upon publishing his first modern antique in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, the subject excited inquiry, and the paper being traced to him, he was consequently interrogated, (says Mr. Chalmers,) probably without much ceremony, where he obtained it. '*And here his unhappy disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and, according to all that can be gath ered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example.*'

"Mr. Chalmers is undoubtedly learned, for he writes about catalectics; and there is a well-known book within the compass of his classical studies, which must have taught him that—

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros:

but unhappily he has not learnt those arts 'faithfully,' for if he had, his feelings upon this subject would not have been thus 'brutal.' However dangerous may be the distinction between venial and mortal sins in the practical casuistry of the Romish Church, that puritanical spirit, whose moral laws are framed in the temper of Draco, is more detestable, and not less pernicious. Mr. Chalmers refers the whole fiction of Rowley to original sin. Satan, no doubt, had about as much to do with it as with the burning of the missionaries' printing office at Serampore—an affair of which they suppose him to have repented, because of the liberal subscriptions which were raised to repair its loss. The deception was not in

document—being his boasted articles of Faith—written apparently about this period of his life, and (I believe) never before published:—

"*The Articles of the Belief of me, Thomas Chatterton.*

"That God being incomprehensible, it is not required of us to know the mysteries of the Trinity.

"That it matters not whether a man is a Pagan, Turk, Jew, or Christian, if he acts according to the religion he professes.

"That if a man leads a good moral life, he is a Christian.

"That the stage is the best school of morality;—and

"That the Church of Rome (some tricks of priestcraft excepted) is certainly the true Church.

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

It is written on a fragment of foolscap paper, much soiled and worn, apparently from having been long

tended to defraud or injure one human being, and might most assuredly have been begun and continued without the slightest sense of criminality in Chatterton. And for the other eccentricities of his life, and its melancholy catastrophe, Mr. Chalmers might have remembered that there were original diseases in the world, as well as original sin; and that when the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of insanity after his death, that verdict might very possibly be correct. It is at least rendered highly probable by the fact that there was a decided insanity in his family. As for the fame of Thomas Chatterton, which this biographer thinks it will not be possible to perpetuate, Mr. C.'s opinion will never be weighed in the scale against it. The history of the Bristol boy will always attract curiosity to his poems, and that curiosity will be amply gratified; and whilst Mr. Chalmers states that '*his deceptions, his prevarications, his political tergiversations, &c. were such as should be looked for in men of advanced age, har-*

carried in the pocket. I think it requires no comment.

He had, some months since, commenced a correspondence with the London periodicals. The first notice to be found respecting his contributions is in the "Town and Country Magazine," for November, 1768, where, among the notices to correspondents, occurs the following—"D. B. of Bristol's favour will be gladly received;" and to this periodical in particular *Dunelmus Bristoliensis* became a large contributor. We subsequently find him writing for the Freeholder's Magazine, the Political Register, the London Museum, the Gospel Magazine—which he calls "methodistical and unmeaning," and adds, "For a whim I write in it"—the Court and City Journal, the Middlesex Journal, &c.; and all this while, poem after poem, and satire after satire, with loyal articles for the ministry, and flaming invectives for the opposition, and glees and songs and catches for the public gardens, and light squibs for the daily papers, and frothy abuse, and furious tirades for any hireling publisher that would engage him, were pouring forth from this "pen of a ready writer." Perhaps, in the whole history of literature, there is scarcely a similar instance of untiring industry.

dened by evil associations, and soured by disappointed pride or avarice,' let it be remembered that his 'deceptions' and 'prevarications' only relate to the poems and papers attributed to Rowley, which are things very unlike the effect of disappointed pride and avarice! and to call his essays on political controversy *political tergiversation*, is as preposterous an abuse of language, as it would be to call Mr. Chalmers a judicious critic, or candid biographer."—SOUTHEY, *in the Quarterly Review, No. XXII.*

It is hard to refrain from smiling, when, as in the following instance, we find our Boy-Bard, gravely and with the utmost composure, addressing personages of far-removed dignity, and with a nod and wave of his hand calling in question the most established authorities.

"*To Ralph Bigland, Esq., Somerset Herald.*

"SIR: Hearing you are composing a book of Heraldry, I trouble you with this. Most of our heralds assert files should never be borne in even numbers. I have seen several old seals with four, six, eight; and in the cathedral here is a coat of the Berkeleys with four.

"*Curious Coats in and about Bristol.*

"Barry of 6. Or and Azure, counterchanged per Fess, by Gilbert de Gaunt. Argent, a maunch Gules edged, Or, verdoy of trefoils, by John Cosier. Or, a canton sable, by Delouvis. A seal, Quarterly, first and fourth on bend, 3 annulets, second and third a head couped gutté, by the name of Sancto Lovis, to a deed dated 1204.

"Your most humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

About this period, too, we have another evidence of his genius for fiction—in which he pretty largely dealt at times—in his letter to a Mr. Stephens, a breeches-maker, of Salisbury, who was in some sort a relation of the family; at the "grave and sober advice" with which it concludes, "we are mute," says Sir Walter Scott, "with astonishment."

"SIR: If you think vanity is the dictator of the following lines, you will not do me justice. No, sir, it is only the desire of proving myself worthy your correspondence has induced me to write. My partial friends flatter me with giving me a little uncommon share of abilities. It is Mr. Stephens alone,

whose good sense disdains flattery, whom I appeal to. It is a maxim with me that compliments of friends *is* more dangerous than railing of enemies. You may inquire, if you please, for the *Town and Country Magazine*, wherein all signed 'D. B.' and 'Asaphides,' are mine. The pieces called Saxon are originally and totally the product of my muse; though I should think it a greater merit to be able to translate Saxon. As the said Magazine is by far the best of its kind, I shall have some pieces in it every month; and if I vary from my said signature, will give you notice thereof. Having some curious anecdotes of paintings and painters, I sent them to Mr. Walpole, author of the Anecdotes of Painting, Historic Doubts, and other pieces well known in the learned world. His answer I make bold to send you. Hence I began a literary correspondence, which ended as most such do. I differed with him in the age of a MS. He insists on his superior talents, which is no proof of that superiority. We possibly may publicly engage in one of the periodical publications; though I know not who will give the onset. Of my proceedings in this affair I shall make bold to acquaint you. My next correspondent of note is Dodsley, whose collection of modern and antique poems are in every library. In this city my principal acquaintance are Mr. Barrett, now writing, at a vast expense, an ancient and modern History of Bristol —a task more difficult than the cleansing the Augean stable. Many have attempted, but none succeeded in it; yet will this work, when finished, please not only my fellow-citizens, but all the world. Mr. Catcott, author of that excellent treatise on the Deluge, and other pieces, to enumerate which would argue a supposition that you were not acquainted with the literary world. To the studies of these gentlemen I am always admitted, and they are not below asking my advice in any matters of antiquity. I have made a very curious collection of coins and antiques. As I cannot afford to have a goodlabine to keep them in, I commonly give them to those who can. If you pick up any Roman, Saxon, English coins, or other antiques, even a sight of them would highly oblige me. When you quarter your arms in the mullet, say: Or, a

Fess, Vert by the name of Chatterton. I trace your family from Fitz-Stephen, son of Stephen, Earl of Ammerle, in 1095, son of Od, Earl of Blays, and Lord of Holderness.

"I am your very humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

In such and similar ways did our young poet evince that he had a pleasant humour.

There is an anecdote preserved of him, which I have never seen recorded, the circumstance of which occurred about this period. Spending one evening with a party of intimate companions, among other subjects, the conversation turned upon suicide; and some taking one side of the argument, and some another—whether indeed it was of bravery or cowardice, the act of self-destruction. Chatterton suddenly plucked from his breast a small pocket-pistol, and, holding it to his forehead, with resolute accent exclaimed, "Now—if one had but the courage to pull the trigger!" It was then, for the first time, discovered that he was in the constant habit of carrying this loaded weapon about his person.

Whether in the way of menace, or that he actually contemplated such a deed, may be uncertain; but, shortly after this incident took place, Lambert found a letter upon the desk of his apprentice, addressed to a Mr. Clayfield, "a worthy, generous man." In this letter Chatterton dwelt upon his "distresses," and avowed his resolution to put an end to his existence immediately. "On Mr. Clayfield's receiving that letter, he (Chatterton) should be no more." Lambert became alarmed; with all haste despatched the epistle to Mr. Barrett, who forthwith summoned the writer to his closet, talked to him earnestly and seriously;

"blamed the bad company and principles he had adopted," urging in the most forcible manner, "the horrible crime of self-murder, however glossed over by present libertines." His arguments were in part successful; Chatterton betrayed some compunction—shed tears; "at the same time he acknowledged he wanted for nothing, and denied any distress upon that account." The next day he sent his adviser the following letter:—

"*To Mr. Barrett.*

"SIR: Upon recollection, I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter, but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than *myself;* I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No; it is my PRIDE, my damn'd, native, unconquerable PRIDE, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen-twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave—a servant, have no will of my own, which I may freely declare as such,—or DIE. Perplexing alternative! that it distracts me to think of it; I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it will cost me in the trial, Heaven knows!

"I am, your much obliged, unhappy,

"Humble servant,

"*Thursday Evening.*" "T. C.

His pride, his "damn'd pride," as he calls it; "though one may doubt," says the Eclectic Reviewer, "whether the curse was pronounced in virtue's name." Perhaps not,—probably not; but a feeling of virtue, or we are much mistaken, dictated this letter.

To glance at another subject. He had now (March, 1769,) written "Kew Gardens," his longest satirical

performance. It consisted originally of 1300 lines, of which 200 are unfortunately lost. As printed in this edition it contains 1094 lines. This poem he forwarded "in different parcels" to a Mr. Edmunds, of Shoe-lane, printer of "a patriotic newspaper." To the first packet, containing "about 300 lines," was added the following postcript. "Mr. Edmunds will send the author, Thomas Chatterton, twenty of the Journals in which the above poem (which I shall continue) shall appear, by the machine, if he thinks proper to put it in; the money shall be paid to his orders."

"The poem," remarks Dr. Gregory, "is a satire on the Princess Dowager of Wales, Lord Bute, and their friends in London and Bristol; but particularly on those in Bristol, who had distinguished themselves in favour of the ministry. His signature on this occasion was DECIMUS; but whether the poem was ever printed or not, I have not been able to ascertain." In Mr. Edmunds' Journal it was *not* printed; but, after the posthumous publication of Chatterton's Miscellanies, and the Supplement to that work, there appeared, in the form of a "Supplement to the Supplement," a little pamphlet of eight pages, containing the first 376 lines of "Kew Gardens," which it is reasonable to conclude were furnished from the "first packet" sent to Mr. Edmunds. Dr. Gregory asserts that the whole of the poem was "transmitted in different parcels" to the same party. It is not very likely, however, or the remainder would have appeared in the same publication, especially as the printed fragment breaks suddenly off, leaving the sense notoriously deficient. The existence of this pamphlet was unknown to Southey in 1803 About sixty of the concluding lines of the

poem were published in his edition of Chatterton; and to these was annexed, as a note, "Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of the poem, but without success." I am aware of only one copy of the fragment, which is in the library of the British Museum.

Ready-made satire Chatterton always had at hand, without the labour of producing fresh material. He had but to transcribe three hundred couplets from "Kew Gardens," with here and there a slight alteration or transposition, and the "Whore of Babylon" was completed, the old metal being fused in a fresh die. Several instances of this mode of manufacture occur in his "Acknowledged Poems," (the Rowley Creation was too sacred to be thus tampered with;) but, except in the above-mentioned instance, and in that of "The Exhibition," where fifty consecutive lines are taken likewise from "Kew Gardens," the number of couplets thus borrowed from one composition and transferred to a second, seldom exceeds nine or ten. Undoubtedly

[1] Dix published the "Kew Gardens" in his "Life of Chatterton," in 1837. He says, "I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the whole poem; and it is here for the first time printed entire." He did not, however, procure the whole poem; for the hiatus of 200 lines, above referred to, occurs in his publication. The real state of the case is, that out of the 1094 lines of "Kew Gardens," printed by Dix, only 120 appeared for the "first time." From line 496 to the end, it is little more than a transcript of "The Whore of Babylon;" indeed 550 lines are *literally* the same: add to these the 376 lines published many years before, with the fragment in Southey's edition, and we find that 974 lines of the poem had been before the public for upwards of thirty years.

this poetical laboratory, and chemical transfusion and transformation, were easy of construction, and nowise difficult in the process. *Stans pede in uno;* one might write a bookseller's shop full so.

VIII.

Literary career in London.

LITTLE now remains to be said of Chatterton, and that little consists of no stirring adventures, and of no incidents that can satisfy curiosity or afford amusement to any but those who love a simple story, and sufficiently admire the poet to trace the history of the man. There are no documents to which we can refer for facts; there are no biographical notices which we can consult for a record of Chatterton's town life. All that is to be told must be gathered from his own letters, and woven, as best it can, into the form of a narrative.

In our last chapter we intimated the poet's resolution to try his fortune in London. To enable him to defray the expenses of the journey, his friends and acquaintance contributed a guinea apiece.[1] It may seem a strange inconsistency that he, nineteen-twentieths of whose composition was pride, should thus be a dependant on the bounty of others; but no man who has any acquaintance with the workings of the human heart will wonder at this. This nature of ours is full of contradictions; and pride and meanness, and generosity

[1] Mr. Barrett.

and injustice, are not seldom found in close alliance. Perhaps, too, in his dreams of future greatness, and his anticipated discoveries of El Dorados, he expected to repay, and doubly repay, the debt which, after all, Circumstance, that unspiritual god, had obliged him to contract.

Full of hope, and thirsting to attain the golden goal —not only of fame, but of wealth and station—Chatterton entered on his London career. The clouds which had covered the sky in the morning of life seemed fast floating away; his moral atmosphere grew clearer. The sun came out in all its strength. A soft ideal light lent enchantment to the world of thought in which he moved; he went on his path hoping and singing, and trusting soon to reach the bright and shining gate which his imagination had erected at the end of that path; yet if we consider his actual circumstances, there was but little ground for hope. Who and what were his allies? "Patrons, booksellers, printers, publishers of *Freeholders' Magazines*, and proprietors of *Towns* and *Counties;*" to these men the young poet sold himself—say rather, sold, Esau like, his birthright—the vision and the faculty divine —for a mess of pottage. How could any good come out of such a Galilee as this? What could be looked for but that the creator should sink into the scribbler, the poet into the buffoon—a spirit free, uncompromising, integral, into a character compromised, factional, and slavish?

We must not, however, be too severe on the young poet. If he threw away his genius, was there not a reason? Perhaps none grieved more than himself over the new character which he was obliged to assume.

But if man doth not live by bread alone, it is equally true that he cannot live without it; and the soul which should feed only on angels' food must bow itself down to the flesh-pots of Egypt, in order that its frail co-mate, the body, may have "bread and meat in the morning, and bread and meat in the evening."

Chatterton's first letter to his mother, which bears date April 26, shows that he was full of heart and hope. He reached London at five o'clock in the evening; called immediately on his friends Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley, and met with great encouragement from them. In a short time we find him settled, apparently much to his own satisfaction, at Mr. Walmsley's. Mr. Walmsley was a plaisterer of Shoreditch, to whom Chatterton had been recommended by a relative, Mrs. Ballance, who resided in the same house. The poet looks forward more sanguinely than ever to the future. He had made an arrangement with the conductors of one periodical, by which he hoped to realize the sum of five guineas a month. He projected a History of England, and other pieces, which would more than double that amount. For money to supply his hourly needs he trusted to occasional essays for the daily papers. He had been introduced to Mr. Wilkes, and on the strength of his acquaintance with that gentleman he no longer confined his hopes of success to himself, but ventured to extend them to others. By *his interest he would insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity House.* He had grown familiar at the Chapter Coffee-House, and knew all the geniuses there. A character was now unnecessary; an author carried his character in his pen.

Such were the prospects—such the dreams of the

Boy-Bard. Let us now trace the literary career which he had prescribed himself, and see what was its nature and what its results.

He seems to have made his *debût* in the *Freeholders' Magazine*, as may be inferred from a letter which he addressed to his friend, Mr. Cary, about this time, in which he requested him to tell all his acquaintance for the future to read this periodical, and to forward him any contributions which he might have for publication. In the following week he contracted, in the pit of Drury-Lane theatre, an acquaintance with a young gentleman in Cheapside, who was a partner in a music-shop. When he discovered that Chatterton could write, he desired him to compose a few songs for him. These were shown to a Doctor of Music, and he was invited to treat with the Doctor on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. He now grew affluent—comparatively at least, for all things in this world go by comparison. He employed his money in dressing fashionably—but only as a means to an end—an introduction into good society. He informs us that he had engaged to live with the brother of a Scotch Lord, who was speculating in the book-selling branches. As a compensation he was to have board and lodging gratis. Chatterton considered this a great step in his royal-road to fame and wealth. In the first flush of joy and hope he promised his sister a handsome provision; every month was to end to her advantage—she was "to walk in silk attire, and siller hae in store." His mother was not forgotten; for her too there were presents,—London gauds and Parisian vanities, and intimations of more substantial assistance. And why should we omit to mention the tobacco for

his grandmother—British herb too—and the trifles for Thorne? Simplest articles of household use, but not without a meaning to the thoughtful heart; for surely they shadow forth, darkly and imperfectly though it be, the character of this Boy-King of Song. Tameless, and swift, and proud—contemning the world, and scorning the herd of mankind—he had yet a heart full of home-affections, and an intellect that could descend to things of mean and trifling nature when they had reference to a mother, a sister, or a friend. Let us do justice to Chatterton; and if we are to make the most of his vices, let us not forget to make the most of his virtues.

Chatterton next projected a voluminous History of London, which was to appear in numbers. He anticipated great success, and no small profit; and, in his letter to his sister, exults in the idea that this design would not involve him in those expenses which his other literary labours obliged him to incur, as he should not be compelled to go to the coffee-house; and thus, he adds, "*I shall be able to serve you the more by it.*" It is needless to add that this scheme was abandoned; the beautiful sentiment which it was the means of suggesting can never die.

Chatterton was unusually elated. He had forwarded an essay to Beckford, the Lord Mayor. It was received favourably. This encouraged the author to wait on the patriot, to procure his approbation to address a second letter to him on the subject of the remonstrance and its reception. His lordship received him politely, and warmly invited him to call again. *The rest was a secret.* He evidently magnifies the advantages which he thought awaited him; he sees

through a false medium, and the distant prospects look fairer and more dilated in the discoloured atmosphere of thought, just as the walls and towers of a city rise larger and brighter in the purple mist of a summer's morning. The last clause which I have quoted evinces that, like Byron, Chatterton loved a little mystification.

We come now to his political career—one more difficult to excuse, perhaps, than any other; at any rate the most unpleasant to touch upon. It is not fair, however, to deal with Chatterton as we should with one who had come to the full stature of a man, and who had no temptation to induce him to trifle with his principles.

Let us reflect that the writer was but a boy,—a boy of an ardent and passionate temperament, thirsting for distinction, anxious to acquire a name, thwarted by fortune, without friends, save those who were so in word only, and without hopes, save such as arose from the light of his own genius. He looked forward to the time when he should be able to build up a strong and durable monument of fame; when his imagination should be strengthened, his intellect matured, and his ambition become clear and well defined; but meanwhile, it was necessary to do something. The daily bread must be had, and the warm coat purchased, and a thousand other poor necessities satisfied; and to attain such consummation, the essay must be produced, and the guinea earned. Something of vanity, too, undoubtedly prevailed in Chatterton's "moral man," and in this instance it forcibly demonstrates itself. He was delighted to have an opportunity of showing the world what he could do; it was a sort of petty triumph, a kind of literary ovation, to find himself necessary as

a political partizan,—to find that the despised apprentice of Bristol was able to deal the cards at the state *soirées*, and to dream that there was some probability of his holding all the trumps, or at least having the honours in his own hand. No wonder that the gin-and-water of notoriety and vulgar applause intoxicated the young aspirant, and led him to *shuffle*, when he should have played his game boldly and candidly. There was more of levity than licentiousness in this conduct; more of the desire—silly and low enough for him who could *create* as well as *scribble*—to show with what facility the child of seventeen could prove a point one day and refute it the next; more of the acuteness of the special pleader than the apostasy of the statesman; and, to finish the climax, more of scorn for his employers, and for mankind generally, we fear, than anxiety for either the good or the bad cause. By what figure of rhetoric such a transaction as this could be styled *political tergiversation*, we confess ourselves at a loss to discover, unless, as Southey intimates, it be by the same figure which associates the ideas of "Chalmers and infallibility."

Chatterton thought but little of the merits of the popular leaders at that time, although his inclination would necessarily have led him to espouse what has been called the cause of the people, had he ever ventured in real earnest to contend in the arena of politics. This is evident from many passages in his letters, but from none so strongly as this.

"Essays," he writes to his sister, "fetch no more than what the copy is sold for; as the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. On the other hand," he continues,

"unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it."

Strong evidence this, if any were wanted, that penury, not policy, was Chatterton's principle of action, and that his contempt was equally directed against both parties. To reflect on the poverty, pain of heart, distress, and solitude of the marvellous boy; to see the creative genius descend from his throne of melodious thought, to mingle with the creeping things that went into the great Noah's-ark of Mammon, gives one far more sorrow than his *political tergiversation*, as one of his biographers has chosen to style this juvenile display of intellectual sleight-of-hand.

We shall make but few remarks on these celebrated letters. Chatterton's model appears to have been Junius, and he has cleverly imitated the inimitable. The structure of the sentence is not dissimilar, and there is no deficiency of trope and antithesis; but the delicate irony and the caustic sarcasm of that fearless writer, and the polished diction, and the exquisite unfolding of the expression, are sought in vain. Instead of these, we have what Shelley would call a mixture of wormwood and verdigrease; well turned periods, full of sound and fury, but signifying nothing, and a sort of Bombastes Furioso taking to task, infinitely amusing when we reflect on the age and circumstances of the writer. Still, the political letters are remarkable productions, and really wonderful for a boy. They are remarkable for their energy, for their spirit, and for the readiness which they evince their

author to have possessed, in assuming and sustaining the style of thought and language of an old and practised composer. Chatterton put on the lion's skin, and if we may be allowed so colloquial an expression, made an ass of himself; had he thought fit, he might have raised his human voice, for like Homer's heroes he was an articulate-speaking man, and have put the lion himself to flight.

It may be as well to indicate the two letters which called down on poor Chatterton the indignation of this virtuous biographer. They were written after the death of Beckford: one of them was addressed to Lord North, signed MODERATOR, complimenting Administration, for rejecting the City remonstrance; the other, which bore the same date, and was signed PROBUS, was addressed to the Lord Mayor, probably in consequence of the permission which Chatterton obtained from him, and contained a virulent invective against the government, for the identical measure which had been reprobated by the former. Both bear date May 26th, 1770. The one commenced, "My Lord, it gives me painful pleasure;" and the other, "When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from insupportable slavery."

There is a hectic gayety about Chatterton's letters to his mother and sister, a boastful proclamation and unnatural iteration of his importance, and of the magnificent prospects which awaited him, as though it were only by the continued reassertion that he himself could believe in the wealth and fame which he anticipated. Thus, in one place, he speaks of "*an author who would have introduced him as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended*

general tour;" in another, of his future recognition by "*a ruling power in the Court party;*" and in a third, in a burst of enthusiastic vanity, he tells us, "My company is courted everywhere—I must be among the great: state matters suit me better than commercial." Poor Chatterton! well sung the poet of Christabel, Life is thorny and youth is vain; and the thorniness of the one fostered, if it did not engender, the vanity of the other, in the instance which we are considering.

The history of Chatterton's literary career in London must not be *recorded* without some annotations on the remainder of his prose compositions. These are readily enumerated—Adventures of a Star, Maria Friendless, The Unfortunate Fathers, Tony Selwood, The False Step, The Hunter of Oddities,[1] Cutholf, a Saxon poem, and a few other slight pieces. They appeared in the Gospel Magazine, Town and Country, Court and City, London, and the Political Register. Some of them are of considerable merit, though utterly unworthy of the minstrel who sang "how dauntless Ælla frayed the Dacyan foes." They are light essays, modelled on those of Steele, Addison, and other writers of the eighteenth century, but scarcely deserving of a second perusal. Their characteristics are, accuracy of observation, a tolerable acquaintance with the more prominent features of a town life, humorous expression, and a facile adaptation of the peculiarities which are required for this species of composition. Indeed, they are chiefly valuable for the light which they throw on

[1] The genuineness of many of these pieces is exceedingly questionable.

the intellectual organization of Chatterton; evincing the readiness with which he could attain any knowledge whose acquisition he coveted; the perfect management which he possessed of his pen, his mastery of any style of thought or expression, and the diversatility and prodigal luxuriance of his prematurely ripened genius. Chatterton's favourite maxim was, that man is equal to anything, and that there was nothing which could not be achieved by diligence. Unlike others, he was not satisfied with the bare enunciation of the proposition; every action of his life and every exercise of his mind was employed in its demonstration. His knowledge of antiquities was wonderful, but it was a study which he pursued *con amore*. The letter of Tony Selwood derives its principal charm from this circumstance. It is quite unnecessary to comment on each of these productions; the tales apparently do not aim at originality—indeed one of them, the story of Maria Friendless, is an old acquaintance in a new dress; it is a "masqued resurrection" of Misella in the Rambler.

Chatterton seems to have been fond of the poetical memoranda which Macpherson was pleased to christen the Poems of Ossian; probably more from their pretensions to ancientry, than any real admiration of those turgid heroics. At Bristol, he favoured the world with a host of imitations. He had observed, as Wordsworth remarks, how few critics were able to distinguish between a real ancient medal, and a counterfeit of modern manufacture; and he set himself to the work of filling a magazine with *Saxon poems*, counterparts of those of Ossian, as like his as one of his misty stars is to another. The last of his efforts in this line was Cutholf; it seems to be no way dissimilar

to those which he published at Bristol; and, if not stolen from the smithie of the "impudent Highlander," it bears every appearance of being forged on his anvil.

Among the poetical productions which he published in London, are the African Eclogues, characterized by himself in a letter to a friend "as the only two pieces of mine I have the vanity to call poetry." The versification is strong, melodious, and original. The loves of Narva and Mored are powerfully recited. There is a picturesque liveliness in this pastoral which is exceedingly alluring. It has many felicitous expressions, and perhaps may be natural in Africa, but it certainly is not so in England. The same criticism may be applied to The Death of Nicou.

We shall only mention one more metrical production of Chatterton's—The Revenge, a Burletta. He is said to have received five guineas for it, from the proprietor of Mary-le-bone Gardens, where it was performed after his death. It is light, airy, amusing, and comic,—but, like most of his acknowledged poems, confers but little honour on the author; it is useful as a further illustration of the varied powers of the Bristol Boy; but we sigh to think that the royal child of song should abdicate the throne of his wide dominion, to become the poor usurper of a petty province.

IX.

Chatterton changes his residence—His poverty and despair—African scheme—His death.

Hitherto, Chatterton had resided in the house of Mr. Walmsley. Devoted to literary pursuits, and dreaming of future glory never to be realized, he led at once the life of a poet and philosopher. Notwithstanding the strong and ungovernable passions of this child of impulse, and despite the fascinations of the gay and glittering metropolis, and his want of any settled principle of conduct, or any rule of life more trustworthy than his own self-organized code of the laws of honour, he lived purely and virtuously, and kept up his fair fame both as man and poet. We have the testimony of Mrs. Ballance, that during a residence of nine weeks under the same roof with herself, he invariably conformed to the hours which regulated the movements of the family, and that only on one occasion was "he absent a whole night, when she knew that he slept at the house of a relative." This seems a sufficient refutation of the charges of libertine and dissipated habits, which the calumniators of Chatterton have advanced against him; and if he had not been the unquestionable genius that he was, the brotherhood of poets would yet owe him a debt of gratitude, for having exhibited to the world a bright and beautiful example of the ideal Creator; knowing no desire which genius did not hallow, and possessed of a heart which kept pure the holy forms of young imagination.[1]

[1] Wordsworth.

His temperance should be imitated by all, and his abstinence might be emulated, but hardly surpassed by the anchorite. The morsel of bread, the penny tart and draught of spring water, the wine-cup untasted, and the strong drink avoided, will surely exonerate Chatterton from the imputation of being a voluptuary, even if he escape not the taint of dissolute tongues, and jealousy and hate. His affection, his brotherly and filial love, the undeviating kindness and attentive solicitude, which he exhibited towards the members of his own family, and substantial assistance which he rendered his mother and his sister, when in actual want himself, demonstrate the natural excellency and amiability of his heart, and afford a convincing proof that poetry and piety are in closer conjunction than many suppose.

Chatterton had now lived nine weeks at Shoreditch The month of July had commenced, the summer was far advanced—but the golden visions of the young enthusiast were still the baseless fabric of a dream. His patron, Beckford, was dead, and with him his political hopes seem to have expired; his finances were contracted; the liberality of the booksellers had proved a delusion; hope no longer encouraged him to look to the future, and faith in the Saviour had no existence in the heart of the inspired lyrist. The boy of seventeen had learnt to doubt, and he had not lived long enough in the school of Epicurus to learn the vanity of the no-faith which he had adopted. A few years more of doubt and darkness, and his vigorous intellect would have enabled him to explore his way through the subterranean gloom of skepticism, and to reach the upper world where the true light shineth. Alas! those few years never came.

Early in July, Chatterton changed his residence. From Shoreditch he removed to No. 4, Brook-street, Holborn.[1] Mrs. Angel was now his landlady. Her occupation was that of a sack, or dress-maker; and whatever be its own appropriate degree of estimation, it derives an adventitious honour from its association with the latest memories of the gifted Boy of Bristol. The cause of his removal is unknown—some impute it to necessity, and some to the pride that would conceal from the inquisition of friends the fall of the golden image which he had set up. Most probably the latter motive was the real one.

It may not be uninteresting to state in this place the remuneration which the poet received for the slavery in which he was held by the booksellers who favoured him with their magnificent patronage. We give the following extract from Chatterton's pocket-book. It sufficiently demonstrates the futility of his literary projects:—

		£	s.	d.
Received to May 23,	of Mr. Hamilton for Middlesex,	1	11	6
"	of B.	1	2	3
"	of Fell, for the Consuliad, . .	0	10	6
"	of Mr. Hamilton, for Candidus and Foreign Journal, ...	0	2	0
"	of Mr. Fell, ...	0	10	6
"	Middlesex Journal, . . .	0	8	6
"	Mr. Hamilton, for 16 Songs, . .	0	10	6
		4	15	9

[1] Mrs. Angel resided at No. 4, Brook-street, Holborn. In 1789, Mr. Oldham purchased this house, together with the adjoining houses on either side of it, and converted them into a stove and grate manufactory. The premises exist at

In another part of this little book, shortly before he found himself confronted by starvation and death, he has inserted a memorandum intimating that the sum of eleven pounds was due to him from the London publishers. It was a cruel fate to be compelled to turn literary drudge with five-and-twenty-shillings a month for wages; and more cruel still to be doomed to suffer all the pains of hunger, because those wages were not paid.

But the dream was not quite completed yet. There was still one hope left—a straw on the waters for the drowning man to grasp. In his misery and poverty he applied to his friend Mr. Barrett, to procure him a situation as surgeon's mate to the coast of Africa. This was a downfall indeed for the aspirant after wealth and distinction; the enthusiasm and the glory and the exultation of his bright and shining youth were gone; the ladder on which he had hoped to have climbed to the heaven of greatness was withdrawn; and the sleeper awoke to find that his only pillow was a stone, and that he must exchange his communings with angels for intercourse with cold and heartless men.

The application was made in vain. Mr. Barrett refused him the recommendatory letter which was required; and as Chatterton was manifestly incompetent to discharge the duties of the appointment

the present time as left by Mr. Oldham, and are now occupied by an upholsterer and cabinet-maker; they extend from Holborn to No. 6, Brook-street. It is hardly necessary to inform our readers, that it is no longer possible to recognize the house in which Chatterton closed his life of sorrow, in despair and madness.

which he had hoped to procure through his interest, Mr. Barrett's refusal was perfectly justifiable,—in fact, great blame would have attached to him if he had acted otherwise. It was at this period that the African Eclogues were written. Chatterton could still solace himself with the divine employment of the muse, and the inspiration which a transient gleam of hope lent him, enabled him to sing, but in no very truthful or natural strains:—

> "Of Tiber's banks where scarlet jasmines bloom,
> And purple aloes shed a rich perfume:
> Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
> The reeking tigers find a cool retreat;
> Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
> And wanton with their shadows in the stream."

Chatterton's last hope had failed. He was friendless, lone, and unassisted. He had fallen on evil days, and could now only look forward to the time, fast approaching, in which he should be a wanderer and an outcast. What wonder then if in his dark and deep distress, "self-contempt drowned youth's starlight smiles in tears," and the victim proudly and angrily refused to be fed—to be *kept alive*—by the bread of charity. Once only the pride of the heart was subdued by the frailty of the flesh, and he partook of the proffered bounty. It is Warton who records that an oyster feast prevailed on him to forego his dignity for a while, and to accept the hospitality of Mr. Cross, an apothecary, of Brook-street. This was Chatterton's last meal. Nothing could induce him again to satisfy his hunger at another's expense. Mrs. Angel stated, that for two or three days he was a prisoner in his

room, and that when she begged him to take some dinner with her, knowing that he had eaten nothing throughout that period, he was offended at her expressions—refused the invitation, and assured her that he was not hungry.

"Three days before his death, when walking with a friend in St. Pancras' churchyard, reading the epitaphs, he was so deep in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave which was just dug, he fell into it; his friend, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in beholding the resurrection of genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined; we can find an asylum from every creditor but that." [1]

The hour had arrived; there was no hope, no help on earth— his prospects were blighted, and his friends had forsaken or forgotten him.

"Then black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the earth in which he moved alone." [2]

"The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service; wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude."[3]

[1] Dix's Life of Chatterton, p. 290.
[2] Shelley.
[3] Wordsworth.

These verses describe more forcibly and lucidly than we can do, the pain of heart, the sense of loneliness, the utter prostration of spirit, and the indignant perception of wrong, of which Chatterton was the prey. It is not our intention to profane the chamber of death, or to portray with unavailing and thankless minuteness, the dark imaginings and mental convulsions of "the sleepless boy that perished in his pride." The fearful retrospect and the gloomy anticipation—the bitter thoughts, inflamed and exasperated by the knowledge of what he might have been, contrasted with the consciousness of what he was—the strong man bowed down by physical suffering—the failing of heart and flesh—the overwrought brain—the humiliation—the despair—the final madness—the solemn agony, and sublime death of the martyred poet, are not to be coldly delineated in words, but are to be realized by the thinking and sympathetic heart alone. To record briefly the manner of his departure from this world, in which we are all pilgrims and strangers, would seem all that is now necessary.

On the 24th of August, 1770, Chatterton resolved to close his life of misery and privation. The suicide was effected by arsenic mixed in water; such at least was the opinion of the most competent authorities. On the following day his room was broken open. The floor was covered with a multitude of small fragments of paper; an evidence that he had destroyed all the unfinished productions of his marvellous intellect. There was no letter to his friends—no apologetic explanation of the terrible step which he had taken—not a single line[1] to satisfy the curious and to console

[1] J. R. Dix, Esq., has politely communicated to us the fol-

the afflicted, or to demonstrate that Chatterton had died sane or insane—Christian or unbeliever. The body lay lifeless and collapsed; the earth was ready to be mingled with its kindred earth, and the spirit had returned to God who gave it.

"Cut was the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned was Apollo's laurel bough."

lowing lines, (never before published,) which he states to have been found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death. They were given to Mr. Dix by Joseph Cottle, who received them from Mrs. Newton, but too late for insertion in his edition of Chatterton's Works. C.

THE LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON.

Farewell, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of Trick!
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling, aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for Corruption's tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to Hell.
Farewell, my Mother!—cease, my anguished soul,
Nor let Distraction's billows o'er me roll!—
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive!

August 24, 1770. T. C.

X.

The Burial—Inquest—Personal appearance of Chatterton—Character, and concluding remarks.

Thus died Thomas Chatterton, aged seventeen years and nine months; the victim of despair and want acting on a stormy and œstuous spirit, and engendering a state of mind closely allied to insanity, if indeed it were not madness itself. "Chatterton," said Lord Byron, "*I* think was mad." In charity, if not from conviction, let the reader think so too. He died —a coroner's inquest was held,[2] a verdict of insanity was returned, and the poet was buried *among paupers in Shoe Lane;* and this without a single question being asked, or any inquiry being instituted by his friends or patrons. Indeed, so long was it before his acquaintance heard of these circumstances, that it was with the greatest difficulty that his identity could be established, or his history traced with any degree of probability.

To be a warning and a lesson to those who like Chatterton are disposed to abandon the course which God has assigned them, and to teach the despairing and the men of little faith, that "our Father which is in heaven" knows far better than they what dispensation is best for them; and to prove that in due time we shall reap if we faint not, but with meekness and patience wait for the bright revealings of Providence;

[2] The witnesses were Frederick Angel, Mary Foster, and William Hamsley.

it is related that Dr. Fry, the head of St. John's College, Oxford, very shortly after the unhappy end of the young poet, proceeded to Bristol to investigate the particulars of the History of the Rowley Poems, and to befriend and assist their creator, if he found him deserving! Poor Chatterton! had he learnt to confide in the wisdom and the love of God, his grief would have endured for a night, and joy would have come with the morning; the marvellous Boy would have been the perfect man, and instead of a record of sorrow and a death of madness, we should have to commemorate the history of a happy poet and a Christian philosopher.

We must not conclude our memoir without a brief description of the external appearance of Chatterton, and a few remarks on his character.

There was a stateliness and a manly bearing in Chatterton, beyond what might have been expected from his years. "He had a proud air," says one who knew him well,[1] and according to the general evidence he was as remarkable for the prematurity of his person as he was for that of his intellect and imagination. His mien and manner were exceedingly prepossessing; his eyes were gray, but piercingly brilliant; and when he was animated in conversation or excited by any passing event, the fire flashed and rolled in the lower part of the orbs in a wonderful and almost fearful way. Mr. Catcott characterized Chatterton's eye "as a kind of hawk's eye, and thought one could see his soul through it." As with Byron, one eye was more remarkable than the other, and its lightning-like

[1] Mrs. Edkins.

flashes had something about them supernaturally grand.

It is difficult to form a just appreciation of the character of Chatterton. We are all in some measure the creatures of circumstance; and the more we are subjected to external influences, the more our will is weakened, and the less able are we to do battle with the hostile array of our passions, and to resist the temptations which are presented on all sides by a deceitful and untried world. The moral nature of Chatterton was essentially manly,—there is nothing in it which even approximates to the puerile or the feminine; his faults are all the growth of a strong and vigorous heart, and of a searching and masculine intellect. His indomitable pride, his premature but natural adoption of the habits and expressions of men, his love of reasoning, his earnest and unornamented eloquence, all demonstrate the essential manliness of his character. Chatterton, when he complains, never pules; his lamentations have often a deep pathos, but are quite free from that affected sentimental misery which disgrace the pages of our modern writers. There was a strength and energy and Roman *virtus* in his spirit, which sustained him in his most fearful struggles and in the most depressing circumstances. He looked no more than fact constrained him to the dark side of things; he ever hoped for the best, and anticipated the fairest prospects, even when a burden rested on him which would have crushed to the earth a less Titanic heart. This too was effected by the sheer force of his proud and unconquerable will, for Chatterton was naturally the subject of morbid feelings and gloomy apprehensions; and if the heroism of his

nature had not been wonderfully predominant, would have doubtless fallen a victim to the destroying operations of the weaker and inferior mental organism. Instead of madness, idiocy would probably have been the fate of the creator of Rowley.

The hardships and the disappointments which Chatterton experienced, although they had necessarily a tendency to indurate the heart and to stifle the softer and finer feelings of our nature, never extinguished or even impaired that high sense of filial affection and brotherly love, which throughout was so conspicuous in his conduct. The charities of home had a permanent dwelling-place in the spirit of the young poet; and we have seen him, even in the distress and agony of his London career, speaking comfort and hope to his friends at Bristol, and remembering their wants and administering to their necessities. For his love of truth he was eminent even from his boyish years; for surely the creation of Rowley and Ischam, and the fiction of the discovered parchments, cannot be considered in any other light than a literary invention, in fact a part and parcel of the glorious imaginings which this royal child of song has left us. For his temperance, and the mastery which he had over his passions, he is surpassed by none. He was remarkable for his endurance, although not for his patience; if he was irritable and scornful, it is hardly to be wondered at, "for he moved about in worlds not realized," and felt acutely how this outward universe, with its false shows and cruel mockeries, gave the lie to that inward paradise of love and justice and harmony, which was shadowed forth in the heart of the poet, as the fields and trees and flowers in the clear and quiet waters.

Chatterton was unfortunate in the education which he received. Boys of his order of mind and disposition of heart require a teaching very different from that which is found to answer sufficiently well with the majority of children. Those who neither think nor feel, may be taught without any endeavour on the part of the instructor to discover and aid in the development of their mental faculties or the affections of their hearts; but for those who are conscious of a higher destiny, who come trailing clouds of glory fresh from God's hand, who cherish dim recollections of their Father's palace,[1] and are haunted with obstinate questionings as to the significance of this many-coloured thing called life; who observe that wonderful processes are going on in that inward man of theirs, and feel that they are greater than they know,—for such children there must be instituted an investigation into the capacities of their hearts and minds, their faculties must be developed harmoniously with the laws which nature has written on their minds, and their sensibilities must be trained, and their good qualities cultivated, and their evil passions checked in their growth, by a wise and loving superintendence. Such superintendence Chatterton never had. The ideal of such teaching is perhaps not to be found—but at least an approximation may be made to it; and in proportion as any man has approached towards this absolute standard is he a teacher, but in no other sense, and in no other proportion has he the slightest pretensions to the sacred title.

For want of the true system of instruction, Chat-

[1] See Wordsworth's Ode on Childhood.

terton, like most other poets, was obliged to have recourse to self-teaching. Without a guide, with no illumination but that of his own intellect, which blinded him with excess of light, he wandered widely from the narrow path which leads to perfection. He was true, to a certain extent, to the principles of his own nature, and generally sincere in the evolution of the good, and in his submission to their guidance; but he could not clearly distinguish the divine voice from the satanic whisper, and he too often obeyed the suggestions of the evil heart, when he was self-deceived into the belief that he was following the oracular intimations of the good conscience. Had Chatterton lived longer, he would doubtless have come to a full knowledge of the truth. Let any man be true to himself and his God-given nature; let "him love the truth and pursue it," through darkness and distress and solitude and despair; and the great Father, whose name is love, will never abandon a sincere and single-hearted, although erring, child. If the poet had continued his self-education, he would have learnt reverence for others, mistrust of himself, contempt for nothing that is, charity for all, humility and the fear of God; till at length, instead of being naked and miserable and poor, he would have been found clothed and in his right mind, and sitting at the feet of Jesus.

ACKNOWLEDGED POEMS.

THE poems of Chatterton may be divided into two grand classes, those ascribed to Rowley, and those which the bard of Bristol avowed to be his own composition. Of these classes, the former is incalculably superior to the latter in poetical power and diction. This is a remarkable circumstance, and forms, we think, the only forcible argument in support of the existence and claims of Rowley. But there is a satisfactory answer, founded upon more than one reason, for the inferiority betwixt the avowed and concealed productions of Chatterton. He produced those antiquated poems which he ascribed to Rowley, when a youth of sixteen; and his education had been so limited that his general acquirements were beneath those of boys of the same age, since he was neither acquainted with French nor Latin. If, therefore, there is other evidence to prove that the poems of Rowley are his own composition, it follows that the whole powers and energies of his extraordinary talents must have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. He could have no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression, while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history, and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, was surely sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them. When, therefore, due time is allowed for a boy of sixteen to have acquired the astonishing

skill in "antique lore" necessary to the execution of this great project, it will readily be allowed that he must have come to the composition of modern poetry a mere novice, destitute of all adventitious support, and relying only on the strength of his own genius, which, powerful as it was, had hitherto been used in a different and somewhat inconsistent direction. In the poems of Rowley, therefore, we read the exertions of Chatterton in the line of his own choice, aided by all the information which his researches had enabled him to procure, and stimulated by his favourite ambition of imposing upon the literary world; but, in his modern poems, he is engaged in a style of composition to which he was comparatively a stranger, and to which the bent of his mind and turn of his studies had not naturally inclined him. Although this argument seems to account, in a manner sufficiently satisfactory, for the inequality of these productions in which Chatterton has thrown aside the mask of Rowley, it is not the only one which can be offered. Let it be remembered, that, admitting Chatterton to be engaged in a deception, he had pledged himself to maintain it; he was therefore carefully to avoid whatever might tend to remove the veil which he had spread over it; and such was his firmness of perseverance, that he seems to attest the originality of Rowley, even in the *Will* which he wrote before his projected suicide. Without therefore supposing that he had *underwritten* his own poems in order to set off those of Rowley, it is obvious that the former must have been executed under a degree of embarrassment highly unfavourable to poetical composition. As Rowley, Chatterton had put forth his whole strength, and exerted himself to the utmost in describing those scenes of antique splendour which captivated his imagination so strongly. But when he wrote in his own character, he was under the necessity of avoiding every idea, subject, or expression, however favourite, which could tend to identify the style of Chatterton with that of Rowley; and surely it is no more to be expected that, thus cramped and trammelled, he should equal his unrestrained efforts, than that a man should exert the same speed with fetters on his limbs as if they were at liberty. Let it be further considered, that there exist persons to whom

nature has granted the talent of mimicking, not merely the voice and gesture, but the expression, ideas, and manner of thinking of others, and who, speaking in an assumed char acter, display a fire and genius which evaporates when they resume their own. In like manner, Chatterton, with all his wonderful powers, appears from the habit of writing as a fictitious personage, and in a strangely antiquated dialect, to have in some degree formed a character to his supposed Rowley, superior to what he was able to maintain in his own person when his disguise was laid aside. The veil of antiquity also, the hard, and often inexplicable phrases, which he felt himself at liberty to use under his assumed character of a poet of the fifteenth century, serve in a considerable degree to blind and impose upon the reader, who does not find himself entitled to condemn what he does not understand, and who is inclined, from the eminent beauty of many passages, to extend his gratuitous admiration to those which are less intelligible. But, when writing in modern English, this advantage is lost, and we are often shocked with a bald and prosaic tautology, with bombast, and with coarseness of expression, all the defects, not of Chatterton's natural genius, but of his extreme youth and deficient education; and many instances of which will be found to exist, by curious inquirers even under the seemly and antique *Alban* of the *Deigne Thomas Rowlcie Preiste of St. Johans, Bristowe.*—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SLY DICK.[1]

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high,
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky,
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite
A native of the blackest night,
Portending mischief to devise
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes;
Then straight descends the infernal sprite,
And in his chamber does alight:
In visions he before him stands,
And his attention he commands.
Thus spake the sprite—hearken, my friend,
And to my counsels now attend.

[1] From a copy in the handwriting of Sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of Sir Herbert's Library. He says, "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven; as well as the following Hymn."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Within the garret's spacious dome
There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,,
Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,
Which I suppose will do for you,
First from the cloth take thou a purse,
For thee it will not be the worse,
A noble purse rewards thy pains,
A purse to hold thy filching gains;
Then for the stockings let them reeve
And not a scrap behind thee leave,
Five bundles for a penny sell,
And pence to thee will come pell mell;
See it be done with speed and care.
Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.

When in the morn with thoughts erect
Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,
Why faith, thinks he, 'tis something too,
It might—perhaps—it might—be true,
I'll go and see—away he hies,
And to the garret quick he flies,
Enters the room, cuts up the clothes
And after that reeves up the hose;
Then of the cloth he purses made,
Purses to hold his filching trade.

* * * *Cætera desunt.* * * *

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALMIGHTY Framer of the Skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
Like Incense in thy Sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable Shade
The Texture of our Souls were made
Till thy Command gave Light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the Ray,
Refin'd the Darkness into Day,
And bid the Vapours fly:
Impell'd by his eternal Love
He left his Palaces above
To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly Lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise
And hail'd Salvation's Morn!

A Humble Form the Godhead wore,
The Pains of Poverty he bore,
  To gaudy Pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk he trod,
Still was the Man Almighty God,
  In Glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The Torments of this Vale of tears;
  Nor bade his Vengeance rise;
He saw the Creatures he had made,
Revile his Power, his Peace invade;
  He saw with Mercy's Eyes.

How shall we celebrate his Name,
Who groan'd beneath a Life of shame
  In all afflictions tried!
The Soul is raptured to conceive
A Truth, which Being must believe,
  The God Eternal died.

My Soul exert thy Powers, adore,
Upon Devotion's plumage soar
  To celebrate the Day:
The God from whom Creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful Tongue,
  From him I'll catch the Lay!

APOSTATE WILL.[1]

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gathered new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made;
Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;

[1] This poem is transcribed, says Sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocketbook in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only copy of it; and is evidently his handwriting. By the date, he was eleven years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at least no parent who could correct or assist him.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's nephew) in the established church.

Then thus the pious man addressed.
Good sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
How blessed is the sect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.
He then his circumstance declared,
How hardly with him matters fared,
Begg'd him next morning *for* to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, Do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business straight he goes.
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The methodist appear'd in him.
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallowed flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then———to the methodists, adieu.
A methodist no more he'll be,
The protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate straight he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:
I was a methodist, tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate straightway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.[1]

April 14*th*, 1764.

[1] It has been urged, and for an obvious reason, that the Poems acknowledged by Chatterton to be of his own composition, are of a cast much inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If this be true, we should remember that Chatterton lavished all his powers on the counterfeit Rowley with whom he intended to astonish or to deceive the world, and that his Miscellanies were the temporary progeny of indigence, inconvenience, and distraction. That the former pieces were composed, with one uniform object in view, in a state of leisure and repose, through the course of nearly one year and a half; and the latter amidst the want of common necessaries, in disquietude and in dissipation, at the call of bookseller, and often on occasional topics, within four

NARVA AND MORED.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.[1]

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored,
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind;

months. But I do not grant this boasted inequality. If there is any, at least the same hand appears in both. The acknowledged poems contain many strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and such as would mark any boy of seventeen for a genius. Let me add, that both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. His first poetical production, when he was aged only eleven years and five months, is a satire on some Methodist, such a one as it was easy to find at Bristol, and is entitled "Apostate Will." It has a degree of humour and an ease of versification which are astonishing in such a child.—WARTON.

[1] In a letter to his friend Cary, dated London, July 1, 1770, Chatterton tells him, "In the last London magazine, and in that which comes out to-day, are the only two pieces of mine I have the vanity to call poetry."—DR. GREGORY.

Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures
round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground,
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,
Whose arm directs the close embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains
shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits
rise,
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;
Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,

Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendour of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watery way;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost;
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:
'Till spent with exercise they spread around
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.
The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;
Far from the lustre of the morning star;
Far from the pleasure of the holy morn;
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn:
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r.
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the prisons of the grave.
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
And living but to serve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the opening day
When on the spangling waves the sunbeams play,
When the mackaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.
Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat;
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Completely beauteous as a summer's sun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed
Liv'd the still sweeter flower, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.

As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and loved! and Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.
Existence was a torment! O my breast!
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!
Lock'd in each other's arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;
And falling murmured to the powers above,
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

Shoreditch, May 2, 1770. C.

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell:
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,

It crumbles mountains down and shakes the
world.
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves ap-
pear ;
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies :
Then lost and conquered by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course ;
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jasmines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume ;
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tigers find a cool retreat ;
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream ;
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd ;
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
He spoke ; as evening thunders bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear ;
Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest !
This day the sun is rising in the east ;
The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke :
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,

They take their way through Tiber's wat'ry
swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close ranked, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep;
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declension of the circling globe;
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the
world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
When the soft earth at his appearance fled;
And rising billows play'd around his head:
When a strong tempest rising from the main,
Dashed the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war,
Who lived coeval with the morning star:
Narada was his name; who cannot tell
How all the world through great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who ruled above the skies,
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes:
The warrior dared him, ridiculed his might,

Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada still escaped; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.
The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god astonish'd dropt; hurl'd from the shore,
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.
Headlong he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield:
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain,
When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way:
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
Once the companion of his youthful breast.

Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:
They sought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the Mountain king,
Drest beautiful, with all the flow'rs of spring:
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
To every glossy feature of her face.
Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight.
Friendship and honour, sunk to Vicat's right:
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe, in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: Oh, need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathless army mantled all the plain;
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

FEBRUARY.

AN ELEGY.

BEGIN, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares.

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen;
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "how divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—but what further can the muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky.
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar;
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill,
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

A NEW SONG.[1]

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
  My notions and actions run far.
How can my ideas do other but stray,
  Deprived of their ruling North-Star?

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
  I chatter and spoil the dull air;
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
  When discord 's the voice of my fair?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
  If Harding was girlish and cold,
If never an ogle was got from Miss Grimes,
  If Flavia was blasted and old;

[1] Printed from the original in the British Museum.

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh;
I scorned, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,
And paint them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd, and I burn'd,
I died to obtain the bright Queen:
But when I beheld my epistle return'd,
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

She 's damnable ugly, my Vanity cried,
You lie, says my Conscience, you lie;
Resolving to follow the dictates of Pride,
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.[1]

[1] One of his juvenile productions is a hymn for Christmas Day, which bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author.—Such was the early command of language displayed by a child, who, when a beardless youth, was to quell a whole synod of grizzled deans and antiquaries.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

HECCAR AND GAIRA.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders thro' the echoing[1] cave;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;
Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day;
Their bloody jav'lins reeked one living steam,
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;
Heccar the Chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground.
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

[1] Distant is written under echoing in the MS.

HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chace,
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race;
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain,
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart:
But now my ling'ring feet revenge denies,
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow; death impell'd the stroke.
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand,
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
Search the brown desert and the glossy green;
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
The scattered bones mantled in silver white,
Once animated, dared the force [1] in fight.

[1] Query, whether not intended for foes?—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

The children of the wave, whose pallid race,
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sickened silver ting'd their hue;
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

GAIRA.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake:
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind.
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierced his rough armour, but escaped his heart;
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,

I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he died—spent in the fiery toil,
I strip'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my loved Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The gods had given me to the dæmon's power.
The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distraction in my mind,
There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,
In common slavery drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever reeking blood this jav'lin dyed
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enraged I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart

Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

THE METHODIST.

Says Tom to Jack, 'tis very odd,
These representatives of God,
In colour, way of life and evil,
Should be so very like the devil.
Jack, understand, was one of those,
Who mould religion in the nose,
A red-hot methodist; his face
Was full of puritanic grace,
His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,
Declared a late regeneration;
Among the daughters long renown'd,
For standing upon holy ground;
Never in carnal battle beat,
Tho' sometimes forced to a retreat.
But C———t, hero as he is,
Knight of incomparable phiz,
When pliant doxy seems to yield,
Courageously forsakes the field.
Jack, or to write more gravely, John,
Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;

Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;
Hymns which will sanctify the throat:
But some indeed composed so oddly,
You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED.

YOUNG Colin was as stout a boy
As ever gave a maiden joy;
But long in vain he told his tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

Ah why, the whining shepherd cried,
Am I alone your smiles denied?
I only tell in vain my tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

True Colin, said the laughing dame,
You only whimper out your flame,
Others do more than sigh their tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

He took the hint, &c.

KEW GARDENS.[1]

HAIL Kew! thou darling of the tuneful nine,
Thou eating-house of verse where poets dine;
The temple of the idol of the great,
Sacred to council-mysteries of state;

[1] Printed from a transcript in the handwriting of the late Mr. Isaac Reed, contained in Mr. Haslewood's collection.

The poem of "Kew Gardens," had never been published complete. In Southey and Cottle's edition of Chatterton's Works, a few of the concluding lines were published, and the following note was added, vol. i. p. 202:—

"Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this poem, but without success. The last possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the 'Extract from the Kew Gardens,' appear in the 'Whore of Babylon,' but differently arranged."

"Chatterton refers to this poem in his will. I have not been able to ascertain the precise time when it was written, but it is evident that it must have been produced before April, 1770, from the fact of his having named it in the document referred to. I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the whole poem, through Mr. Gutch, and it is here for the first time printed entire."—DIX's *Life of Chatterton*, 1837.

Tt. Gilbert oft, in dangerous trials known,
So make the shame and felony his own,
Burns incense on thy altars, and presents
The grateful sound of clam'rous discontents:
In the bold favour of thy goddess vain,
He brandishes his sword and shakes his chain.
He knows her secret workings and desires,
Her hidden attributes, and vestal fires,
Like an old oak has seen her godhead fall,
Beneath the wild descendant of Fingal,
And happy in the view of promised store
Forgot his dignity and held the door.
* * * * happy genius comes along
Humming the music of a Highland song:
Rough and unpolish'd in the tricks of state,
He plots by instinct, is by nature great.
Who, not a mantled herald, can dispute
The native grandeur of the house of Bute?
Who, not a Caledonian, can deny
By instinct all its noble branches lie?
'Tis an entail'd estate upon the name,
To plunder, plot, and pillage into fame,
To live in splendour, infamy, and pride,
The guiders of the tools who seem to guide;
Or starve on honesty, in state their own,
And marshal sheep unnotic'd and unknown.
* * * * vers'd in juntos and intrigues,
The fool and statesman in close union leagues;
Sits at the council's head; esteem'd at most
An useful kind of circulating post:

Through whose short stage each future measure's
laid,
And all the orders of the Thane convey'd.
He gives the written text by fortune wrote;
Sir Gilbert adds his necessary note.
Dyson, a plodding animal of state,
Who 's classically little to be great;
An instrument made use of to record
The future witty speeches of his lord:
To write epistles to his powerful dame,
And in the dark supply his loss of flame;
To sell preferment; grovel in the dust;
The slave of interest and the slave of lust.
To lick his lordship's shoes, and find a flaw
In every statute that oppos'd his law,
To carry orders to the guiding tool,
To flatter * * * * with the hopes of rule.
To send congratulations to the man,
Who stands so well affected to the clan,
To * * * * whose conscientious mind,
Does universal service to mankind,
When red with justice, and the royal cause,
His bloody musket shook with court applause:
When monarchs, representatives of God,
Honour'd the rascal with a gracious nod,
Three ghosts in George's sanguine field were
seen,
And two struck horror into Bethnal Green.
Soft pity's voice, unnotic'd by the crown,
Stole in a murmur through the weeping town;

And freedom, wand'ring restless and alone,
Saw no redress expected from the throne:
Then bade remonstrance wear a bolder dress,
And loudly supplicate, and force success.
* * * * heard, and resting on his mace,
The usual fees, my lord, and state the case.
Three thousand, and reversion to your son:
The seals my lord are mine, the matter 's done.
This house of foolish cits, and drunken boys,
Offends my ears, like Broderip's [1] horrid noise:
'Tis a flat riot by the statute made,
Destructive to our happiness and trade.
Thy action * * * * is just in law,
In the defence of ministry *I'll* draw;
Nor doubt I when, in solemn pomp array'd,
To act as bravely, be as richly paid.
So * * * * spoke, and in his usual way,
When giving out his syllables for pay,
With happy fluency he scatter'd round
His nicely cull'd varieties of sound:
Unmeaning, unconnected, false, unfair,
All he can boast is—modulated air.
To bribe the common council to protest;
To learn a witless alderman to jest;
The father of the city to deprave,
And add the humm'd apostate to the knave,
Who wisely disinherits his first-born,
And doats upon the blossom of his horn;

[1] A Bristol organist, who offended Chatterton by turning him out of the organ-loft.

To fill up places by preferment void,
Is Dyson by his quadruples employed;
He bears the message of the garter'd trate;
The running footman to the favour'd great:
When spent with labour, overgrown with spoil,
Some barony or earldom pays his toil.
Whilst two chief actors wisely keep away,
And two before the mystic curtain play;
The goddess, mourning for her absent god,
Approves the flying measures with a nod;
Her approbation, with her pow'r combin'd,
Exalts her tools above the common kind;
She turns the movements of the dark machine,
Nor is her management of state unseen;
Regardless of the world she still turns round,
And tumbles * * * * to his native ground.
Great in possession of a mystic ring,
She leads the Lords and Commons in a string.
Where is the modest muse of Jones retired,[1]
So bashful, so impatiently admir'd?
Ah! is that noble emulation dead,
Which bade the laurels blossom on his head,
When Kew's[2] enchanting heap of stones was sung,
In strains superior to a mortal tongue?

[1] Henry Jones, author of "the Earl of Essex," and other pieces. He had been a bricklayer, in Ireland, before he was taken under the protection of the late Earl of Chesterfield. CHATTERTON.

[2] See "Kew Garden," a poem, in two cantos. By Henry Jones, 4to. 1767.—CHATTERTON.

And kitchen gardens most luxurious glow'd,
With flow'rs which ne'er in Mayor's window
blow'd;
Where cabbages, exotically divine,
Were tagg'd in feet, and measur'd with a line?
Ah! what invention graced the happy strain;
Well might the laureate bard of Kew be vain.
Thy Clifton[1] too! how justly is the theme,
As much the poet's as his jingling dream.
Who but a muse inventive, great, like thine,
Could honour Bristol with a nervous line?
What gen'rous, honest genius would have sold
To knaves and catamites his praise for gold?
To leave alone the notions which disgrace
This hawking, peddling, catamitish place,
Did not thy iron conscience blush to write
This tophet of the gentle arts polite?
Lost to all learning, elegance, and sense,
Long had the famous city told her pence,
Av'rice sat brooding in her white-wash'd cell,
And pleasure had a hut at Jacob's Well.[2]
Poor Hickey, ruin'd by his fine survey,
Perpetuates * * * * in the saving lay.
A mean assembly room, absurdly built,
Boasted one gorgeous lamp of copper gilt!
With farthing candles, chandeliers of tin,
And services of water, rum, and gin;

[1] "Clifton, a poem, in two cantos, including Bristol and all its environs." By Henry Jones, 4to. 1766.—CHATTERTON.

[2] Where the old theatre at Bristol stood.

There in the dull solemnity of wigs,
The dancing bears of commerce murder jigs;
Here dance the dowdy belles of crooked trunk,
And often, very often, reel home drunk;
Here dance the bucks with infinite delight,
And club to pay the fiddlers for the night.
While Broderip's hum-drum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.
What charms has music, when great Broderip sweats,
To torture sound to what his brother sets.
With scraps of ballad tunes, and *gude Scotch sangs*,
Which godlike Ramsay to his bagpipe twangs;
With tatter'd fragments of forgotten plays;
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays,
This pipe of science mighty Broderip comes,
And a strange, unconnected jumble thrums.
Rous'd to devotion in a sprightly air,
Danc'd into piety, and jigg'd to prayer;
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heav'nly music of domestic spheres;
The flying band in swift transition hops
Through all the tortur'd, vile burlesque of stops.
Sacred to sleep, in superstitious key,
Dull, doleful diapasons die away;
Sleep spreads his silken wings, and lull'd by sound,
The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round:

Whilst Broderip at his passive organ groans
Through all his slow variety of tones.
How unlike Allen! Allen[1] is divine!
His touch is sentimental, tender, fine;
No little affectations e'er disgrac'd
His more refin'd, his sentimental taste:
He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.[2]
The groves of Kew, however misapplied
To serve the purposes of lust and pride,

[1] Organist of Redcliff Church, and also of Temple.

[2] It is a curious fact, that in the poem of Kew Gardens, there are consecutively fifty lines transplanted from a yet unpublished poem, in the possession of Mr. Richard Smith called "The Exhibition;" and, scattered here and there, are repeatedly three or four continuous lines borrowed from the same production, which is, by the by, a most infamously satirical tirade against the Doctors, the Surgeons, and the Clergymen of the day. Perhaps it would be awkward, and no very easy matter, to fill up with the names the various hiatus—the initial and tail letters together with the ——— and the * * * which occur in every line of the "Kew Gardens," but without it the poem is almost unintelligible and the wit lost, or nearly so, and this is not to be wondered at after the lapse of sixty years.—*Bristol Paper.*

Chatterton wrote also an indecent satirical poem, called "The Exhibition," occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. The satire of this poem is local, and the characters of most of the surgeons in Bristol are delineated in it. Some descriptive passages in this poem have great merit. Thus, speaking of a favourite organist, probably Mr. Allen, he says:—

"He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key."

DR. GREGORY.

Were, by the greater monarch's care, design'd
A place of conversation for the mind;
Where solitude and silence should remain,
And conscience keep her sessions and arraign.
But ah! how fallen from that better state!
'Tis now a heathen temple of the great;
Where sits the female pilot of the helm,
Who shakes oppression's fetters through the realm;
Her name is tyranny, and in a string
She leads the shadow of an infant king;[1]
Dispenses favours with a royal hand,
And marks, like destiny, what lord shall stand:
Her fourfold representative displays
How future statesmen may their fortune raise;
While thronging multitudes their offerings bring,
And bards, like Jones, their panegyrics sing.
The loyal alderman, a troop alone,
Protest their infamy to serve the throne;
The merchant-tailor minister declares
He 'll mutilate objections with his shears.
Sir Robert, in his own importance big,
Settles his potent, magisterial wig:
Having another legacy in view,
Accepts the measures and improves it too.
Before the altar all the suppliants bow,
And would repeat a speech if they knew how;

[1] See the impudent frontispiece to the third volume of the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit."

A gracious nod the speaking image gave,
And scatter'd honours upon every knave.
The loyal sons of Caledonia came,
And paid their secret homage to the dame,
Then swore, by all their hopes of future reign,
Each measure of the junto to maintain,
The orders of the ministry to take,
And honour * * * * for his father's sake.
Well pleased the goddess dignified his grace,
And scatter'd round the benefits of place;
With other pensions blest his lordship's post,
And smiled on murder'd * * * * injur'd ghost;
Through all the happy lovers' num'rous clan,
The inexhausted tides of favour ran:
* * * * happy in a name,
Emerg'd from poverty to wealth and fame;
And English taxes paid, (and scarcely too,)
The noble generosity of Kew.
Kew! happy subject for a lengthened lay,
Though thousands write, there 's something still
to say;
Thy garden's elegance, thy owner's state,
The highest in the present list of fate,
Are subjects where the muse may wildly range,
Unsatiate, in variety of change;
But hold, my dedication is forgot,
Now shall I praise some late ennobled Scot?
Exalt the motto of a Highland lord,
And prove him great, like Guthrie,[1] by record?

[1] William Guthrie, compiler of the "Complete History of the English Peerage," 4to. 1762.

(Though were the truth to all the nobles known,
The vouchers he refers to are his own.)
Shall I trace * * *'s powerful pedigree,
Or show him in an attorney's clerk, like me?
Or shall I rather give to * * * * its due,
[1]And to a Burgum recommend my Kew?
Why sneers the sapient Broughton at the man?
Broughton can't boast the merit Burgum can.
How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast
brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Burgum wants learning—see the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently dear:
Ye sage, Broughtonian, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of the schools?
Burgum has parts, parts which will set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent talents rise;
His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
Imprest with folly's head to make it pass:
But Burgum swears, so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders echo through the list'ning street;
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;

[1] The Bristol pewterer.

Observe his actions—Calumny must own
A noble soul is in these actions shown:
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a Burgum than a saint.
Hail, Inspiration! whose Cimmerian night
Gleams into day with every flying light:
If Moses caught thee at the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off the spoil;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.
Hail, Inspiration! whose auspicious ray
Immortaliz'd great Armstrong[1] in a day:
Armstrong, whose Caledonian genius flies
Above the reach of humble judgment's ties;
Whose lines prosaic, regularly creep,
Sacred to dulness and congenial sleep.
Hail, Inspiration! whose mysterious wings
Are strangers to what rigid * * * * sings;
By him thy airy voyages are curb'd,
Nor moping wisdom 's by thy flight disturb'd;
To ancient lore, and musty precepts bound,
Thou art forbid the range of fairy ground.

[1] "Day, an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq." 4to. 176—. This poem was written by Dr. Armstrong, but is not collected in his works.—CHATTERTON.

Irene[1] creeps so classical and dry,
None but a Greek philosopher can cry;
Through five long acts unletter'd heroes sleep,
And critics by the square of learning weep;
Hark! what's the horrid bellowing from the stage?
Oh! 'tis the ancient chorus of the age;
Grown wise, the judgment of the town refines,
And in a philosophic habit shines;
Models each pleasure in scholastic taste,
And heav'nly Greece is copied and disgrac'd.
The false alarm in * * * and subject great,
The mighty Atlas of a falling state,
Which makes us happy, insolent, and free;
O godlike inspiration! came from thee.
* * * * whose brazen countenance, like mine
Scorns in the polish of a blush to shine,
Scrupled to vindicate his fallen grace,
Or hint he acted right—till out of place.
Why will the lovers of the truth deplore,
That miracles and wonders are no more?
Why will the deists, impudently free,
Assert what cannot now, could never be?
Why will religion suffer the reproach,
Since * * * * dresses well and keeps a coach?
Bristol and * * * * have bestow'd their pence,
And * * * after * * * echo'd sense.
Since * * * * once by providence or chance,
Tumbled his length'ning quavers in a dance:

[1] Dr. Johnson's unsuccessful tragedy.

Since Catcott seem'd to reason, and display
The meaning of the words he meant to say;
Since Warburton, his native pride forgot,
Bow'd to the garment of the ruling Scot;
And offered * * * * ghost (a welcome gift)
And hop'd, in gratitude, to have a lift;
An universal primacy, at least,
A fit reward for such a stirring priest.
Since Horne imprudently display'd his zeal,
And made his foe the powerful reasons feel:
Since * * * has meaning in his last discourse;
Since * * * * borrow'd honesty by force,
And trembled at the measures of the friend
His infant conscience shudder'd to defend;
Since * * * in his race of vice outrun,
Scrupled to do what * * * * since hath done.
Hail, Inspiration! Catcott learns to preach,
And classic Lee attempts by thee to teach;
By inspiration North directs his tools,
And * * * above by inspiration rules;
Distils the thistles of the garter'd crew,
And drains the sacred reservoirs of Kew.
Inspir'd with hopes of rising in the kirk,
Here * * * * whines his Sunday's journey work;
Soft * * * * undeniably a saint,
Whimpers in accent so extremely faint,
You see the substance of his empty prayer,
His nothing to the purpose in his air;

His sermons have no arguments, 'tis true,
Would you have sense and pretty figures too?
With what a swimming elegance and ease
He scatters out distorted similes!
It matters not how wretchedly applied,
Saints are permitted to set sense aside·
This oratorial novelty in town
Dies into fame, and ogles to renown;
The dowdy damsels of his chosen tribe
Are fee'd to heaven, his person is the bribe;
All who can superficial talk admire,
His vanity, not beauty, sets on fire:
Enough of * * * * let him ogle still,
Convince with nonsense, and with fopp'ry kill,
Pray for the secret measures of the great,
And hope the Lord will regulate the state:
Florid as Klopstock, and as quick as me,
At double epithet or simile;
His despicable talents cannot harm
Those who defy a Johnson's false alarm.
Hail, Inspiration! piously I kneel,
And call upon thy sacred name with zeal;
Come, spread thy sooty pinions o'er my pen,
Teach me the secrets of the lords of men;
In visionary prospects let me see,
How * * * employs his sense, deriv'd from thee,
Display the mystic sibyl of the isle,
And dress her wrinkled features in a smile

Of past and secret measures let me tell,
How * * * * pilfer'd power, and Chatham fell:
Chatham, whose patriotic actions wear
One single brand of infamy—the peer;
Whose popularity again thinks fit
To lose the coronet, revive the Pitt;
And in the upper house (where leading peers
Practise a minuet step, or scratch their ears,)
He warmly undertakes to plead the cause
Of injur'd liberty, and broken laws.
Hail, Inspiration! from whose fountain flow
The strains which circulate through all the row,
With humblest reverence thy aid I ask,
For this laborious and herculean task.
How difficult to make a piece go down
With booksellers, reviewers, and the town;
None with a Christian, charitable love,
A kind and fixed intention to approve,
The wild excursions of the muse will read.
Alas! I was not born beyond the Tweed:
To public favour I have no pretence,
If public favour is the child of sense:
To paraphrase on home in Armstrong's rhymes,
To decorate Fingal in sounding chimes,
The self-sufficient muse was never known,
But shines in trifling dulness all her own.
Where, rich with painted bricks and lifeless white,
Four dirty alleys in a cross unite,

Where avaricious sons of commerce meet,
To do their public business in the street;
There stands a dome to dulness ever dear,
Where * * * * models justice by the
square;
Where bulky aldermen display their sense,
And Bristol patriots wager out their pence:
Here, in the malice of my stars confin'd,
I call the muses to divert my mind;
Come inspiration! mysticly instil
The spirit of a * * * * in my quill,
An equal terror to the small and great,
To lash an alderman or knave of state.
Here * * * thund'ring through the spacious
court,
Grounds equity on Jeffries's report;
And oft, explaining to the lords of trade,
Proves himself right by statutes never made;
In * * * * able politicians see
Another * * * * in epitome.
If good Sir * * * * did not bawl so loud,
What has he else superior to the crowd?
His peruke boasts solemnity of law;
E'en there might counsellors detect a flaw.
But Providence is just, as doctors tell,
That triple mystery 's a good sentinel,
Was * * * * not so noisy, and more wise,
The body corporate would close its eyes.
Useless the satire, stoically wise,
Bristol can literary rubs despise;

You 'll wonder whence the wisdom may proceed ;
'Tis doubtful if her aldermen can read ;
This as a certainty the muse may tell,
None of their common-councilmen can spell :
Why busy * * * * wilt thou trouble * * *
Their worships hear, and understand like thee.
Few beings absolutely boast the man,
Few have the understanding of a Spanne ;
Every idea of a city mind
Is to commercial incidents confin'd :
True ! some exceptions to this gen'ral rule
Can show the merchant blended with the fool.
* * * * with magisterial air commits ;
* * * * presides the chief of city wits ;
In jigs and country dances * * * * shines,
And * * * * slumbers over Mallet's lines :
His ample visage, oft on nothing bent,
Sleeps in vacuity of sentiment ;
When in the venerable gothic hall,
Where fetters rattle, evidences bawl,
Puzzled in thought by equity or law,
Into their inner room his senses draw ;
There, as they sneer in consultation deep,
The foolish vulgar deem him fast asleep.
If silent * * * * senatorial pride,
Rose into being as his av'rice died,
Scatt'ring his hundreds, rattling in his coach,
What mortal wonders at the fair * * * *
Though royal Horners burn in powder'd flames,
When fell the pretty nymph of many names ?

Still we behold her fiery virtue stand,
As firm as * * * * regulating band.
* * * * within whose sacerdotal face,
Add all the honorary signs of grace;
Great in his accent, greater in his size,
But mightier still in turtle and mince-pies:
Whose entertaining flows of eloquence,
In spite of affectation, will be sense.
Why patriotic * * * * art thou still?
What pension'd lethargy has seiz'd thy quill?
Hast thou forgot the murmurs of applause
Which buzz'd about the leader of the cause;
When drest in metaphors the fluent * * *
Rose from his chair, and slumb'ring drawl'd his speech?
When * * * * fir'd with loyalty and place,
Forsook his breeding to defend his Grace:
And saving * * * * from a furious blow,
Insisted on his plan, a double row.
Rise * * * * bid remonstrance tell the throne,
When freedom suffers, London 's not alone:
Take off the load of infamy and shame
Which lies on Bristol's despicable name;
Revive thy ardour for thy country's cause,
And live again in honour and applause.
Alas! the patriot listens to his whore,
And popularity is heard no more;
The dying voice of liberty 's forgot,
No more he drinks damnation to the Scot.

* * * * no longer in his quarrel fights;
No further dulness witty * * * * writes:
In organs and an organist renowned,
He rises into notice by a sound,
Commemorates his spirit in a tone,
By * * * created, rival of a groan:
O be his taste immortal as the lays!
For * * * invents and tuneful * * * plays;
And this harmonious gangling of the spheres
To give the whole connection Bristol hears.
Hail, Kew! thy more important powers I sing,
Powers which direct the conscience of a king;
The English number daringly would soar
To thy first power * * * *
* * * * * *
Come, Newton,[1] and assist me to explain
The hidden meanings of the present reign.
Newton, accept the tribute of a line,
From one whose humble genius honours thine;
Mysterious shall the mazy numbers seem,
To give the matter for a future dream;
Thy happy talent meanings to untie
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the muse is witty in a dash,
Thy explanations may enforce the lash.
How shall the line, grown servile in respect,
To * * * and * * * * infamy direct,

[1] Bishop of Bristol.

Unless a wise * * * * * intervene,
How shall I satirize the sleepy dean?
Perhaps the muse might fortunately strike
A highly finished picture, very like;
But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton[1] sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where revelation's farthing candle shines;
In search of hidden truths let others go —
Be thou the fiddler to my puppet-show.
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseased imaginations rise?
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse,
Which melts and proselytes the hardened Jews?
When universal reformation bribes
With words, and wealthy metaphors, the tribes,
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears;
When ministers, with sacerdotal hands,
Baptize the flock in streams of golden sands,
Through every town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.
Faith removes mountains; like a modern dean,
Faith can see virtues which were never seen:
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote,

[1] Dean of Bristol.

Whilst * * * * happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, * * * * caught the pen,
And proved by demonstration one was ten:
What boots it if he reasoned right or no?
'Twas orthodox—the Thane would have it so.
Whoe'er shall doubts and false conclusions draw,
Against the inquisition of the law,
With jailers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And * * * *'s conscience settle right his creed
Is * * * *'s conscience then, will Freedom cry,
A standard block to dress our notions by?
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That * * * * has no conscience, none at all.
Pardon me, Freedom, this and something more,
The knowing writer might have known before:
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can my dross refine?
What besides interest can direct the line?
And should a galling truth, like this, be told,
By me, instructed here to slave for gold,
My prudent neighbours (who can read) could see,
Another Savage[1] to be starved in me.

[1] The celebrated Richard Savage, son to the Earl of Rivers, who died in jail at Bristol.

Faith is a powerful virtue everywhere;
By this once Bristol drest for Cato * * *
But now the blockheads grumble, * * * * made,
Lord of this idol, being lord of trade,
They bawl'd for * * * when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise,
This state credulity a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools;
* * * * a bishop of the chosen sect;
A ruling pastor of the Lord's elect:
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his only statute law.
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge of Bute,
An excommunication satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, the subject of a late divine,
Is not as unsubstantial as his line;
Though blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixed Egyptian night,
Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
The new fresh muster would begin the year;
She knows that * * * by * * * and conscience led,
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead,
She knows that * * * * e'er he can be great,
Must practice at the target of the state:
If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why * * * * must remain a * * * * still.

His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave,
Since pious * * * * is become his Grace,
* * * * turns pimp, to occupy her place.
Say * * * * in the honours of the door,
How properly a rogue succeeds a whore.
She knows (the subject almost slipt my quill
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will)—
She knows that * * * will exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
Ah! (exclaims Catcott) this is saying much;
The scripture tells us peacemakers are such.
Who can dispute his title? Who deny
What taxes and oppressions testify?
Who of the * * * beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but * * * as sure of being out!
And (as I end whatever I begin)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in!
* * * * foster-child of fate, dear to a dame
Whom satire freely would, but dare not, name.
Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What treason would you from the sentence draw?
Tremble, and stand attentive as a dean,
Know royal favour is the dame I mean;
To sport with royalty my muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shebbeare in glorious triumph stood,
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,
Who then withheld his guinea, or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays?

But now, Modestus,[1] truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy round a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again?
* * * lifted into notice by the eyes
Of one whose optics always setting rise;
Forgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearnt to live;
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool;
* * * * and I in ancient lore untaught,
Are always with our natures in a fault;
Though * * * * would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals will not err by art.
Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We 'll call imagination to our aid.
See * * * astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open bag!
When fly the ghost of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places, and the last excise;
Upon the ground, in seemly order laid,
The Stuarts stretch the majesty of plaid;
Rich with the poor dependence bow the head,
And see their hopes arising from the dead.
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch piper rose above his Grace.
But say, astrologers, could this be strange?
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change;

[1] The signature of a writer in the newspapers of the time.

And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All that has sense or meaning overcomes.
See now this universal fav'rite Scot,
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the corse of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate;
If fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquests at the general day of peace:
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil;
To guide the car of war he fancied not,
Where honour and no money could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man:
Honour 's the tie which bundles up the clan:
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine;
They 're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Which polishes by wealth its native land?
And to complete the worth possest before,
Gives every Scotchman one perfection more;
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And * * * * struts about in doubled lace.
Who says * * * barter'd peace, and wisely sold
His king, his * * * * countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs deny,
If Musgrave[1] could not prove it, how can I?

[1] Dr. Samuel Musgrave, who, in 1769, exhibited a charge against some great persons, of having sold the peace con-

No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there 's a strong suspicion still.
When * * * his iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty temper in his look ;
Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He thought to throw his chain upon the mind ;
Nor would he leave conjecture unconfin'd.
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think those measures right ;
Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees ;
Trembles to think of such a daring step
As from a tool to chancellor to leap,
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst * * * was suffer'd to pursue his plan ;
And ruin freedom as he rais'd the clan ;
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied ?
But when we saw the villainy and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud ?

cluded in 1762. He was examined before the House of Commons, 29th January, 1770, when his information was voted frivolous. — CHATTERTON.

But yet 'twas nothing—cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves, and thought
him right:
This faith, established by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive the system of the Dane;
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
All our most true ideas only seem:
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right.
By this corrected * * * appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which * * * *
writ;
Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws:
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see
We to her Baal bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of that fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot:
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and proved his scripture true;
No literary worth presumed upon,
He wrote, the understrapper of St. John;

Unravell'd every mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me;
Pull'd revelation's secret robes aside,
And saw what priestish modesty would hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has Athanasius without rev'rence read,
Will make a scurvy kind of lenten feast
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast:
But if, in happy superstition taught,
He never once presumed to doubt in thought;
Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the lit'ral meaning for his guide;
Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare:—
What prophecies unprophesied are there!
In explanations he 's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo prophet's mysteries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgraced
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste;
No flimsy arguments he holds to view,
Like * * * * he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawney's instruments at court;
For secret services without a name,
And mysteries in religion, are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues;

And rambling from his Grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests, and hireling ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate:
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash:
Not * * * so tender in his juggling game,
Not * * * so careful of his lady's name.
Has sable lost its virtue? Will the bell
No longer scare a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animating flesh, are sold
For benefices, bishoprics, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the nightmare conscience into rest:
And learned exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times;
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All through the telescope of fancy see,
(Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion 's all in all:)
Amongst these cassock'd worthies, is there one
Who has the conscience to be Freedom's son?
Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.

Prepare thy book and sacerdotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice — a hundred more.
A hundred more! his rising greatness cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes;
A hundred more! by G— I won't comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;
O'er a wrong scent the leading beagle 's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane,
I'm not another Fanny of Cock Lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill;
And what we can afford to give, we will.
When * * * the ministry and people's head,
With royal favour pension'd * * * * dead;
His works, in undeserved oblivion sunk,
Were read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred * * * * in the doctor's name:
The public saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,
Death is of all mortality the lot.
* * * * has wrote his elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal Cat-calls testified,
How mourn'd the critics when the genius died.
But now, though strange the fact to Deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a vernal theme,
And emulation madden'd all the row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow;

And print the reasons of a bard deceased,
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer, to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the actions of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds;
His genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Sour'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again;
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horne, set this restless, shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch the quill.
If, in defiance of the priestly word,
He still will scribble floridly absurd,
North is superior to a potent charm,
To lay the terrors of a false alarm:
Another hundred added to his five,
No longer is the stumbling-block alive;
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy rambler will no longer roam;
Releas'd from servitude (such 'tis to think)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink:
Once (let the lovers of * * * * * weep)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep;
* * * * * wondrous composition came,
To give the audience rest, the author fame;

A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And pit, box, gallery, prov'd it in a nap.
Hail * * * * chief of bards, thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snored applause.
If from the humblest station, in a place
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace;
Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own;
Then only introduced, unhappy fate!
The subject of a satire's little hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool:—
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scots on honorary ground,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men:
Health to the ruling minister I send,
Nor has that minister a better friend.
Greater, perhaps, in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace.
Ah, North! a humble bard is better far,
Friendship was never found near Fox's star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox:
Who'd wear a title, when they've titled Fox?
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not * * * * * * *
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old,
In noble murders * * * * *'s divine,
His merit claims the laureated line.

Let officers of train bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly;
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Or tragic trumpets entertain the court;
The captain flies through every lane in town,
And safe from danger wears his civic crown:
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic word discharged the gun.
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts, to howl him into rest.
Health to the minister of * * * the tool,
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Marks for a noddy Ptolemy the sage;
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blund'ring senses ever are in fault;
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hands of Sawney actuating thee;
The clockwork of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By this political machine my rhymes
Conceive an estimation of the times;
And, as the wheels of state and measures move,
See how time passes in the world above:
Whilst tott'ring on the slippery edge of doubt,
* * * * * sees his train bands flying out;
Thinks the minority-acquiring state
Will undergo a change, and soon be great;
* * * issues out his hundreds to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew;

The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful stand resolv'd, and one forsakes;
He shackles every vote in golden chains,
And * * * * in his list of slaves maintains.
Rest * * * * hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret glass with ink:
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
* * * * disdains to —— upon the dead;
Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name.
When sovereign judgment owns thy works divine,
And every writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy * * * * vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister! nor will I dare
To pour out flattery in his noble ear;
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wond'ring crowds and murmurs of applause.
Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with * * * a priestish jest,
By which a mere nonentity's exprest.
No, * * * is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As every pension'd * * * * testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues from another than from me:

Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I
By thee or Fox was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister! his vices known,
(As every lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forming follies foreign to his line;)
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the muse the healing strain begin,
And stamp repentance upon every sin.
Why this recoil?—And will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black, thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of hell:
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And truth must abdicate her lawful reign.
Oh, Prudence! if, by friends or counsel sway'd,
I had thy saving institutes obey'd,
And, lost to every love but love of self,
A wretch like Burgum living but in pelf;
Then happy in a coach or turtle feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought:
Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor;
If Catcott's flimsy system [1] can't be prov'd.
Let it alone, for Catcott 's much belov'd;

[1] Catcott on the Deluge.

If Burgum bought a baron for a strange,
The man has credit, and is great on change;
If Camplin ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to break a joke;
If you from satire could withhold the line,
At every public hall perhaps you 'd dine.
I must confess, exclaims a prudent sage,
You're really something clever for your age:
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A dash of satire stumbles from your pen:
But ah! that satire is a dang'rous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting;
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen, (for some, indeed,
For want of education cannot read;
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Collins, happy genius! titles verse,
So spin the strains sonorous through the nose,
The hearer cannot call it verse or prose,)
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At your maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died!
Go to * * * * and copy worthy * * * *
Ah! what a sharp experienced genius that:
Well he prepares his bottle and his jest,
An alderman is no unwelcome guest;
Adult'rate talents and adult'rate wine
May make another drawling rascal shine;

His known integrity outvies a court,
His the dull tale, original the port:
Whilst loud he entertains the sleepy cits,
And rates his wine according to his wits,
Should a trite pun by happy error please,
His worship thunders at the laughing Mease;[1]
And Mease inserts this item in his bill,
Five shillings for a jest with ev'ry gill.
How commendable this to turn at once
To good account the vintner and the dunce,
And, by a very hocus-pocus hit,
Dispose of damaged claret and bad wit.
Search through the ragged tribe who drink small beer,
And sweetly echo in his worship's ear,
What are the wages of the tuneful nine,—
What are their pleasures when compared to mine?
Happy I eat, and tell my num'rous pence,
Free from the servitude of rhyme or sense:
Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year
With joy to Briton's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the sorry merit of his muse,
He bows to deans and licks his lordship's shoes.

[1] Matthew Mease, vintner. He kept the Bush, and was succeeded by John Weeks, who married his sister. Mease's father kept the Nag's Head, in Wine Street. — CHATTERTON.

Then leave the wicked, barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty—be wise in time—
Regard the office more—Parnassus less—
Put your religion in a decent dress ;
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.
Besides, the town (a sober, honest town,
Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown)
Bids censure brand with infamy her name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too,
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths ? You swear
Oaths which might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke ;
Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
(Remember pretty * * * *) is betray'd ;
Then your religion—ah, beware ! beware !
Although a deist is no monster here ;
Yet hide your tenets—priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose :
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong ;
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott pray, and Robins squeak in prayer.
Robins, a reverend, cully-mully puff,
Who thinks all sermons, but his own, are stuff ;

When harping on the dull, unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he 's so sore perplex'd,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now we hear the jingling doctor roar,
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.
Regard thy interests, ever love thyself,
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf;
The muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name.
Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
And great in wealth, to real greatness rise;
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme;
With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,[1]
And wreathe with ivy, Garden's tavern butts;
Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look,
Genius in Collins, harmony in Rooke;
Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres,
And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
Praise Broughton,—for his eloquence profound,
His generosity, and his sentiment,
His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent:

[1] Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol.

Make North or Chatham canonize his Grace,
And beg a pension, or procure a place.
Damn'd narrow notions! notions which disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race:
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
I scorn her prudence, and I ever will:
Since all my vices magnified are here,
She cannot paint me worse than I appear;
When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch my pen, and publish what I think.[1]

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— R——, OF BRISTOL.

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in gray
Those auburn tresses fade away;)
So youth and beauty die.

[1] Some of the lines in this poem appear also, with some slight alterations, in the "Whore of Babylon."

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow:
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreathe your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,
Still violates your name:
Tho' tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.[1]

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond simile you're fair,
Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine—
Sincerity, I mean.

[1] This stanza has been brought forward by the friends of Walpole, as a proof that Chatterton altered his opinion with respect to Walpole's treatment of him. Most probably it is only satire in disguise.—DIX's *Life of Chatterton.*

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall,
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true:
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves:
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;

The sabled Archer clouds his languid face :
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race ;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primeval rays ;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams :
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tow'rs majestic thro' the spacious height :
But further yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags ;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immensity of space.

These are thy wondrous works, first Source of good !
Now more admir'd in being understood.[1]

[1] Mr. Corser, of Totterdown, has favored me with the following anecdote of Chatterton.—Mr. C. was intimately acquainted with him, and well remembers that he once met him on a Sunday morning, at the gate of Temple church, when the bells were chiming for service. There being yet some time to spare before the prayers commenced, Chatterton proposed their taking a walk together, in the churchyard, which was then open to the public, and laid out like a garden. "Come," said he, "I want to read to you something I have just written;" and when arrived at a secluded spot, he read to Mr. Corser a treatise on astronomy, and stated that he had not yet finished it, but that he intended to make it the subject of a poem. Not long afterwards there appeared the above poem in the Town and Country Magazine.—DIX'S *Life of Chatterton.*

THE CONSULIAD.[1]

AN HEROIC POEM.

Of warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre,
Where Campbell's chimneys overlook the square,
And Newton's future prospects hang in air;
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch;
A group of heroes occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence sat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine:*
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste;

[1] The Consuliad, a political piece, written at Bristol, is in the highest strain of party scurrility.—Dr. Gregory.

The first draft of this poem is preserved in the British Museum. It is there called the "Constabiliad," and commences—

"Of roaring constables, and battles dire,
"Of geese uneaten," &c.

There are frequent variations from the printed copy throughout the whole of the poem.

Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell;
She on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And waved the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung.
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack;
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock;
Whose attributes detestable have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.
A toast 's demanded! Madoc swift arose,
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
When thus he sputter'd: "All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face;

Madoc, in bagnios and in courts adored,
Demands this proper homage of the board."

"Monarchs!" said Twitcher, setting down his beer,
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer;
"Monarchs! Of molehills, oyster-beds, a rock—
These are the grafters of your royal stock:
My pony Scrub can sires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;
His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms;
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
"Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state;
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends:
His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days, for three a meal;
In ancient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest eat three a day.
With godlike strength the grinning Twitcher plies
His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.
Swift as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew, and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives;
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,

Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
And now Confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And Faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercised in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With Dyson trammel'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law:
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
"Goddess of Fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untried fist:
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each street."
The goddess smiled, or rather smooth'd her
frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown;
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll:
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew;
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear, and kiss'd the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part,
Grown hoary in the villanies of state,
A title made him infamously great;

A slave to venal slaves—a tool to tools,
The representative to knaves and fools.
But see! Commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit:
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and ven'son their attention draws:
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies,
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fist, his shadow'd corpse defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguish and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side:
With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune, (or some higher Power, or God)
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose: but deafen'd with a singing sound,

A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls,
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.

Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs *tore*,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar;
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the
park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark;
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd and up he springs:
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still;
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot:
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus the glory of a masquerade;
Whose every action is of trifles made:
At Grafton's well-stor'd table ever found;
Like Grafton too for every vice renown'd.
Grafton, to whose immortal sense we owe,
The blood which will from civil discord flow:
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, saw the dreary fray:
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.

Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
Of talk verbose whose meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,
His foot upon a smoking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he disdains
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high powder'd-head and ruffled hands.
"Friends! Let this clang of hostile fury cease,
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:
Shall olios, for internal battle drest,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast;
Shall jav'lin bottles blood ethereal spill;
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill?"
More had he said: when from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:
And, ah! misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alavat in common styl'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught;
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends,
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.

Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Repos'd him weary on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.
Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies appear;
Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre;
Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
Who stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command.
"Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
In the King's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
"What fury, nobles, occupies your breast?
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possest?

Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!
How? wist you not what ancient sages said,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty thousand drest;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it and be friends again," he said:
The council god return'd; and Discord fled.[1]

[1] Growing up separate and alien, in a great degree, from the social interests and sentiments which bind men together, Chatterton was habitually ready and watchful for occasions to practise on their weakness and folly, and to indulge a propensity to annoyance by satire. He would play off the witty malice, no matter who was the object. He was a very Ishmael with this weapon. It is somewhere his own confession, that, when the mood was on him, he spared neither foe nor friend. Very greatly amusing as it may well be believed that his company was, when he chose to give it, nobody was safe against having his name, with his peculiarities, his hobby, his vanity, hitched into some sarcastic stanza.—ECLECTIC REVIEW.

ELEGY.

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the darken'd wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see, the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue;
The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
  Starts at the rust'ling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
  With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
  The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
  And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
  The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale,
  Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

THE PROPHECY.[1]

"*When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.*"

I.

THIS truth of old was Sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend;"

[1] The Prophecy is in the style of Swift's minor pieces, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which, in tumultuous times, generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions.—DR. GREGORY.

The difficulty 's then to know,
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption 's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peeresses turn'd out o' doors;
Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
Look up, ye Britains! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place,
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by Current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When Civil Power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin,
Oppression's hedge to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good-night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative;

Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name;
By Treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

X.

When Popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XI.

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d—g William's Revolution,
As justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XII.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence;

Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV.

When scrutineers for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;

A Prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption 's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out,
No future contract to fulfil,
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption 's in your hand.

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Briton's true sons a BRIBE can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

A SONG.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM, OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,

Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must
inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not
control;
In spite of each hind'rance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame,
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,—
I leave your good-nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the
tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

TO A FRIEND.

March 6, 1768.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have received both your favours—The Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse,
Begin, O Servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line;
Bring down th' ethereal Choir to aid the Song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.
My Baker 's well! Oh words of sweet delight!
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height,
What wondrous numbers can the Goddess find,
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a Goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

FAR distant from Britannia's lofty Isle,
What shall I find to make the Genius smile?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew:
The variegated Daughters of the Land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
All the rich pleasures Nature's storehouse yields,
Have all their powers to wake the chorded string;
But still they 're subjects that the Muse can sing.
Hoyland, more beauteous than the God of Day,
Her name can quicken and awake the lay;
Rouse the soft Muse from indolence and ease,
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland rise:
'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the Eastern skies;
'Tis she alone deprives us of the light;
And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night.
To tell the sep'rate beauties of her face
Would stretch Eternity's remotest space,
And want a more than man, to pen the line;
I rest—let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

TO MISS HOYLAND.[1]

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of spring array'd;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gayly deck the thorn.
Then why, when mild good-nature basking lies
'Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes;
When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in a frown?

Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair,
That fears you 're cruel whilst it owns you fair?
O speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long.

[1] From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

Amidst the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
  The bending mountain's head;
Whilst Evening, moving thro' the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
  Her pitchy robes doth spread;

There, gently moving thro' the vale,
Bending before the blust'ring gale,
  Fell apparitions glide;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound
  Runs through the mountain side,

Then steal I softly to the grove,
And singing of the nymph I love,
  Sigh out my sad complaint;
To paint the tortures of my mind,
Where can the muses numbers find?
  Ah! numbers are too faint.

Ah! Hoyland, empress of my heart,
When will thy breast admit the dart,
  And own a mutual flame?

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When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,
Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,
Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
When will the little god perplex
The mansions of thy breast?
When wilt thou own a flame as pure
As that seraphic souls endure,
And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste to give my passion ease,
And bid the perturbation cease
That harrows up my soul!
The joy such happiness to find,
Would make the functions of my mind
In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC ON MISS HOYLAND.

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of love;
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove:
E'en Heaven's great Thund'rer wore th' easy chain,
And over all the world, Love keeps his reign.
No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others, am more tender made.
Right thro' my heart a burning arrow drove,
Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love.

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Oh! torture inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing author of my care.
Look down, fair angel, on a swain distrest,
A gracious smile from you would make me blest.
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief—
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Go, gentle Muse, and to my fair one say,
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay;
That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
And friendship warms me with her chaster fires
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
Than the soft turtle's cooing in the grove;
More than the lark delights to mount the sky,
Then sinking on the greensward soft to lie;
More than the bird of eve, at close of day,
To pour in solemn solitude her lay;
More than grave Camplin,[1] with his deep-toned note,
To mouth the sacred service got by rote;
More than sage Catcott[2] does his storm of rain,
Sprung from th' abyss of his eccentric brain,
Or than his wild-antique and sputt'ring brother
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother;

[1] John Camplin, M.A. Preceptor of Bristol.
[2] The Rev. Mr. Catcott wrote a book on the Deluge.

More than soft Lewis,[1] that sweet pretty thing,
Loves in the pulpit to display his ring;
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
And more than Bristol Aldermen their dinner,
(When full four pounds of the well-fatten'd
haunch
In twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch.)

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love:
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy fav'rite swain.

ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE.

SERAPHIC virgins of the tuneful choir,
Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre!
Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair;
Let the smooth numbers warble in the air.
Ye prudes, coquets, and all the misled throng,
Can Beauty, Virtue, Sense, demand the song?
Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite:

[1] Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher of note, then in Bristol. Chatterton calls him, in one of his Letters, a "pulpit fop."

A beauteous pattern, to the always-right.
Rest here, my muse, nor soar above thy sphere—
Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Once more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings;—
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise—
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature! Charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine.
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
O for a muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the Epode rise;
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face
Of my seraphic maid, whose beauteous charms
Might court the world to rush at once to arms;

Whilst the fair Goddess, native of the skies,
Shall sit above, and be the victor's prize.
O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire ;
When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
My pulse beats high ; my throbbing breast 's on fire
In sad variety of wild desire.
O Hoyland ! heavenly goddess ! angel—saint !
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint ;
Thou best, completest work that nature made,
Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.
Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go
Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
From thee alone my being I derive—
One beauteous smile from thee makes all my hopes alive.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Since short the busy scene of life will prove,
Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love ;
To love with passions pure as morning light,
Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night,
With rosy mantles do the heavens streak,
Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.

The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state
Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great:
Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terror, lest I should offend
The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure, to the vile unknown.
But when the body charming, and the mind,
To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclined,
Meet in one person, maid and angel join,
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?
What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers:
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last.
Love means an unadulterated flame,
Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
Oh, were my merit great enough to find
A favour'd station in my Hoyland's mind,
Then would my happiness be quite complete,
And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

TELL me, God of soft desires,
Little Cupid, wanton Boy,
How thou kindlest up thy fires,
Giving pleasing pain and joy?

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
Striking glances are thy darts:
Making conquests never slow,
Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
Juno 's in her portly air;
Not Britannia's fav'rite Isle
Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
Where disorder springs around,
If the lovely fair is there,
'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland! blest with thee,
I'd the raging storm defy,
In thy smiles I live, am free;
When thou frownest, I must die.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

WITH A PRESENT.

ACCEPT, fair Nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate Swain:
By ev'ry sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy *for* to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
Chase the faint shadows of the night away;
Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming author of my smart;—
Forever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

COUNT all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's side,
When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;
Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;
Count all the birds that thro' the ether fly;
Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;
Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;
Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
Thro' the blue ether, or tempestuous roar:
Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;
Count all the minutes since the world began;
Count all the troubles of the life of man;
Count all the torments of the d——d in hell,—
More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph excel.[1]

[1] I am by no means satisfied that all these poems are the production of Chatterton. They were published with his name in the Miscellanies, and at this distance of time it is impossible to distinguish between them. If they are his, they do him but little credit.

TO MISS CLARKE.

To sing of Clarke my muse aspires,
A theme by charms made quite divine:
Ye tuneful Virgins sound your lyres,
Apollo aid the feeble line.

If truth and virtue, wit and charms,
May for a fix'd attention call,
The darts of Love and wounding arms
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.

'Tis not the tincture of the skin,
The rosy lip, the charming eye;
No, 'tis a greater power within,
That bids the passion never die.

These Clarke possesses, and much more—
All beauty in her glances sport;
She is the goddess all adore,
In country, city, and at court.

EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.

December 6, 1769.

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind!
How narrow are our prospects, how confined!
With universal vanity possest,
We fondly think our own ideas best;
Our tott'ring arguments are ever strong;
We 're always self-sufficient in the wrong.

What philosophic sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear?
What pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth?
What blushing author ever rank'd his muse
With Fowler's Poet-Laureate of the Stews?
Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
All in the language of Apostles cry,
If angels contradict me, angels lie.
As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain:

But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene;
Dull single acts of many-footed prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of Creation's blessings cloy;
Their senses dosing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme:
So virgins tott'ring into ripe threescore,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old;
Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primeval light.
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world would have you prove it too:
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best; one only can be right,
Tho' all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.
Writers on rolls of science long renown'd,
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust,
An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn?
A mitred rascal to his long-ear'd flocks
Gives ill example * * * *
Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
And saddle all his faults on Nature's back;
But hold, there 's solid reason to revere—
His Lordship has six thousand pounds a-year;
In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
He fasts at Arthur's, and he prays at White's;
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tailed six,
At White's the Athanasian Creed for tricks;
Whilst the poor Curate in his rusty gown
Trudges unnoticed thro' the dirty town.

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.
The servants of the devil are revered,
And bishops pull the Fathers by the beard.
Yet in these horrid forms Salvation lives,
These are Religion's representatives;
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
But sure Religion can produce at least,
One minister of God—one honest priest.

Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
The fancied character, an honest man;
(A man of sense, not honest by constraint,
For fools are canvas, living but in paint.)

To Mammon or to to Superstition slaves,
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves ;
In the first attribute by none surpass'd,
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confined ;
Few see too far ; how many are half blind !
How are your feeble arguments perplext
To find out meaning in a senseless text !
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
And words can philosophic truths conceal.
What Paracelsus humor'd as a jest,
You realize to prove your system best.
Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for Scripture hath devour'd your sense ?
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
See Nature marshal oozy atoms right ;
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free :
We need not inspiration how to see.
If Scripture contradictory you find,
Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths we never meant ?
Which couches systems in a single word,
At once depraved, abstruse, sublime, absurd.
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that Inspiration 's giv'n,
The copy of Philosophy in heav'n,
Strikes at Religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand hells.
Attentive search the Scriptures, and you 'll find
What vulgar errors are with truths combined.
Your tortured truths, which Moses seem'd to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe ;
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ !

What knotty difficulties Fancy solves !
The heav'ns irradiate, and the earth revolves ;
But here Imagination is allow'd
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud :
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many-colour'd coat.
O Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light !
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood ;
If David found thee in a sea of blood ;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil ;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too ?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.

Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, tho' in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Tho' pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chant your name;
Tho' in each tailor's bookcase Catcott shines,
With ornamental flowers and gilded lines;
Tho' youthful ladies, who by instinct scan
The Natural Philosophy of Man,
Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat:
Yet check your flowing pride: will all allow
To wreathe the labour'd laurel round your brow?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue;
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckon'd weak,
As nothing but my mother-tongue I speak;
Else would I ask, by what immortal Power
All Nature was dissolved as in an hour?
How, when the earth acquired a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combined?

When instantaneously the liquid heap
Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass,
Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?
If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impell'd into the sun?
Philosophy, nay, common-sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air
Revolves the planets in their destined sphere,
How are the secondary orbs impell'd?
How are the moons from falling headlong held?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply;
And who will give Eternity the lie?
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear.

The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.
No agents could assist Creation's birth:
We trample on our God, for God is earth.
'Tis past the power of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must Imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast
brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,
Fling not thy saucy satire at Divines;
This single truth thy brother bards must tell—
Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
But disputations are befitting those
Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning! where are all thy fancied joys,
Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?
Proud of thy own importance, tho' we see
We've little reason to be proud of thee:
Thou putrid fœtus of a barren brain,
Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.

Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
You claim the preference to men of sense?
* * * wants learning: see the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
Their native language, but declaim in Greek.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
* * * has parts—parts which would set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;

Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent beauties rise;
His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
Imprest with Folly's head to make it pass.

But * * * swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street.
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his virtues: Calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown:
Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a * * * than a saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The Muse will go where Merit leads the way.
The owls of learning may admire the night,
But * * * shines with Reason's glowing light.
Still admonition presses to my pen,
The infant muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
You 're a detested heretic in sense.[1]
But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,
In showing wond'ring cits the fossile store!

[1] *Renounce* is written over the first two words of this line: which is the true meaning is uncertain, both being in his own handwriting, and uncancelled.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

The ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madam more prudent thinks 'twould seem too much:
The doors fly open, instantly he draws
The sparry load, and—wonders of applause;
The full-dress'd lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her diamond pendants die;
Sage Natural Philosophers adore
The fossil whimseys of the numerous store.
But see! the purple stream begins to play,
To show how fountains climb the hilly way:
Hark what a murmur echoes through the throng—
Gods! that the pretty trifle should be wrong!
Experience in the voice of Reason tells
Above its surface water never swells.
Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now?
See what a triumph sits upon his brow!
And can the poor applause of things like these,
Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
Catcott, the foremost of the judging few?
So at Llewellin's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits,
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,—
Empties his pint, and sputters his decrees.

Dec. 20, 1769.

MR. CATCOTT will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned Remarks. This

poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticize my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of Truth.—The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may, on perusal of this, rank me as an enemy; but I am indifferent in all things—I value neither the praise nor the censure of the multitude.

SENTIMENT. 1769.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
Curtail the miseries of human life?
Tho' varied is the cause, the effect 's the same;
All to one common dissolution tends.[1]

[1] Though it may not always be the effect of infidel principles, to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity. One of their first effects in Chatterton was to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is intrusted by his Creator. It has been supposed

THE DEFENCE.

Dec. 25, 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hackneyed tale renew;
I own their censure, I approve it too.
For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
Conceive, or estimate, but as they 're taught?
Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears,
Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears?
None but a Lawrence can adorn his lays,
Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.
Taylor repeats what Catcott told before,
But lying Taylor is believed no more.
If in myself I think my notion just,
The Church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard son,
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.
'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;
As Education taught us, we're inclined.
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see
Mankind are by the state of nature free;

that his violent death in London was the sudden and almost instant effect of extreme poverty and disappointment. It appears, however, that long before he left Bristol he had repeatedly intimated his intention of putting an end to his existence.—Dr. Gregory

Who, thinking for himself, despises those
That would upon his better sense impose;
Is to himself the minister of God,
Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.
Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
Who, not by priest but Reason, rules his span:
Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side.
If Reason fails, incapable to tread
Thro' gloomy Revelation's thick'ning bed,
On what authority the Church we own?
How shall we worship deities unknown?
Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive
The prayers of those who, ignorant, believe?
Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry sect,
The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new Elect:
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
But why must Chatterton selected sit
The butt of ev'ry critic's little wit?
Am I alone forever in a crime,
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme?
All monosyllables a line appears?
Is it not very often so in Shears?
See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise,
Enraptur'd with the music of my lays;
In all the arts of panegyric graced,
The cream of modern literary taste.[1]

[1] These lines are an evident imitation of Pope, even to the cadence of the verse.—DR. GREGORY.

Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine ;
But then how hobbling are the other two—
There are some beauties, but they're very few.
Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
Commends a reverential awe of God.
Read but another fancy of his brain,
He 's atheistical in every strain.
Fallacious is the charge—'tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of Creation rise ;
Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,
Cent'ring his many wonders in the mind ;
Who saw religion, a fantastic night,
But gave us reason to obtain the light.
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say;
He only can direct to heaven's highway ;
While bishops, with as much vehemence tell,
All sects[1] heterodox are food for hell.
Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
Their notions are not oracles to me :
What I think right I ever will pursue,
And leave you liberty to do so too.[2]

[1] 'Sorts' is written under 'sects'; both in the author's handwriting, and uncancelled.

[2] Setting aside the opinions of those uncharitable biographers whose imaginations have conducted Chatterton to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a meth-

A BURLESQUE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

MOUNTED aloft in Bristol's narrow streets,
Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy collier prest the empty sack,
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;
When sudden to his rapt extatic view
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.
Music spontaneous echoed from his tongue,
And thus the lover rather bawl'd than sung.

AIR.

Zaunds! Pri'thee, pretty Zue, is it thee!
Odzookers I mun have a kiss.
A sweetheart should always be free,
I whope you wunt take it amiss.

odist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom.—CAMPBELL.

Thy peepers are blacker than caul,
  Thy carcase is sound as a sack,
Thy visage is whiter than ball,
  Odzookers I mun have a smack !

RECITATIVE.

The swain descending, in his raptured arms
Held fast the goddess, and despoiled her charms.
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,
His jetty *skinnis* met her red bronz'd face ;
It seem'd the sun when labouring in eclipse
And on her nose he stamp'd his sable lips,
Pleas'd * * * * *

SONG.

FANNY OF THE HILL.[1] 1770.

If gentle Love's immortal fire
  Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
  Sing Fanny of the Hill.

[1] Miss F. B * * *, on Redcliff Hill, Bristol.
The name of *Fanny* which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead; but for what reason was best known to the author.
SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still;
And all my ravish'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill;
Ye Gods! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,
My happiness to fill,
O! bless a wretched lover's state
With Fanny of the Hill.

HAPPINESS.

SINCE happiness was not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can;
Possest with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail, Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as Ambition's dream, or Beauty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy found
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The lords of Nature are design'd to share,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear
In diff'rent subjects, differently appear.
Where 's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled.—
This passage leads to heaven—yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it lead to hell.
Conscience, the soul-camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind:
In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft! thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall;
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin;
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy;
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning Reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they 'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, madded in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships Mammon, and adores
No other deity but gold and w——es.
Catcott is very fond of talk and fame—
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar 's made,
To bear his name and signify his trade;
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer 's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view:
Unfinish'd chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat;
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame

The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnoticed this in prose or tagging flower,
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with ev'ry power thou canst com-
mand;
Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimseys, name, and phiz—
Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys
fall,
A Catcott shall remain admired by all.

Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Thinks I've more judgment than the whole
Reviews,
Because I always compliment his muse.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charmed by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating Flattery sing?
Is it more noble to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness is plac'd;
When in soft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul;
But what would make another man distrest,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—
This character let gray Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good English if not Latinized.
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays!
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.

Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossile face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise;—
But little had she read in Nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:
On every atom of the Doctor's frame
Nature has stamp'd the pedant with his name;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.

Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our Doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye Powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?

Content is happiness, as sages say—
But what's content? The trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be by superstition led aside.
The saint and sinner, fool and wise attain
An equal share of easiness and pain.[1]

THE WHORE OF BABYLON.[2]

BOOK THE FIRST.

NEWTON,[3] accept the tribute of a line
From one whose humble genius honours thine.
Mysterious shall thy mazy numbers seem,
To give thee matter for a future dream.
Thy happy talents, meanings to untie,
My vacancy of meaning may supply;

[1] When or how Chatterton was unfortunate enough to receive a tincture of infidelity, we are not informed. Early in the year 1769, it appears from a poem on "Happiness," addressed to Mr. Catcott, that he had drunk deeply of the poisoned spring. And in the conclusion of a letter to the same gentleman, after he left Bristol, he expresses himself, "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian."—DR. GREGORY.

[2] The reader will remark that a considerable portion of the following Poem has already appeared in the "Kew Gardens." See *ante*, page 31. The circumstance has been referred to in the Life.

[3] Dr. Newton, then Bishop of Bristol.

And where the Muse is witty in a dash,
Thy explanations may enforce the lash:
How shall the line, grown servile in respect,
To North or Sandwich infamy direct?
Unless a wise *elipsis* intervene,
How shall I satirize the sleepy Dean?[1]
Perhaps the Muse might fortunately strike
A highly finish'd picture very like,
But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where Revelation's farthing candle shines,
In search of hidden truths let others go—
Be thou the fiddle to my puppet-show.
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseas'd imaginations rise?
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews?
When universal reformation bribes
With words and wealthy metaphors the tribes,
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears.
When ministers with sacerdotal hands
Baptize the flock in streams of golden sands,
Through ev'ry town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.

[1] Dr. Barton, Dean of Bristol.

Faith removes mountains, like a modern dean;
Faith can see virtues which were never seen.
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote,
Whilst Luttrell, happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty, rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, Newton caught the pen,
And show'd by demonstration, one was ten.
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,
'Twas orthodox—the Thane [1] would have it so.
And who shall doubts and false conclusions draw
Against the inquisitions of the law,
With jailers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And Mansfield's conscience settle right his creed.
Is Mansfield's conscience then, will Reason cry,
A standard block to dress our notions by?
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That Mansfield has no conscience, none at all.
Pardon me, Freedom! this and something more
The knowing writer might have known before;
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can refine my breast?
What besides interest has my mind possest?
And should a gabbling truth like this be told
By me instructed, here to slave for gold,

[1] Lord Bute.

My prudent neighbours (who can read) would see
Another Savage [1] to be starved in me.
Faith is a pow'rful virtue ev'rywhere:
By this once Bristol drest, for Cato, Clare
But now the blockheads grumble, Nugent's made
Lord of their choice, he being lord of trade.
They bawl'd for Clare when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise.
This state credulity, a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools.
Murphy, a bishop of the chosen sect,
A ruling pastor of the lord's elect,
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his daily statute law.
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge from Bute,
An excommunication satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, a subject for a longer theme,
Is not the substance of a waking dream;
Though blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixed Egyptian night.
Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
She knew fresh muster must begin the year;
She knows that North, by Bute and conscience led,
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead;
She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,
Must practise at the target of the state:

[1] The unfortunate poet Chatterton's comparison was prophetic.

If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why Martin must remain a traitor still.
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave;
Since pious Chudleigh is become her grace,
Martin turns rump, to occupy her place.
Say, Rigby, in the honours of the door
How properly a knave succeeds a whore.
She knows the subject almost slipt my quill,
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will;
She knows when Bute would exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
But (say the critics) this is saying much,
The Scriptures tell us peacemakers are such.
Who can dispute his title, who deny
What taxes and oppression justify?
Who of the Thane's beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but North as sure of being out:
And, (as I end whatever I begin,)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in.
But foster child of Fate, dear to a dame,
Whom satire freely would, but dare not name.
Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What mischief would you from the sentence draw
Tremble and stand attentive as a dean,
Know royal favour is the thing I mean.
To sport with royalty the muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shibbeard in glorious triumph stood
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,

Who then withheld his guinea or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays?
But now *Modestus*, truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again.
But lifted into notice, by the eyes
Of one whose optics always set to rise,—
Forgive a pun, ye Rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearn'd to live.
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool.
Burgum and I, in ancient lore untaught,
Are always, with our nature, in a fault:
Though Camplin would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals would not err by art.
Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We'll call imagination to our aid.
See *Bute* astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open'd bag,
Whence fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places and the last excise.
Upon the ground in seemly order laid
The Stuarts stretch'd the majesty of plaid.
Rich with the peer, dependance bow'd the head,
And saw their hopes arising from the dead;
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch piper was above his grace.
But say, Astrologers, could this be strange,
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change,

And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All which is sense as meaning overcomes?
So now this universal fav'rite Scot
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the car of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate.
If Fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquest at the gen'ral day of peace.
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil:
To guide the car of war he fancied not
Where honour, and not money, could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man;
Honour's the tie that bundles up the clan.
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine.
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Who polishes by wealth his native land?
And to complete the worth possess'd before,
Gives ev'ry Scotchman one perfection more.
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And Campbell struts about in doubled lace.
Who says Bute barters place, and nobly sold
His king, his union'd countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs defy,
If Musgrave cannot prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.

When Bute the iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty passions in his look,
Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He sought to throw his chain upon the mind,
Nor would he leave conjectures unconfin'd;
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think these measures right:
Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees;
Trembles to think of such a daring step,
As from a tool to *Chancellor* to leap:
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst Bute was suffer'd to pursue his plan,
And ruin freedom as he rais'd his clan,
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the villainy and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves and thought them right.
This faith, establish'd by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive that system of the Dane:

This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
Nothing is really so as it may seem.
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right:
By this corrected Bute appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which Murphy writ.
Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws.
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see,
You to her *Baal* bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of the fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot.
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and prov'd his scripture true;
No literary worth presum'd upon,
He wrote the understrapper of St. John,
Unravell'd ev'ry mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me;
Pull'd Revelation's sacred robes aside,
And saw what priestly modesty should hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent,
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.

The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has *Athanasius* without rev'rence read,
Will make a scurvy kind of lenten-feast
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast:
But if in happy superstition taught,
He never once presum'd to doubt in thought;
Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the literal meaning for his guide.
Let him read *Newton*, and his bill of fare—
What prophecies unprophesied are there!
In explanation he's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo-prophet's mys'tries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgrac'd
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste;
No flaming arguments he holds in view,
Like Camplin he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawny's instruments at court:
For secret services, without a name,
And myst'ries in religion are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues,
And rambling from his grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests and hirelings, ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate.

The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash.
Not Bute, so tender in his spotless fame;
Not Bute, so careful of his lady's name.
Has sable lost its virtue? will the bell
No longer send a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animate with life, are sold
For benefices, bishoprics, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the nightmare, conscience, into rest,
And learn'd exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times,
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All through the *telescope* of fancy see;
Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion's all in all.
Amongst the cassock'd worthies is there one
Who has the conscience to be Freedom's son?
Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy book, and sacerdotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door
And roars in hollow voice, a hundred more.
A hundred more—his rising lordship cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes:

A hundred more—by G–d, I won't comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;
In a wrong scent the leading beagle 's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane
I'm not another Fanny of Cock-lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill,
And what I can afford to give I will.
When Bute, the ministry, and people's head
With royal favour pension'd Johnson dead,
The muse in undeserv'd oblivion sunk,
Was read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred Shakspeare in the doctor's name:
The pulpit saw the cheat, and wonder'd not—
Death is of all mortality the lot.
Kenrick had wrote his elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal catcalls testified
How mourn'd the critics when the genius died.
But now, though strange the fact to deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a venal theme!
And emulation madden'd all the Row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow.
And print the reason of a bard deceas'd
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the action of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds,

His genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Tower'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again,
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And proved we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horne set this restless shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch'd the quill.
If in defiance of the priestly word
He still will scribble learnedly absurd,
North is superior in a potent charm
To lay the terrors of a false alarm.
Another hundred added to his five
No longer is the stumbling-block alive;
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy rambler will no longer roam;
Releas'd from servitude, (such 'tis to think,)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink;
Once, (let the lovers of Irene weep,)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep:
Irene, perfect composition, came
To give us happiness, the author fame;
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And box, pit, gallery, own'd it in a nap.
Hail, Johnson, chief of bards! thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snor'd applause.[1]

[1] Long before the fame of Chatterton had gone abroad, the verses which appeared with his name in the magazines, and

If from the humblest station in a place,
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace,

with a brief account of the obscurity of his birth, and his entire deprivation of literary instruction, had inspired my youthful mind with conviction of the magnitude of his genius, so finely of late years eulogized by Coleridge. Soon after the volume above mentioned appeared, I spoke of its author to Dr. Johnson with the warmest tribute of my admiration; but he would not hear me on the subject, exclaiming "Pho, child! don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling. He may be another Stephen Duck. It may be extraordinary to do such things as he did, with means so slender; but what did Stephen Duck do, what could Chatterton do, which, abstracted from the recollection of his situation, can be worth the attention of learning and taste? Neither of them had opportunities of enlarging their stock of ideas. No man can coin guineas, but in proportion as he has gold."

Though Chatterton had been long dead when Johnson began his "Lives of the Poets,"—though Chatterton's poems had been long before the world,—though their contents had engaged the *literati* of the nation in controversy; yet would not Johnson allow Chatterton a place in those volumes in which Pomfret and Yalden were admitted. So invincible were his grudging and surly prejudices—enduring long-deceased genius but ill, and contemporary genius not at all. That Cowper also had paid no attention to Chatterton's writings, "of which all Britain rung from side to side," appears from his assertion that Burns, whose beautiful compositions seem to have been forced upon his notice, was the only poet since Prior's time whose compositions stood in no need of allowance from the recollected obscurity of birth and education. He must have heard of Chatterton, and if he wanted all generous curiosity to look into his verses, he had no right to make such an assertion, disgraceful to himself, and unjust to the greatest genius, his early extinction considered, which perhaps the world ever produced.—ANNA SEWARD.

Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own,

That Dr. Johnson, however, was not uninterested in the discussion respecting the authenticity of the Rowley poems, will appear from the following extract from his life by Boswell.

"On Monday, April 29th, Johnson and I made an excursion to Bristol, where I was entertained by seeing him inquire, upon the spot, into the authenticity of Rowley's poetry, as I had seen him inquire, upon the spot, into the authenticity of Ossian's poetry. George Catcott, the pewterer, who was as zealous for Rowley as Dr. Hugh Blair was for Ossian, (I trust my reverend friend will excuse the comparison,) attended us at our inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity cried out, 'I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert.' Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcott stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. We called on Mr. Barrett, the surgeon, and saw some of the *originals*, as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them, and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, we were quite satisfied of the imposture, which indeed has been clearly demonstrated, from internal evidence, by several able critics.—Honest Catcott seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted, as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliff, and 'view with our own eyes,' the ancient chest, in which the ancient manuscripts were found. To this Dr. Johnson good-naturedly agreed; and though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wonderful chest stood 'There,' said Catcott, with a bouncing, confident credulity, 'there is the very chest itself.' After this *ocular demonstration* there was no more to be said. He brought to my recol-

Then only introduc'd (unhappy fate)
The subject of a satire's deadly hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool.
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scotchmen Sawney's shade around,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men;
Health is the ruling minister I send,
Nor has the minister a better friend:
Greater perhaps in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace.
Ah, North! a humbler bard is better far—
Friendship was never found near Grafton's star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox;
Who'd wear a title when they'd titled Fox?
Nor does the honorary shame stop here—
Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare?
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old;
If noble murders, Barrington's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line:

lection a Scotch Highlander, a man of learning too, and who had seen the world, attesting and at the same time giving his reasons for the authenticity of Fingal: 'I have heard all that poem when I was young.' 'Have you, sir? Pray what have you heard?' 'I have heard Ossian, Oscar, and *every one of them*.'

"Johnson said of Chatterton, 'this is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things.' "—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

Let officers of train bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly.
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Our tragic trumpets entertain the court;
The captain flies thro' ev'ry street in town,
And safe from dangers wears his civic crown;
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic wand discharg'd his gun:
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts to howl him into rest.
Health to the instruments of Bute, the tool
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule!
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Mark for a Neddy Ptolemy the sage,
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blundering senses are alone in fault,
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hand of Sawney actuating thee;
The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By his political machine my rhymes
Conceive an estimation of the times,
And as the wheels of state in measures move,
See how time passes in the world above,
While tott'ring on the slipp'ry age of doubt
Sir Fletcher sees his train bands flying out,
Thinks the minority, acquiring state,
Will undergo a change, and soon be great.
North issues out his hundred to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew.

The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful, stands resolv'd, and one forsakes.
He shackles ev'ry vote in golden chains,
And Johnson in his list of slaves maintains.
Rest, Johnson, hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret-glass with ink,
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,

* * * * *

Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name:
When sovereign judgment owns thy work divine,
And ev'ry writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy Kenrick vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister! nor will I dare
To pour out flatt'ry in his noble ear:
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wondering crowds and murmurs of applause,
Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with North a priestish jest,
By which a mere nonentity's exprest.
No—North is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As ev'ry pension'd Johnson testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues in another than in me.

Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I,
From thee or North was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister! his vices known,
(As every lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forging follies foreign to his line)—
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the muse the lashing strain begin,
And mark repentance upon every sin.
Why this recoil? and will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of hell.
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And Truth must abdicate her lawful strain.
Oh Prudence! if by friends or counsel sway'd
I had thy saving institutes obey'd,
And, lost to every love but love of self,
A wretch like Harris living but in pelf,
Then happy in a coach or turtle feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought.
Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor;
If Catcott's flimsy system can't be prov'd,
Let it alone, for Catcott 's much belov'd.

If B—ry[1] bought a Bacon for a Strange,
The man has credit, and is great on 'Change.
If Camplin ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to pass a joke.
If you from satire can withhold the line,
At every public hall perhaps you'll dine.
I must confess, rejoins a prudent sage,
You're really something clever for your age:
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A lash of satire stumbles from your pen.
But ah! that satire is a dangerous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen, (for some indeed
For want of education cannot read,
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Fowler, happy genius, titles verse,
To spin the strains sonorous thro' the nose,
The reader cannot call it verse or prose) —
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At my maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died.
Besides the town, the sober honest town,
Gives virtue her desert, and vice her frown;
Bids censure brand with infamy your name—
I, even I, must think you are to blame.

[1] Burgum, in Kew Gardens.

Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too?
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths you swear,
Oaths that might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke,
Whilst the too tender and believing maid
(Remember pretty Fanny) is betray'd.
Then your religion—ah! beware, beware,
Although a deist is no monster here,
Yet hide your tenets—priests are powerful foes.
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose.
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong:
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott bray, and Robins squeak in pray'r.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when his worship eats his fill.
Regard thy int'rest, ever love thyself;
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf.
The muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name.
Then clip Imagination's wing—be wise,
And great in wealth, (to real greatness rise;)
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme:
Make North a Chatham, canonize his grace,
And get a pension, or procure a place.

Damn'd narrow notions! tending to disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
But know, my saving friends, I never will.
The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious trade;
When raving in the lunacy of ink
I catch the pen, and publish what I think.
North is a creature, and the king's misled;
Mansfield and Norton came as justice fled;
Few of our ministers are over wise:—
Old Harpagon's a cheat, and Taylor lies.
When cooler judgment actuates my brain,
My cooler judgment still approves the strain;
And if a horrid picture greets your view,
There it continues still, if copied true.
Though in the double infamy of lawn
The future bishopric of Barton's drawn,
Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage
To serve ye in this catamitish age,
To exercise a passion banish'd hence,
And summon satire in to your defence.
Woman, of ev'ry happiness the best,
Is all my heaven,—religion is a jest.
Nor shall the muse in any future book
With awe upon the chains of favour look:
North shall in all his vices be display'd,
And Warburton in lively pride array'd;
Sandwich shall undergo the healing lash,
And read his character without a dash;

Mansfield, surrounded by his dogs of law,
Shall see his picture drawn in ev'ry flaw;
Luttrell (if satire can descend so low)
Shall all his native little vices show;
And Grafton, tho' prudentially resign'd,
Shall view a striking copy of his mind;
Whilst iron Justice, lifting up her scales,
Shall weigh the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Finis. Book the First.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SENR.

A sincere Christian Friend. He died 5th January, 1769 aged 76.

I.

Ye virgins of the sacred choir,
Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
Begin the mournful strain;
To deck the much-lov'd *Tandey's* urn,
Let the poetic genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

II.

Ye ghosts! that leave the silent tomb,
To wander in the midnight gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye;

Garlands of *yew* and *cypress* bring,
Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral sigh.

III.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving offspring from the grave,
By God afflicted sore,
Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre infant's cry,
For *Tandey* is no more.

IV.

To you his charity he dealt,
His melting soul your mis'ries felt,
And made your woes his own:
A common friend to all mankind,
His face the index of his mind,
Where all the saint was shown.

V.

In him the social virtues join'd,
His judgment sound, his sense refin'd,
His actions ever just—
Who can suppress the rising sigh,
To think such saint-like men must die,
And mix with common dust.

VI.

Had virtue pow'r from death to save,
The good man ne'er would see the grave.

* * *

But live immortal here:
Hawksworth and *Tandey* are no more;
Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
And drop the unfeigned tear.

N. B.—The above-mentioned gentleman was a man of unblemished character; and father-in-law to Mr. William Barrett, author of the History of Bristol; and lies interred in Redcliff church, in the same vault with Mr. Barrett's wife.—The Elegy would have been inserted in one of the Bristol journals, but was suppressed at the particular request of Mr. Tandey's eldest son.—*Note by* CHATTERTON

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

I.

MARRIAGE, dear M——, is a serious thing;
'Tis proper every man should think it so:
'Twill either ev'ry human blessing bring,
Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

II.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,
Neither supremely blest, nor deeply curst;
A stagnant pool of life; a dream of fate—
In my opinion, of all states the worst.

III.

Observe the partner of thy future state:
If no strong vice is stamp'd upon her mind,
Take her; and let her ease thy am'rous pain:
A little error proves her human-kind.

IV.

What we call vices are not always such;
Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name;
Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
And to another stretch her rising flame.

V.

Choose no religionist; whose every day
Is lost to thee and thine—to none a friend:
Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

VI.

Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold;
A Smithfield-marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.

VII.

Marry no letter'd damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine:
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed—
What the brains want will often elsewhere shine.

VIII.

A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife:
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH.

To Clayfield, long renown'd the Muses' friend,
Presuming on his goodness, this I send;
Unknown to you, tranquillity and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much-lov'd muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveil'd the east,
Since horror found me and all pleasure ceas'd;
Since ev'ry number tended to deplore;
Since fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansion'd in his native spheres?
Or is't a vapor that exhales in tears!
Swift as idea rid me of my pain,
And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.

It is too true: the awful lyre is strung,
His elegy the sister muses sung.
O may he live, and useless be the strain!
Fly, gen'rous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,
And who can bind necessity with laws:
I wait the admirer of your noble parts,
You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

FABLES FOR THE COURT.[1]

ADDRESSED TO MR. MICHAEL CLAYFIELD, OF BRISTOL.

THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,
Are almost out of fashion now;
And if we credit Dodsley's word,
All applications are absurd.
What has the author to be vain in
Who knows his fable wants explaining,
And substitutes a second scene
To publish what the first should mean?

[1] Transcribed by Mr. Catcott, Oct. 19, 1796, from Chatterton's MS.

Besides, it saucily reflects
Upon the reader's intellects.
When arm'd in metaphors and dashes,
The bard some noble villain lashes,
'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
To think he cannot find it out.
The sing-song trifles of the stage,
The happy fav'rites of the age,
Without a meaning crawl along,
And, for a moral, gives a song.
The tragic muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turn'd a whore, debauch'd by taste:
Poor Juliet never claims the tear
'Till borne triumphant on the bier;
And Ammon's son is never great
'Till seated in his chair of state.
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains.
If what the muse prepares to write
To entertain the public sight,
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.
When villainy and vices shine,
You won't find Sandwich in the line;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name;

Nor will the muse digressive run,
To call the king his mother's son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay:
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care;
His dogs were watchful, and he took
Upon himself the ruling crook:
His boys who wattled in the fold
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip bed;
And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employ'd his wool to keep it warm;
But that comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly make a villain great.
The shepherd died——the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul.
The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping Laureate's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men;
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme

In all varieties of chime,
Administering due consolation,
Well season'd with congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote?
All sung, tho' very few could read,
And none but mercers mourn'd indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoic'd, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address;
And Edinburgh was heard to sing
Now heaven be prais'd for such a king.
All join'd in joy and expectation,
And union echoed thro' the nation.
A council call'd———— * * *

FRAGMENT.

INT'REST, thou universal God of men,
Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen;
If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes,
Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,
And lose a number rather than a meal.
Nay, prithee, honour, do not make us mad,
When I am hungry something must be had;

Can honest consciousness of doing right
Provide a dinner or a bed at night?
What though Astrea decks my soul in gold,
My mortal lumber trembles with the cold,
Then, curst tormentor of my peace, begone!
Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.
In a low cottage shaking with the wind,
A door in front, a span of light behind,
Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
And nature in the infant mark'd the man.
Six times the youth of morn, the golden sun,
Through the twelve stages of his course had run,
Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
His soul was traffic, his elysium gain;
The ragged chapman found his word a law,
And lost in barter every fav'rite Taw.
Through various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting friends;
Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the merchant. None can find
The shadow of a virtue in his mind.
Nor are his vices reason misapplied;
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At city dinner, or a turtle feast,
As expeditious as a hungry priest:
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.
Tervono would be flatter'd; shall I then
In stigmatizing satire shake the pen?

Muse, for his brow, the laurel wreath prepare,
Though soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
Come panegyric; adulation haste,
And sing this wonder of mercantile taste;
And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
The patron's happy, and the poet dines.
Some, philosophically cas'd in steel,
Can neither poverty nor hunger feel;
But that is not my case; the muses know
What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,
May none but brother poets meet the strain;
May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
Hung in terrorem to their brothers' eyes,
When lost in trance by gospel or by law,
In to their inward room the senses draw,
There as they snore in consultation deep,
Are by the vulgar reckon'd fast asleep.

ELEGY, WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

Joyless I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
In smoking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb,

Mistaken homage to an unknown God.
Fancy, whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way—
Check the rising wild delight.
Ah! what avails this awful sight,
MARIA is no more!
Why curst remembrance wilt thou haunt my mind,
The blessings past are mis'ry now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore.
Soft as the evening gale
When breathing perfumes thro' the rose-hedged vale,
She was my joy, my happiness refin'd.
All hail ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted oak, the dusky green.
Ye dreary altars by whose side
The druid priest in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life.
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys rung,
The bleeding body bends,
The glowing purple stream ascends,
Whilst the troubled spirit near
Hovers in the steamy air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing,
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.

Soul of my dear Maria haste,
Whilst my languid spirits waste,
When from this my prison free,
Catch my soul, it flies to thee;
Death had doubly arm'd his dart,
In piercing thee it pierc'd my heart.

XI.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

MODERNIZED BY CHATTERTON.[1]

From "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte by John de Bergham."

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold,
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
Meeting from every hill the ravish'd sight.
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed;
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
Of size uncommon, and no common breed.

[1] See "Rowley Poems," page 246, and note.

His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
To seek for glory and renown he goes
To scatter death among his trembling foes;
Unnerved by fear they trembled at his stroke;
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
Where trees entwining arch the azure sky,
Thither the fate-mark'd champion bent his way,
By purling streams to lose the heat of day;
A sudden cry assaults his list'ning ear,
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.—
The cry re-echoes; with his bounding steed
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.
The arching trees above obscur'd the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.
And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh;
Through the thick brake the astonish'd champion
sees
A weeping damsel bending on her knees:
A ruffian knyght would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use,
The pleasure which they die for will refuse.)
The champion thus: Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy mighte.

With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies,
Begone! whoever dares my fury dies.
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,
I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too.

Like two fierce mountain boars enraged they fly,
The prancing steeds make Echo rend the sky,
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight,
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian knight.
The victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the dame,
I will convey you hence to whence you came.
With look of gratitude the fair replied
Content; I in your virtue may confide.
But, said the fair, as mournful she survey'd
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
May all thy sins from Heaven forgiveness find!
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind!

V.

SUNDAY. A FRAGMENT.

HERVENIS, harping on the hackney'd text,
By disquisitions is so sore perplex'd,
He stammers,—instantaneously is drawn
A bordered piece of inspiration lawn,

Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now again we hear the doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
I own at church I very seldom pray,
For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
Sermons though flowing from the sacred lawn,
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn;
And to confess the truth, another cause
My every prayer and adoration draws:
In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
The ladies front me in celestial row;
(Tho' when black melancholy damps my joys,
I call them nature's trifles, airy toys;
Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train;)
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
The gentle hazle, and the optic sly;
The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
The frankness which each latent charm disrobes;
The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
The easy amble, the majestic air;
The tap'ring waste, the silver-mantled arms,
All is one vast variety of charms.
Say, who but sages stretch'd beyond their span,
Italian singers, or an unman'd man,
Can see elysium spread upon their brow,
And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow?

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
Here rueful-visag'd angels seem to tell
With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell;
There a child's head supported by duck's wings,
With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings:
In fun'ral pile eternal marble burns,
And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
An honourable Welchman's pedigree;
A rock of porph'ry darkens half the place,
And virtues blubber with no awkward grace;
Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,
No quarter'd coats above the bell appear,
No batter'd arms, or golden corsets there.

* * * * *

THE REVENGE.[1]

A BURLETTA;

Acted at Marylebone Gardens, 1770, *with additional Songs.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER	Mr. Reinhold.
BACCHUS	Mr. Bannister.
CUPID	Master Cheney.
JUNO	Mrs. Thompson.

Act I.—Scene I.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

I SWEAR by Styx, the usage is past bearing;
My lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!

[1] Among the MSS. of Chatterton in the British Museum, there is the first outline of this Burletta under the title of "Amphitryon," the *dramatis personæ* of which are as follows: *Celestials*, Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, Nox.—*Mortals*,

Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

Air.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,
Tho' storms rend the sky;
Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teasing,
Disgusting her form:
Her music as pleasing
As pigs in a storm.

I fly her embraces,
To wenches more fair;
And leave her wry faces,
Cold sighs and despair.

Recitative.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;
Come evening, close the folding doors of day;

Amphitryon, Sosia, Phocyon, Dorus, Alcmena, Phrygia. It differs in many instances from the printer's text. Chatterton is said to have received five guineas for "The Revenge," from the Proprietor of Marylebone Gardens, when it was performed in July, 1770, nearly a year after his death. In Southey's edition of his poems, the MS. is said to have been lost at the printing-office, but the present Editor has a distinct recollection of having observed a notice of its sale, some six or seven years since, for the sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS. Poor Chatterton!

Night, spread thy sable petticoat around,
And sow thy poppies on the slumb'ring ground;
Then raving into love, and drunk with charms,
I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

Air.

Sighing,
Dying,
Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of desire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh! how slow the hours retire!
When the busy heart is beating,
When the bosom's all on fire,
Oh! how welcome is the meeting!
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

Recitative.

But see—my Fury comes; by Styx I tremble:
I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

Scene II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

Recitative.

See, see, my good man steals aside!
In spite of his thunder,

I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride.

Air.

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass;
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him an ass.
How happy the spouse
In his dignified brows;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:
Both above and below,
Experience will show,
But take off the horns, and each husband's an ass.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;
And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:
Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord I'll heave hence,
Down to some brandy shop, this noisy grievance.

Air.

What means this horrid rattle?
And must that tongue of riot

Wage one eternal battle
With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

Air continued.

What means your saucy question?
D'ye think I mind your bluster?
Your Godship's always best in
Words, thunder, noise, and fluster.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Hence, thou eternal tempest, from our regions,
And yell in concert with infernal legions:
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away
hence,
Or on the lightning's wings you'll find con-
veyance.

JUNO.

Recitative.

I brave your vengeance——

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,
I've one way left——Remonstrance and petition
To all the Gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

Air.

I will never tamely bear
All my wrongs and slights, sir;
Heaven and all the Gods shall hear
How you spend your nights, sir:
Drinking, swearing,
Roaring, tearing,
Wenching, roving, ev'rywhere;
Whilst poor I
At home must lie,
Wishing, scheming,
Sighing, dreaming,
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o' th' matter.

Air.

Fury, cease,
Give me peace,
Still your racket,
Or your jacket
I'll be drubbing,
For your snubbing;
By the Gods you shall knock under.
Must you ever
Thus endeavour
Rumbling,

Grumbling,
Rowling,
Growling.
To outsound the noisy thunder?

JUNO.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Ah! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—
The man's in earnest—I must save my bacon;
Since scolding but provokes him,
A method I'll pursue.
I'll soothe him, tickle, coax him,
Then I shall have my due.

Air.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,
And is it thus a love,
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,
Is slighted, disrespected,
Unnoticed and neglected,
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

Air.

Did the foolish passion tease ye,
Would you have a husband please ye,
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;
Never rate him like a fury:
By experience I'll assure ye,
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

He's in the right on't—hits it to a tittle—
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

Air.

I own my error, I repent;
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
Let thy lovely arms enfold me;
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,
'Tis from the frying-pan to meet the fire;
Zounds, I have no stomach to the marriage bed;
But something must be either sung or said.

Air.

What is love? the wise despise it;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:
Gods and heroes should not prize it,
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

Air continued.

What is love? 'tis nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;

'Tis the highest heaven of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.

JUPITER.

Air continued.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,
Only silly fools receive it:
'Tis a magazine of trouble;
'Tis but folly——thus I leave it.

[*Jupiter runs off.*

Scene III.

JUNO.

Recitative.

Well, he is gone, and I may curse my fate,
That linked my gentle love to such a mate;
He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly-folding arms: oh! such a partner!

Air.

When a woman's tied down
To a spiritless log,
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog.
Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam;
Abroad she may find
What she can't find at home.

Scene IV.

JUNO *and* CUPID.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Ho! mistress Juno—here's a storm a-brewing—
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—this evening, I protest,
Jove and Miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! what! when! where!—nay, pri'thee now
unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.
His mighty godship in a fiery flurry
Met me just now—confusion to his hurry!
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vow'd revenge, and now by Styx I'll take it.
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the thund'rer, in his robes divine.
I undermined it all; see, here's the letter—
Could Dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no
better?
You know false spelling now is much the fashion- –

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—oh! I shall swoon with passion!
I'll tear her eyes out! oh! I'll stab—I'll strangle!
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle!

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient—

CUPID.

Tie Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;
When the God enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy's beyond expression!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

O happy thought! I fly to execute it.

[*Exit Juno.*

Scene V.

CUPID.

Recitative.

See how she flies, whilst warring passions shake her,
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

Air.

How often in the marriage state,
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe;
Though, should we dive in nature's laws,
To trace the first primeval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

Air changes.

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of human kind;
All the other passions move
In subjection under Love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

Scene VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a bowl.*

BACCHUS.

Recitative.

'Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish heady,
Olympus turns about ; (*staggers*) steady, boys,
steady !

Air.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the
skies,
I swear by this liquor his thundership lies ;
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,
And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

Air changes.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,
All the joys of life are thine !
Search the drinking world around,
Bacchus ev'rywhere sits crown'd :
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,
Unregarded thunders roll.

Air changes.

Since man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay,
Whose mystic moisture lost by age,
To dust it falls away ;

'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,
That drought will only fret it;
To make the brittle stuff hold out,
Is thus to drink and wet it.

Recitative.

Ah! Master Cupid, 'slife I did not s'ye,
'Tis excellent champagne, and so here's t'ye:
I brought it to these gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody strong—you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monster, hence! I scorn thy flowing bowl,
It prostitutes the sense, degenerates the soul.

BACCHUS.

Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy moral!
He plays with ethics like a bell and coral.

Air.

'Tis madness to think,
To judge ere you drink,—
The bottom all wisdom contains:
Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray keep your distance, beast, and cease your
bawling,
Or with this dart I'll send you catterwauling.

Air.

The charms of wine cannot compare
With the soft raptures of the fair:
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move,
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,
And sigh out your soul ere she comes to the mind;
My mistress is here,
And faith I don't fear—
I always am happy, she always is kind.

Air changes.

A pox o' your lasses!
A shot of my glasses
Your arrow surpasses;
For nothing but asses
Will draw in your team;
Whilst thus I am drinking,

My misery sinking,
The cannikin clinking,
I'm lost to all thinking,
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

Provoking insolence!

BACCHUS.

What words it utters!
Alas! poor little creature, how it sputters!

CUPID.

Away, you drunkard wild—

BACCHUS.

Away, you silly child—

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I'll drown thee in the bowl!

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor—

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher!
Aha!—bring me a stick here—

I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You movable tun,
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay, then the work's done,
My arrow is shot.

[*Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's face, and runs off*

Scene VII.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Kind usage this—it sorely shall befall him—
Here's my best arrow, and by heav'n I'll maul him.
Revenge! revenge! Oh, how I long to wound him;
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him.

Air.

No more in the bowl
His brutalized soul
Shall find a retreat from the lass:
I'll pay him,
And slay him,
His love shall be dry as his glass. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act II.—Scene I.

BACCHUS, *with his bowl on his head.*

Air.

Alas, alas! how fast
I feel my spirits sinking;
The joys of life are past,
I've lost the power of drinking.
'Egad, I find at last
The heav'nly charms of tinking,
And in the sound I cast
The miseries of thinking.

Recitative.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition—
What shall I do?—I'll send for a physician:

But then the horrid fees—ay, there's the question—
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting,
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache.
Come then, ye fiddlers, play up t'other bout,
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

Air.

Scrape, ye fiddlers, tinkle, tinkle,
Music makes my twinklers twinkle;
Humming,
Thrumming,
Groaning,
Toning,
Squeaking,
Shrieking,
Bawling,
Squalling,
O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

Recitative.

But this is trifling with the hot disease,
Nor wine nor brandy now can give me ease.

Air.

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar bottle fails,
He's in a most heavenly condition:

Unless he can drink,
To the grave he must sink,
And Death be his only physician.

Recitative.

Zounds, can't I guess the cause—hum—could I
say a
Short prayer or two, with pretty Mistress Maia.
Ah! there it is! why I was woundy stupid—
Faith, this is all the handiwork of Cupid.

Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding;
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I'll show the God that love and wine are well met.

Air.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky!
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound.
O the rapturous delights!
When with women wine unites!

Recitative.

O here, my satyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone! I'm dying for a sup.

Air.

I'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,

In kisses and compliments lavish :
When heated by wine,
If she should not incline,
I'll try all my courage, and ravish.

Scene II. A dark Room.

JUNO.

Recitative.

Now, Master Jupiter, I'll catch you napping—
'Gad, you'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,
And take upon himself his own adorning,
No more would wives upon their trammels trample,
No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

Air.

What wife but like me,
Her husband would see
A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover ;
If mistaking her charms,
He should die in her arms,
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover.

Recitative.

Impatiently I wait——

Air.

Hark, hark ! the God approaches,
He longs to ease his pain ;
Oh, how this love encroaches
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.
Oh, how my passion's rising,
And thumping in my breast !
'Tis something most surprising,
I shall be doubly blest.

Recitative.

He's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking.
I'll steal aside—I'm in a piteous quaking.

Scene III.

JUNO *and* BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

Recitative.

Now, pretty Mistress Maia, I'm your humble—
But faith, I'd better look before I tumble :
For should the little gipsy make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance,
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey—·

Air.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

Recitative.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too—
What will not passion and invention do?
I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition won't withstand his love.
But should she squawl, and cry a rape, and scream on't,
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame on't.
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teasing.
Pray, Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing!

Air.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid?
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And show me where Maia is laid.
Envious vapours, fly away;
Come ye streaming lights, discover,
To an ardent, dying lover,
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO, *aside.*

Recitative.

I have you fast—by all my wrongs, I'll fit ye—
Wise as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye.

Air.

Here thy longing Maia lies,
Passion flaming in her eyes;
Whilst her heart
Is thumping, beating,
All in a heat, in
Every part:
Like the ocean,
All commotion,
Through her veins the billows roll,
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS, *aside.*

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:
It seems some assignation was intended,
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

Air.

Happy, happy, happy hour!
Cupid now exalts his power;
In my breast the passion raging,
All my trembling frame engaging,

Sets my every sense on fire;
Let us, Maia, now retire.

JUNO.

Recitative.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is your's—my wife shall never share it.

JUNO, *aside.*

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

Air.

Then let's away,
And never delay,
'Tis folly to stay
From rapture and love:
I sicken, I die;
O come, let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away!
I obey
Love and nature.

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,
Let us go,
Dearest creature!

Scene IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

I heard a voice within, or else I'm tipsy—
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsy

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, sir; who the devil are ye?
Sirrah, be gone; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—why truly
I'm Jove the thund'rer—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!
Zounds, I 'll sneak off before they find the blunder.

[*Aside.*

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below,
Flow, ye gleams of morning, flow:
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray.

[*Sudden light, all astonished*

BACCHUS.

Zounds! what can this mean?

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;
If I've my mistresses, you have your fellows:
I'm now a very husband without doubt,
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

Air.

Was it for this, from morning to night,
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;

Ever complaining of coldness and slight,
And the same peal was eternally rung?
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banished my breast,
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and denied to be blest?

Recitative.

I swear by Styx, and that's a horrid oath,
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's.

JUPITER.

It cannot be——

Air.

I'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO.

I'll not be slighted,
I'll be righted,
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER. [*To Bacchus*

You pitiful cully——

JUNO *and* BACCHUS. [*To Jupiter*

You rakehelly bully,
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering,
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, sir:
Here you come horning,
And adorning——

JUNO.

You are a liar, sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, sir, you lie.

Scene V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing;
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.
Oh, oh, immortals, why this catterwauling?
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.
Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
Has set all in the wrong box.
Unravel quickly, for the Thund'rer swears
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

Air.

Attend! attend! attend!
God, demi-god, and fiend,
  Mortals and immortals see,
Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,
See the rulers of the skies
  Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Pox o' your brawling! haste, unriddle quickly,
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
Came here, with Maia to be very happy;
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.
Struck by my power, which the slave dared
despise,
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
And hither stealing to appease his love,
Thought Juno Maia; she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter:—are you all contented?

JUNO.

No, no! not I——

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER. [*Aside.*

A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife:
How sad! my interruption could not please her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Soften, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private.
[*Aside.*

Air.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now:
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign
My prerogative of scolding;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then, jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out?
If we have quarrelled, zounds! we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without control,
Are to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,
Are everywhere ador'd;
Their pleasures are inviting,
All heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

Air. [*To the audience.*

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
Permit me from myself to say—
The juicy grape for you shall rise
In all the colours of the skies;
For you the vine's delicious fruit
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms
Make all my arrows useless arms,
For you shall Handel's lofty flight
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,
And the soft, melting, sinking lay
In gentle accents die away:
And not a whisper shall appear
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
In valour and in conduct great,
For you the rushing clang of arms,
The yell of battle and alarms,
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be display'd to pleasure you:
On you we build a wish'd success,
'Tis yours, like deities, to bless;
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glows in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

END OF THE REVENGE.

THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

A BURLETTA. 1770.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DISTORT	Mr. Bannister.
COUNCILLOR LATITAT	Mr. Reinhold.
ENDORSE	Master Cheney.
LADY TEMPEST	Mrs. Thompson.

Act I.—Scene I.

LADY TEMPEST *and* LATITAT.

LATITAT.

I tell you, Lady Tempest—

LADY TEMPEST.

And I tell you, Mr. Latitat, it shall not be.—I'll have no Society of Antiquaries meet here. None but the honourable Members of the Coterie shall assemble here—you shall know.

LATITAT.

Suspend your rage, Lady Tempest, and let me open my brief. Have you not this day, moved by the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before your eyes, wilfully and wittingly and maliciously, driven all my friends out of my house? Was it done like a Woman of Quality?

LADY TEMPEST.

It was done like a Woman of Spirit: a character, shall ever be my task to maintain.

Air.

Away with your maxims, and dull formal rules,
The shackles of pleasure, and trammels of fools;
For Wisdom and Prudence I care not a straw,
I'll act as I please, for my will is my law.

LATITAT.

But upon my soul, Madam, I have one more consideration which should especially move you to bridle your passion: for it spoils your face. When you knocked down Lord Rust with the bust of Marcus Aurelius, you looked the very picture of the Alecto last taken out of the Herculaneum.

Air.

Passion worse than age will plough
Furrows on the frowning brow;

Rage and passion will disgrace
Every beauty of the face;
Whilst good-nature will supply
Beauties, which can never die.

LADY TEMPEST.

Mr. Latitat, I won't be abused—Did I for this condescend to forget my quality and marry such a tautology of nothing?—I will not be abused.

Scene.

DISTORT, LATITAT, LADY TEMPEST.

DISTORT.

Pray, Madam, what has enraged you? May I have the honour of knowing?

LATITAT.

Mr. Distort shall be our referee.

LADY TEMPEST.

That is, if I please, sir.

LATITAT.

Pray, my Lady, let me state the case, and you may afterwards make a reply—you must know, sir——

LADY TEMPEST.

Yes, sir, you must know, this morning Mr. Latitat had invited all his antiquated friends, Lord Rust, Horatio Trefoil, Col. Tragedus, Professor Vase, and Counterfeit the Jew, to sit upon a brass half-penny, which being a little worn, they agreed, *nem. con.* to be an Otho.

LATITAT.

And it is further necessary to be known, that, while we were all warm in debate upon the premises, my lady made a forcible entry into the parlour, and seizing an antique bust of Marcus Aurelius, of malice prepense and aforethought, did, with three blows of the said bust, knock down Anthony Viscount Rust, and—

LADY TEMPEST.

And drove them all out of the house.

LATITAT.

And furthermore—

LADY TEMPEST.

Silence, Mr. Latitat,—I insist on the privilege of an English wife.

LATITAT.

And móreover—

DISTORT.

Nay, Counsellor, as I am your referee, I command silence: pray what do you lay your damages at?

LATITAT.

My lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans, which, in spite of all my endeavours to open her eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Pagod, and upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the prosecution.

DISTORT. [*Aside to Lady.*

'Tis a trifle, Madam, let him have it, it may turn to account.

LADY TEMPEST.

A very toy: he shall have it instantly, on condition I have the use of my tongue.

Air.

What are all your favourite joys?
What are our pleasures?

RESIGNATION.[1]

Hail, Resignation! hail ambiguous dame,
Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame!
When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene:
Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,
And tells us his integrity's the cause.
Sneaking to solitude, he rails at state,
And rather would be virtuous than be great;
Laments the impotence of those who guide,
And wishes public clamours may subside.
But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail, Resignation! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villanies of power and place;
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile;
When big with self-importance[2] thus they shine,

[1] Copied from a poem in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

[2] A pen has been drawn through these words in the MS.

Contented with their gleanings they resign.
When ministers, unable to preside,
The tott'ring vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his grace
From all his glorious dignities of place;
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign.
Lament not, Grafton, that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all;
Still by your emptiness of look appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer;
Still wear that insignificance of face,
Which dignifies you more than power or place.

Whilst now the Constitution tott'ring stands,
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your grace stood foremost in the glorious cause
To shake the very basis of our laws;
But thanks to Camden, and a noble few,
They stemm'd Oppression's tide, and conquer'd you.
How can your prudence be completely praised
In flying from the storm yourself had raised?
When the black clouds of discord veil'd the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your grace to fly,
For had the thunders burst upon your head
Soon had you mingled with the headless dead;
Not Bute, though here the deputy of fate,
Could save so vile a minister of state.

Oft as the Carlton Sibyl prophesied
How long each minister of state should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
The secret fates of senators and peers,
What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
What future plans the junto have design'd,
What writers [1] are with Rockingham combin'd,
Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
Who's lord-lieutenant of the land of Nod,
What pension'd nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scored without his host,
What patriot big with popular applause
Should join the ministry and prop the cause;
With many secrets of a like import
The daily tittle-tattle of a court,
By common fame retail'd as office news
In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews;
Oft from her secret casket would she draw
A knotty plan to undermine the law;
But though the council sat upon the scheme,
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream;
Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
And in her tablet mark'd his flying hour;
Rumour reports a message from her cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
Well knew the subtle minister of state
Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,

[1] Whether "writers" or "wretches" is uncertain, the MS. being obscure.

And catching every pension he could find,
Obey'd the fatal summons and resign'd.

Far in the north, amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murm'ring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows,
Or ought which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew,
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,
Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors—
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores,
Upon a bleak and solitary plain,
Expos'd to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread;
The walls were osiers daub'd with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance open'd to the day;
Here liv'd a Laird, the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame through every northern mountain ran;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen,
Professor of all languages at once,
To him some reckoned Chappellow[1] a dunce.
With happy fluency he learn'd to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.

[1] Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge from 1720 to 1768; eminent for his intimate acquaintance with the Oriental languages.

Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,
To him appear'd unknown: with sapient look
He taught the highland meaning of each crook.
But often when to pastimes he inclin'd,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside; forgot to read;
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weasel from her bed
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent-roll just maintain'd his state,
But some, in spite of poverty, are great.
Though famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace.
Descended from a catalogue of kings
Whose warlike arts Mac Pherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast
Ambition still presided o'er the rest;
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking-glass and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawney, the nobler ruler of the clan,
Had number'd o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen.
Fired by ambition he resolved to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth.
In vain the am'rous highland lass complain'd,
The son of monarchs would not be restrain'd;
Clad in his native many-colour'd suit,
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.
His spacious sword to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad capacious shoulders hung:
As from the hills the land of promise rose
A secret transport in his bosom glows:
A joy prophetic until then unknown,
Assur'd him all he view'd would be his own.
New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight;
Still in soliloquy he prais'd the view,
Nor more was pleased with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,
No more the praise of highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing flowers diversify the scene,
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May
With double pleasure mark'd his gladsome way.

Having through varying rural prospects past,
He reach'd the great metropolis at last.
Here fate beheld him as he trudg'd the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seem'd already minister of state.
The Carlton Sibyl saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being Queen.

* * * * * *

She sigh'd, she wish'd; swift virtuous Chudleigh
flew
To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew;
Then introduced him to her secret cell,—
What further can the modest numbers tell?

* * * * *

None rode the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleased her with such majesty of face;
Enraptur'd with her incubus she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought.
Resolved to make him greatest of the great
She led him to her hidden cave of state;
There spurs and coronets were placed around,
And privy seals were scatter'd on the ground;
Here piles of honorary truncheons lay,
And gleaming stars made artificial day;
With mystic rods whose magic power is such
They metamorphose parties with a touch.
Here hung the princely ——[1] of garter'd blue
With flags of all varieties of hue.

[1] Illegible.

These, said the Sibyl, from this present hour
Are thine, with every dignity of power.
No statesman shall be titularly great,
None shall obtain an office in the state
But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute;
All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualified.
No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hastening on their naked feet,
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
No southern patriot shall oppose my will,
If not my look, my Treasurer can kill;
His pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise
With blood and death to entertain my eyes.
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I'll choose the present hour to make thee great.
He bow'd submission, and with eager view
Gazed on the wither'd oracle of Kew.
She seized a pendant garter, and began
To elevate the ruler of the clan,
Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shone,
And gather'd double lustre from the throne;
With native dignity he fill'd the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace,
The Sibyl, busy for the sweets of place,

Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The Leader of the Treasury he rose,
Whilst fate mark'd down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition his imperious hand
Scattered oppression through a groaning land;
Still taxes followed taxes, grants supplies,
With every ill resulting from excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke, and sold the peace;
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind
On honourable terms the treaty's sign'd.

But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his titles with a villain's name?
Upon an estimation of the gains
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good economist he serv'd the crown,
And made his master's interest his own.
His starving friends and countrymen applied,
To share the ministry, assist to guide;
Nor ask'd in vain:—his charitable hand
Made Plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,
Her wandering sons for poverty renown'd
Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
Far from the south, was humble merit fled,
And on the northern mountains rear'd her head;
And genius having rang'd beyond the Tweed,
Sat brooding upon bards who could not read;

Whilst courage, boasting of his highland might,
Mentions not Culloden's inglorious flight,
But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall,
Ample provision satisfies them all.
The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears
To mutilate each murm'ring caitiff's ears;
The father of his country they adore,
And live in elegance unknown before.
Nor yet unthankful he for power and place,
He praised the Sibyl with distinguish'd grace.[1]

* * * * * * * *

Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd;
Though some have since as ministers been known,
They shone with borrow'd lustre not their own:
In ev'ry revolution day and night
From Bute they caught each particle of light;
He destin'd out the circles they fulfil,
Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name
Which bids defiance to all sense of shame?
How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
Who hears unmoved a multitude complain?
A multitude made wretched by his hand,
The common curse and nuisance of the land.
Holland, of thee I sing—infernal wretch!
Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch?

[1] Twelve lines, unfit for publication, are here omitted.

Is there no other army to be sold,
No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold?
Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,
And starve the subject to enrich the crown?
That when the treasury can boast supplies,
Thy pilfering genius may have exercise;
Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil,
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.
Catching his influence from the best of kings,
Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings.
The vengeance of a nation is defied,
And liberty and justice set aside.
Distinguish'd robber of the public, say,
What urged thy timid spirit's hasty way?
She —— in the protection of a king,
Did recollection paint the fate of Byng?
Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight?
Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land?
In vain, the scene relinquish'd, now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
Thy ruins on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villainy, and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not;

Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool.
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are sunk beneath the notice of the great.
Let bribed exchequer-tellers find 'em just,
While on the penalty of place they must;
Before they're seen your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a Minister you had your day,
And gather'd light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seem'd to glimmer in yourself alone;
The lives of thousands barter'd for a bribe,
With villainies too shocking to describe.
Your system of oppression testified
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere,
And Ministers revolve around in air,
Your infamy with such a lasting ray,
Glow'd through your orb in one continual day:
Still ablest politicians hold dispute,
Whether you gave or borrow'd light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descried your little arts.
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear;

When drest in titles, the burlesque of place,
A more illustrious rascal show'd his face;
Your destin'd sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropt like others in the parent sun;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sibyl's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Though foreign to the system of the clan;
Slowly he roll'd around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force;
His scarce-collected light obliquely hurl'd
Was scatter'd ere it reach'd his frozen world.
Through all his under offices of place,
All had conspir'd to represent his grace;
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driven,
Slow as a courtier on his road to heaven.
If expedition urged the dull machine,
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift hurry and confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determin'd plan.
Error, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid;
He wrote dispatches in his grace's name,
And ruined every project North could frame:
Yet as he blunder'd through the lengthen'd night,
He seriously protested all was right.

Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance, and act the boy;
'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,
And justice must confess that title's thine.
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great;
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his power descried
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit altogether hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,
Received instructions for their future plan;
And after proper adoration paid,
Were to their destin'd sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the Minister's satellites,
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics, and draw
A more severe attack upon the law;
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.

Alas! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presum'd too much;

Conscious of cunning and superior arts,
They scorn'd the Minister's too trifling parts;
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton Sibyl's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot opprest the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgrac'd the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sibyl's secret cell.
Enrag'd she wing'd a messenger to Bute,
Some minister more able to depute;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possest.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm;
Timid and dubious, Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out.
But as no laws the Sibyl's power confined
He dropped his blushing honours and resign'd.
Step forward, North! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles revived in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves,
Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch most base
Should fill the highest infamy of place?
That North, the vile domestic of a peer,
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,
Become a minister, and take the reins;

And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy governor and friend?
This wondrous metamorphose of an hour
Sufficiently evinced the Sibyl's power
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays;
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his grace resign?

Some superficial politicians tell,
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell;
The Sibyl substituted North a blank,
A mustered fagot to complete the rank,
Without a distant thought that such a tool
Would change its being and aspire to rule;
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state,
He caught by inspiration statesmanship,
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip;
Whilst Bedford wondering at his sudden skill
With reverence view'd the packhorse of his will.

His Majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declared his fix'd intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every knave
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave;
In every cabinet and council cause
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws;
Whilst North should in his present office stand
As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now, Expectation, now extend thy wing!
Happy the land whose minister's a king;
Happy the king, who ruling each debate,
Can peep through every roguery of state.
See Hope, arrayed in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shows the crown'd director of the helm.
Return, fair Goddess, till some future day,
The king has seen the error of his way;
And by his smarting shoulders seem to feel
The wheel of state is not a Catharine wheel.
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
He leaves the Ministry to venal tools;
And finds his happy talents better suit
The making buttons for his favourite Bute;
In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues;
In glossing with authority a train
Whose names are infamy, and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty! great if rightly used,
How little, when mistaken and abused;
View'd from one point, how glorious art thou seen,
From others how degenerate and mean—
A seraph or an idiot's head we see:
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
And bowing at his parent's knee is drest
In a long hood of many colour'd vest.

The sceptred king who dignifies a throne,
Should be in private life himself alone;
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to Royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's ire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.
Continue, North, thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour;
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil,
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil.
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,
Repeat the proverb, "let those laugh that win:"
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state;
Then whilst thy summer lasts, prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last of known integrity of mind
Forsook a venal party and resigned.

Come, Satire! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accurst;
Come, Truth, assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter
praise.
Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye?
Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of genius to impeach?
Or would thy insignificance and pride
Presume above thyself and seek to guide?
Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower;
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play,
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.
Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state?
Do titles echo grateful in your ear?
Or is it mockery to call you peer?
In ——— silvered age to play the fool,
And ——— with rascals infamous a tool,
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguished long before.

Say, if reflection ever blest thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous, and sincere,
Too good a senator for such a peer;

Him thou hast offer'd as a sacrifice
To lewdness, immorality, and vice;
Your patronizing scoundrels set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind?
Though intimacy seemed to stop the way,
You they employ'd to tempt him and betray.
Full well you executed their commands,
Well you deserved the pension at their hands.
For you, in hours of trifling, he compiled
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded too, at your desire,
He called for demons to assist his lyre;
Relying on your friendship soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes array'd,
You seized the wish'd-for poem and betray'd.

Hail, mighty Twitcher! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine?
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reach'd
The conscience of the rascal who impeach'd.
My humble numbers and untutor'd lay
On such a harden'd wretch is thrown away;
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the harlots of the night;
Go, hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
There you may boast one sense is entertain'd,
Though age present your other senses pain'd:

Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel,
Regale at Harrington's religious cell,

* * * * *

Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
The jest and bubble of the harlot crew,
What entertain'd your youth, in age pursue.
When Grafton shook Oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God;
When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring law;
When Bute, the regulator of the state,
Preferr'd the vicious, to supplant the great;
When rank corruption through all orders ran,
And infamy united Sawney's clan;
When every office was with rogues disgraced,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind?
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resign'd.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When time hath buried the recording line,
And proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,
With more than titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gather'd rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
One nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains;
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with pity grievances increase;
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower,
Rais'd upon villainy, aspire to power;
Big with importance they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise;
Whilst Barrington as secretary shows
How many pensions paid his blood and blows.
And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.
But North requires assistance from the great
To work another Button in the state,
That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,
Full trimm'd by Twitcher and cut out by Bute.
So many worthy schemers must produce
A statesman's coat of universal use;
Some system of economy to save
Another million for another knave.
Some plan to make a duty, large before,
Additionally great to grind the poor.
For 'tis a maxim with a guiding wise,
Just as the commons sink the rich arise.

If ministers and privy council knaves
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not with anxious infamy pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And, once enslaved, would fetter all mankind.

'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
What further ills our liberties shall know;
'Tis from this principle our feuds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan:
Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
By lust and not by merit rais'd to rule,
Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
Gods! that these flyblows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sibyl's ray,
Should shake the constitution, rights and laws,
And prosecute the man of freedom's cause!
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appeal'd,
With loss of liberty that right he seal'd:
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persever'd,
Nor Sawney or his powerful Sibyl fear'd.
The hag, replete with malice from above,
Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love;
Unfortunately to his pen [1] it fell,
And flow'd in double rancour to her cell.
Madly she raved, to ease her tortur'd mind,
The object of her hatred is confin'd:
But he, supported by his country's laws,
Bid her defiance, for 'twas Freedom's cause.
Her Treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Though each attain'd his favourite object—gain.
She sat as usual when a project fails,
Damn'd Chudleigh's phiz, and dined upon her nails.

[1] Doubtful.—SOUTHEY's Ed. [Not so. The MS. is sufficiently legible.]

Unhappy land! whose govern'd Monarch sees
Through glasses and perspective such as these,
When juggling to deceive his untried sight,
He views the ministry all trammell'd right;
Whilst to his eye the other glass applied,
His subjects' failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the petitions are received,
Nor one retort of grievances believed;
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes:
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed placeman's private *views*.[1]
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
Waving Oppression's banners round the realm?
Shall Briton's to the vile detested troop,
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop?
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine?
No: let us still be Britons: be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.
Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask:
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas! America, thy ruin'd cause
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.
Unrepresented thou art tax'd, excised,
By creatures much too vile to be despised;

[1] Omitted in the MS.

The outcast of an ousted gang are sent,
To bless thy commerce, with .....[1] government.
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We see thee in this worst of troubles great;
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause.
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste,
Is in his measures or his mistress placed;
In either 'tis originally rare,
One shows the midnight cully, one the peer:
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride,
Was this a statesman qualified to guide?
Was this the minister whose mighty hand
Has scattered civil discord through the land?
Since smallest trifles when ordained by fate,
Rise into power and counteract the great.
What shall we call thee, Grafton? Fortune's whip?
Or rather the burlesque of statesmanship:
When daring in thy insolence of place,
Bold in an empty majesty of face,
We saw thee exercise thy magic rod,
And form a titled villain with a nod;
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The members of the council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air*,[2]
Commend the fancy of his solitaire.

[1] This hiatus occurs in the MS.
[2] Omitted.

These were thy actions, worthy of record,
Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.
Since villainy is meritorious grown,
Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive,
Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.
Reversions, pensions, bribes and titled stews;
What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?
If Dunning's nice integrity of mind,
Will not in pales of interest be confined;
Let his uncommon honesty resign,
And boast the empty pension of the nine:
A Thurloe grasping every offer'd straw,
Shines his successor and degrades the law.
How like the ministry who link'd his chains,
His measures tend incessantly to gains.

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
At once with fifty .....[1] places laced,
Can such a summer insect of the state,
Be otherwise than in externals great?
Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,
How wilt thou answer to the Sibyl's man?
Did thy own shallow politics direct,
To treat the Mayor with purposed disrespect;
Or did it come in orders from above,
From her who sacrificed her soul to love?
Rigby, whose conscience is a perfect dice,
A just epitome of every vice,

[1] A word omitted in the MS.

Replete with what accomplishments support
The empty admiration of a court,
Yet wants a barony to grace record,
And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.
His wish is granted, and the King prepares
A title of renown to brand his heirs.
When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare?
Whilst Chatham from his coroneted oak
Unheeded shook the senate with his croak;
The minister too pow'rful to be right,
Laugh'd at his prophecy and second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's oracle of state
Forestall'd the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton in his juggling statesman's game
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.
Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,
Turn'd to all points of politics and doubt,
But though forever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair
And exercise his new made power with air?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew,
Can write long speeches and repeat them too:
A practis'd lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report;

Above the scandalous aspersion tool,
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby, too great to join the hated cause,
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws;
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston, and Brett,
With resignation pay the crown a debt;
If in return for offices of trust,
The ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
What soul that values freedom could with ease,
Stoop under obligations such as these.
If you a Briton, every virtue dead,
That would upon your dying freedom tread,
List in the gang and piously procure,
To make your calling and election sure:
Go, flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
Assist in each long shuffle, hedge and slip,
Thus rising on the stilts of favour see
What Grafton was, and future dukes will be:
How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,
What officer will stand, remains a doubt.
If virtue's an objection at the board,
With what propriety the council's stored;
Where could the Caledonian minion find
Such striking copies of his venal mind?

Search through the winding labyrinths of place,
See all alike politically base.
If virtues, foreign to the office, shine,
How fast the prodigies of state resign!
Still as they drop, the rising race begin
To boast the infamy of being in.
And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
Look round thee, North! see what a glorious
scene—
O let no thought of vengeance intervene:
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfer'd store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
A provident reserve to hedge a race.
New to oppression and the servile chain,
Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain.
Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry;
Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
How wavering is the favour of a king;
Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall;
Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine,
Implore a noble pension, and resign.

JOURNAL 6th.

Saturday, September 30, 1769.[1]

'Tis mystery all, in every sect
You find this palpable defect,
The axis of the dark machine
Is enigmatic and unseen.
Opinion is the only guide
By which our senses are supplied,
Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
Can make our reason side with him.
But this discourse perhaps will be
As little liked by you as me,
I'll change the subject for a better,
And leave the Doctor, and his letter.
A priest whose sanctimonious face
Became a sermon, or a grace,
Could take an orthodox repast,
And left the knighted loin the last;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a cat,
His organs being chok'd with fat;

[1] Copied from a Poem in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

In college quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy Dean,
(Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
For one church dinner, nothing more,
The Dean who sleeping on the book
Dreams he is swearing at his cook.)
This animated hill of oil,
Was to another dean the foil.
They seem'd two beasts of different kind,
Contra in politics and mind,
The only sympathy they knew,
They both lov'd turtle a-la-stew.
The Dean was empty, thin and long,
As Fowler's back or head or song.
He met the Rector in the street,
Sinking a canal with his feet.
"Sir," quoth the Dean, with solemn nod,
"You are a minister of God;
And, as I apprehend, should be
About such holy works as me.
But, cry your mercy, at a feast
You only show yourself a priest,
No sermon politic you preach,
No doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Mystery might sink and all be light.
From house to house your appetite
In daily sojourn paints ye right.
Nor lies true orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.

Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of ev'ry sin,
And grow like me, upright and thin;
Be active, and assist your mother,
And then I'll own ye for a brother."

"Sir," quoth the Rector in a huff,
"True, you're diminutive enough,
And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless too as lean;
This mountain strutting to my face
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, tho' you ne'er on turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace."

"You're wrong," the bursting Dean replied,
"You're logic's on the roughcast side,
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls.
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shows very little's kept within;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess, th' importance of the charge"

"Sir," quoth the Rector, "I've a story
Quite apropos to lay before ye.

A sage philosopher to try
That pupil saw with reason's eye,
Prepar'd three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one.
The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,
Loved pelf above the charming fair;
So 'tis not difficult to say,
Which box the dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desired the pebbled one, d'ye see.
The other having scratch'd his head,
Consider'd though the third was lead,
'Twas metal still surpassing stone,
So claimed the leaden box his own.
Now to unclose they all prepare,
And hope alternate laughs at fear.
The golden case does ashes hold,
The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
But in the outcast stone they see
A jewel,—such pray fancy me."

"Sir," quoth the Dean, "I truly say
You tell a tale a pretty way;
But the conclusion to allow—
'Fore-gad, I scarcely can tell how.
A jewel! Fancy must be strong
To think you keep your water long.
I preach, thank gracious heaven! as clear
As any pulpit stander here,
But may the devil claw my face

If e'er I pray'd for puffing grace,
To be a mountain, and to carry
Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry!
Each day to sweat three gallons full
And span a furlong on my skull.
Lost to the melting joys of love—
Not to be borne—like justice move."

And here the Dean was running on,
Through half a couplet having gone:
Quoth Rector peevish, "I sha'nt stay
To throw my precious time away,
The gen'rous Burgum having sent
A ticket as a compliment,
I think myself in duty bound
Six pounds of turtle to confound."

"That man you mention," answers Dean,
"Creates in priests of sense the spleen,
His soul's as open as his hand,
Virtue distrest may both command;
That ragged virtue is a whore,
I always beat her from my door,
But Burgum gives, and giving shows
His honour leads him by the nose.
Ah! how unlike the church divine,
Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,
And being placed so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.

His luminaries shine around
Like stars in the Cimmerian ground."

"Invidious slanderer!" quoth priest.
"O may I never scent a feast,
If thy curst conscience is as pure
As underlings in Whitfield's cure.
The church, as thy display has shown,
Is turn'd a bawd to lustful town;
But what against the church you've said,
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum's virtue then a fault?
Ven'son, and heaven forbid the thought!
He gives, and never eyes return,
O may paste altars to him burn!
But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the dinner waits——adieu."

This said, the Rector trudg'd along,
As heavy as Fowlerian song.
The hollow Dean with fairy feet,
Stept lightly through the dirty street.
At last, arriv'd at destin'd place,
The bulky Doctor squeaks the grace:
"Lord bless the many-flavour'd meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat!
May all and every mother's son
Be drunk before the dinner's done.
When we give thanks for dining well, oh!
May each grunt out in Ritornello."

Amen! resounds to distant tide,
And weapons clang on every side,
The oily river burns around
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
Now is the busy President
In his own fated element,
In every look and action great,
His presence doubly fills the plate.
Nobly invited to the feast,
They all contribute gold at least.
The Duke and President collected,
Alike beloved, alike respected.

Say, Baker, if experience hoar [1]
Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
What is this phantom of the mind,
This love, when sifted and refined?
When the poor lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted:
A frown shall throw him in despair;
A smile shall brighten up his air.
Jealous without a seeming cause
From flatt'ring smiles he misery draws;
Again without his reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the devil's laid.

[1] This Poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns.

If this is love, my callous heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
Full of his flame, upon his tongue
The quivering declaration hung,
When lost to courage, sense, and reason,
He talk'd of weather and the season.
Such tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent and free,
Unmov'd by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway road to heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind.
They laugh at silly silent swains
Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an effrontery and tongue
On very oily hinges hung
Must win the blooming, melting fair,
And show the joys of heaven here.
A rake, I take it, is a creature
Who winds through all the folds of nature.
Who sees the passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell;
Who, when he ravishes the joy,
Defies the torments of the boy.
Who with the soul the body gains
And shares love's pleasures, not his pains.

Who holds his charmer's reputation
Above a tavern veneration;
And when a love repast he makes,
Not even prying fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostitute, he
Thinks love the only price of beauty;
And she that can be basely sold,
Is much beneath or love or gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the body is the heart:
Without it rapture cannot rise,
Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes;
The sacred joy of love is dead,
Witness the sleeping marriage bed.
This is the picture of a rake,
Show it the ladies—won't it take?[1]

[1] Those who have sullied the youth of Chatterton with the imputation of extraordinary vices or irregularities, and have asserted, that "his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities," have, I conceive, rather grounded these assertions on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge, or a correct review of his conduct. During his residence at Bristol, we have the most respectable evidence in favour of the regularity of his conduct, namely, that of his master, Mr. Lambert. Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour, and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours of leisure in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so

A buck's a beast of th' otherside,
And real but in hoofs and hide:

eminently characterizes her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory. She says, that while he was at Mr. Lambert's, he visited his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him. He was for a considerable time remarkably indifferent to females. He declared to his sister that he had always seen the whole sex with perfect indifference, except those whom nature had rendered dear. He remarked, at the same time, the tendency of severe study to sour the temper, and indicated his inclination to form an acquaintance with a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper which had resulted from solitary study. The juvenile Petrarch wanted a Laura, to polish his manners and exercise his fancy. He addressed a poem to Miss Rumsey; and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance. "He would also frequently," she says, "walk the College-Green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to show their finery;" but she is persuaded that the reports which charge him with libertinism are ill-founded. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to associate with modest women. The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. "The opportunities," says he, "which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit that amongst his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism, gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than

To nature and the passions dead,
A brothel is his house and bed;
To fan the flame of warm desire
And after wanton in the fire,
He thinks a labour, and his parts
Were not designed to conquer hearts.

* * * * *

The girls of virtue when he views,
Dead to all converse but the stews,
Silent as death, he's nought to say
But sheepish steals himself away.
This is a buck to life display'd,
A character to charm each maid.
Now, prithee, friend, a choice to make,
Wouldst choose the buck before the rake?
The buck, as brutal as the name,
Invenoms every charmer's fame;
And though he never touch'd her hand
Protests he had her at command.
The rake in gratitude for pleasure
Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

* * * * *

[*After these asterisks follows, without title,*]

But Hudibrastics may be found
To tire ye with repeated sound;
So, changing for a Shandeyan style,
I ask your favour and your smile.

from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example."—Dr. GREGORY.

ODE.

Recitative.

In his wooden palace jumping,
Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
Repent, repent, repent,
The mighty Whitfield cries,
Oblique lightning in his eyes,
Or die and be damn'd! all around
The long-ear'd rabble grunt in dismal sound,
Repent, repent, repent,
Each concave mouth replies.
The comet of gospel, the lantern of light,
Is rising and shining
Like candles at night.
He shakes his ears,
He jumps, he stares;
Hark, he's whining,
The shorthand saints prepare to write,
And high they mount their ears.

Air.

Now the devil take ye all,
Saints or no saints, all in a lump;
Here must I labour and bawl,
And thump, and thump, and thump;
And never a souse to be got,
Unless—I swear by jingo,
A greater profit's made
I'll forswear my trade,

My gown and market lingo,
And leave ye all to pot.

Recitative.

Now he raves like brindled cat,
Now 'tis thunder,
Rowling,
Growling,
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Noise and nonsense, jest and blunder.
Now he chats of this and that,
No more the soul jobber,
No more the sly robber.
He's now an old woman who talks to her cat.
Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his eyes, erects his chest;
Hark! hark! the sound begins;
'Tis a bargain and sale for remission of sins.

Air.

Say, beloved congregation,
In the hour of tribulation,
Did the power of man affray me?
Say ye wives, and say ye daughters,
Han't I stanch'd your running waters?
I have labour'd—pay me—pay me!
I have given absolution,
Dont withhold your contribution;

Men and angels should obey me—
Give but freely, you've remission
For all sins without condition;
You're my debtors, pay me, pay me!

Recitative.

Again he's lost, again he chatters
Of lace and bobbin and such matters.
A thickening vapor swells—
Of Adam's fall he tells,
Dark as twice ten thousand hells
Is the gibberish which he spatters.
Now a most dismal elegy he sings,
Groans, doleful groans are heard about;
The Issacharian rout
Swell the sharp howl, and loud the sorrow rings.

He sung a modern buck whose end
Was blinded prejudice and zeal.
In life to every vice a friend,
Unfix'd as fortune on her wheel.
He lived a buck, he died a fool,
So let him to oblivion fall,
Who thought a wretched body all,
Untaught in nature's or the passion's school.
Now he takes another theme,
Thus he tells his waking dream.

Air.

After fasting and praying and grunting and
weeping,
My guardian angel beheld me fast sleeping;
And instantly capering into my brain,
Relieved me from prison of bodily chain.
The soul can be every thing as you all know,
And mine was transform'd to the shape of a
crow.
(The preacher or metre has surely mistook,
For all must confess that a parson's a rook.)
Having wings, as I think I inform'd ye before,
I shot through a cavern and knock'd at hell's
door.
Out comes Mr. Porter Devil,
And, I'll assure ye, very civil.
"Dear sir," quoth he, "pray step within,
The company is drinking tea;
We have a stranger just come in,
A brother from the triple tree."

Well, in I walk'd, and what d'ye think?
Instead of sulphur, fire and stink,
'Twas like a masquerade,
All grandeur, all parade.
Here stood an amphitheatre,
There stood the small Haymarket-house,
With devil actors very clever,
Who without blacking did Othello.

And truly a huge horned fellow
Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
To learn a part, and get a souse,
For pleasure was the business there.

A lawyer ask'd me for a fee,
To plead my right to drinking tea;
I begg'd his pardon, to my thinking
I'd rather have a cheering cup,
For tea was but insipid drinking,
And brandy rais'd the spirits up.
So having seen a place in hell,
I straight awoke, and found all well.

Recitative.

Now again his cornets sounding,
Sense and harmony confounding,
Reason tortur'd, scripture twisted,
Into every form of fancy:
Forms which never yet existed,
And but his oblique optics can see.
He swears,
He tears,
With sputter'd nonsense now he breaks the ears;
At last the sermon and the paper ends;
He whines, and hopes his well-beloved friends
Will contribute their souse
To pay the arrears for building a house.
With spiritual doctors, and doctors for poxes,

Who all must be satisfied out of the boxes.
Hark! hark!—his cry resounds,
Fire and thunder, blood and wounds,
Contribute, contribute,
And pay me my tribute,
Or the devil, I swear,
Shall hunt ye as sportsmen would hunt a poor hare.
Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends.
The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends;
And here the tedious length'ning Journal ends.

ELEGY.[1]

Why blooms the radiance of the morning sky?
Why spring the beauties of the season round?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy dye?
Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?

Whilst softly floating on the zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise;
And all the heavenly music of the spring,
Steal on the sense, and harmonize the skies.

[1] This poem was printed in the Town and Country Magazine for February, 1770, and was signed with Chatterton's initials, and dated Shoreditch.

When the rack'd soul is not attuned to joy,
When sorrow an internal monarch reigns;
In vain the choristers their powers employ,
'Tis hateful music, and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd sun shot the new ray
Through the gray twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawn, and hills, I took my way,
And list'ned to the echoes of the horn;

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
Traced the meanders of the bubbling stream:
From joy to joy, uninterrupted flew,
And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now through the gloomy cloister's length'ning way,
Through all the terror superstition frames,
I lose the minutes of the lingering day,
And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mould'ring wall,
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:
O! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M——! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
O! must I unregarded seek the grave!
Must I from all my bosom holds repair,
When one indulgent smile from thee would save.
Let mercy plead my cause; and think, oh! think!
A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate:
Remember, I am tottering on the brink,
Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

CLIFTON.[1]

Clifton, sweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its fount the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated wells,

[1] From a copy in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

Far other motives prompt my eager view ;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue ;
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.
Yon dusky rocks, that, from the stream arise
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame,
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But though in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade ;
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where honour led the way :
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet ;
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair ; where to the sun's warm ray

On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons.
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take:
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake;
When Rupert bold, of well achieved renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates destroy'd;
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains.
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb.
Here does attention her fixed gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene;
Fixed in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:

For though her waves, by commerce richly blest,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the west,
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever murm'ring rill,
That pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here too (alas! though tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powell, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky;
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:
But oh! how soft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide,
In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defied;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murdered train arise;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strew'd with pointed thorns his bed of rest!
But fate has snatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How soon inclosed within the silent tomb!

No more our raptur'd eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;
Whilst hallow'd dirges fill the holy shrine,
Deserved tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,
Slackens the strings of her enamour'd lyre,
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And through the cloister'd aisle would take her way,
Where sleep, (ah! mingling with the common dust,)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.
But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
These soft'ning sighs forbid the Muse to soar.
So treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.[1]

VERSED by experience in the subtle art,
The myst'ries of a title I impart:
Teach the young author how to please the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal never-dying name!
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop:
Who can, like Pottinger, insure a book?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again to drain your purses dry:
Nor yet unrivalled they: see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:
The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do.
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain:

[1] Copied from a MS. of Chatterton.

For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment, though trite, divine;
For this the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains:
For this was every reader's faith deceived,
And Edmunds swore what nobody believed:
For this the wits in close disguises fight;
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dulness fill'd and transcripts of the old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit:
Aping her walk the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind:
Sons of Apollo learn: merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace the door:
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dulness sell:
Flexney and every bookseller will buy,
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

VAMP.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON, TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.[1]

To use a worn-out simile,
From flower to flower the busy bee
With anxious labour flies,
Alike from scents which give distaste,
By Fancy as disgusting plac'd,
Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
The fopling of some gay parterre,
The mimicry of art!
But round the meadow-violet dwells,
Nature replenishing his cells,
Does ampler stores impart.

So I a humble-dumble drone,
Anxious and restless when alone,

[1] From a copy given by Chatterton to Mr. H. Kater, of Bristol.

Seek comfort in the fair;
And featur'd up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,
To you address my prayer.

But ever in my lovelorn flights
Nature untouch'd by art delights—
Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some priest of mystic thought,
The bard alone by nature taught,
Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine,
If ye perchance should read this line
Which fancy now inspires:
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His hell, his heaven, his solemn airs,
Quench nature's rising fires?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
Nature's the God I own:
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only hell,
No other hell is known.

I steel'd by destiny was born,
Well fenced against a woman's scorn,
Regardless of that hell;
I fired by burning planets came

From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
To make a safe return.

A rev'rend cully-mully puff
May call this letter odious stuff,
With no Greek motto graced;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain,
"The dog's insufferably vain
To think to please my taste!"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence
Is all the merit, all the sense
Through which to fame I trod;
These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
Procure me friends and notice too,
And shall gain you by G—d.

TO MR. HOLLAND.[1]

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part,
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art?

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helm'd, mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear:
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise;
In pity, gentle as the falling tear;
In all, superior to my feeble lays.

Black Anger's sudden rise, extatic pain;
Tormenting Jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;
Consuming Envy, with her yelling train;
Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing:

[1] This person was an actor of some provincial celebrity, whose performance of various characters at Bristol was for some time the engrossing subject of conversation among the friends of Chatterton.

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
  Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee, by art, the demon stands confest,
  But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
  Each feature does the office of the tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
  By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really distrest,
  At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
  No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

AN ELEGY,

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF WM. BECKFORD, ESQ., LATE LORD MAYOR OF AND REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.[1]

I.

WEEP on, ye Britons! give your gen'ral Tear;
  But hence, ye venal—hence each titled Slave!
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's Bier,
  And patriot Anguish mark the Patriot's Grave.

[1] To the Editor of *Felix Farley's Journal.*
SIR,—As the columns of your Paper gave the earliest effu

II.

When like the Roman to his Field retired,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd Foes)
Who call'd him forth, his Services required,
And took from Age the Blessing of Repose.

III.

With soul impell'd by Virtue's Sacred Flame,
To stem the Torrent of corruption's Tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with Liberty! he came,
And nobly in his Country's Service died.

sions of the highly-gifted *Chatterton* to the public eye, it may form a ground for claiming a space for an entire copy of an Elegy by him, of which only the first twelve stanzas, gathered from a contemporary review, are to be found in any edition of his works. It was advertised in the *Middlesex Journal*, (the patriotic paper of that period, to which Chatterton made many communications,) on the 3d July, 1770, and was published in quarto, by Mr. Kearsley of Fleet-street, price one shilling. It is probable the author received for this production two guineas, according to his current account, inserted in his life, of the balance in favour of the Lord Mayor's death. The obtainment of a copy of the original publication was an object of search for above ten years.

Your's, &c. Eu. Hood.

The punctuation, capital letters, numerals, &c., are followed as printed in Kearsley's edition.

[For a complete copy of this celebrated Elegy—the first ever included in an edition of Chatterton's Works—the present Editor is indebted to the good services of Mr. Tyson, of Bristol.]

IV.

In the last awful, the departing Hour,
When life's poor Lamp more faint and fainter grew;
As Mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,
He only felt for Liberty and you.

V.

He view'd Death's Arrow with a Christian Eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your Miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

VI.

Thou breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his Laurel everlasting Bloom;
Record his worth while Gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his Tomb.

VII.

The Sword of Justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial Fault with Pity he survey'd,
But MURDER found no MERCY in his sight.

VIII.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a Throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a Monarch's Ear;
Knew, IF OPPRESS'D A LOYAL PEOPLE GROAN,
'Tis not the COURTIER'S Interest HE SHOULD HEAR.

IX.

Hence honest to his Prince his manly Tongue
The PUBLIC WRONG and LOYALTY convey'd,
While TITLED TREMBLERS, ev'ry Nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd;

X.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold
(Train'd up to Flatt'ry from their early Youth)
An ARTLESS, FEARLESS Citizen unfold
To ROYAL Ears a MORTIFYING Truth.

XI.

Titles to him no pleasures could impart,
No bribes his rigid Virtue could controul;
The Star could never gain upon his Heart,
Nor turn the Tide of Honour in his soul.

XII.

For this his Name our Hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime,
'Till Heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of Time.

13.

Far other Fate the Venal Crew shall find,
Who sigh for pomp, or languish after strings;
And sell their native probity of mind,
For Bribes from Statesmen, or for Smiles from Kings.

14.

And here a long inglorious list of names
On my disturb'd Imagination crowd;
O! let them perish (loud the muse exclaims,)
Consign'd for ever to oblivion's cloud.

15.

"White be the page that celebrates his Fame,
"Nor let one mark of infamy appear;
"Let not the Villain's mingle with his name,
"Let Indignation stop the swelling Tear.

16.

"The swelling Tear should plenteously descend,
"The deluged Eye should give the Heart relief;
"Humanity should melt for nature's Friend,
"In all the richest Luxury of Grief."

17.

He, as a Planet with unceasing Ray,
Is seen in one unvaried course to move,
Through Life pursued, but one illustrious Way,
And all his orbit was his Country's Love.

18.

But he is gone!—And now, alas! no more
His generous Hand neglected Worth redeems;
No more around his mansion shall the Poor
Bask in his warm, his charitable Beams.

19.

No more his grateful countrymen shall hear
His manly voice, in martyr'd freedom's cause;
No more the courtly sycophant shall fear
His poignant Lash for violated Laws.

20.

Yet say, STERN VIRTUE, who'd not wish to die
Thus greatly struggling, a whole Land to save?
Who would not wish, with ardour wish to lie,
With *Beckford's* Honour, in a *Beckford's* Grave?

21.

Not Honour, such as Princes can bestow,
Whose breath a Reptile to a Lord can raise;
But far the brightest honor here below,
A grateful nation's unabating praise.

22.

But see! where LIBERTY, on yonder strand,
Where the cliff rises, and the billows roar,
Already takes her melancholy stand,
To wing her passage to some happier shore.

23.

Stay, Goddess! stay, nor leave this once bless'd
Isle,
So many ages thy peculiar care;
O stay! and cheer us ever with thy smile,
Lest quick we sink in terrible despair.

24.

And lo! she listens to the muse's call;
She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched Land;
Thou, TYRANNY, shall tremble to thy fall!
To hear her high, her absolute command:—

25.

"Let not, my sons, the Laws your fathers bought,
"With such rich oceans of undaunted Blood,
"By TRAITORS, thus be basely set at nought,
"While at your Hearts you feel the purple flood.

26.

"Unite in firm, in honourable Bands;
"Break ev'ry Link of Slav'ry's hateful chain:
"Nor let your children, at their fathers' Hands,
"Demand their birthright, and demand in vain.

27.

"Where e'er the murd'rers of their country Hide;
"Whatever dignities their names adorn;
"It is your Duty—let it be your pride,
"To drag them forth to universal scorn.

28.

"So shall your lov'd, your venerated name,
"O'er Earth's vast convex gloriously expand;

"So shall your still accumulating fame,
"In one bright story with your *Beckford* stand.[1]

ELEGY.

HASTE, haste! ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

[1] In the Town and Country Magazine for November, 1769, there is a full length portrait of Alderman Beckford, in his magisterial robes. The Alderman, as is well known, was father to the present Wm. Beckford, Esq., the talented author of "Vathek." "Chatterton," says Dr. Gregory, "had, it seems, addressed an essay to the patriotic Lord Mayor, W. Beckford, which was so well received that it encouraged him to wait upon his Lordship in order to obtain his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the city remonstrance, and its reception. 'His Lordship (adds) he received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret.' His inclination doubtless led him to espouse the party of opposition; but he complains that 'no money is to be got on that side the question; interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author that cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the court party.' When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined. The elegy, however, in which he has celebrated him, contains more of frigid praise than of ardent feeling; nor is there a single line which appears to flow from the heart."

Ye variegated children of the spring;
  Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
  Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue;

Faint are your colours, harsh your love-notes thrill,
  To me no pleasure Nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
  The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams,
  Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds,
Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
  To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
  Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my footpath spread;
  Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year,
  Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
  Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
  Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
  In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets cease to flow,
Or, swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

ON MR. ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

Ye Nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muse! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature, in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
The silver fountains seem to flow,
The hoary woods to nod;
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving showers,

Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.[1]

TO MISS BUSH, OF BRISTOL.[2]

Before I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along,
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers ;

[1] This piece was published in the Town and Country Magazine, under the signature of Asaphides: after Chatterton's death, a linen-draper of Bristol laid claim to it as his production. But as Chatterton mentions it as his own, in the letter to his relation, Mr. Stephens, of Salisbury, his right to it (such as it is) has been considered established.

[2] He had now in contemplation "the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa."

With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground;
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame:
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptured, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm:
No more my bosom shall be torn,
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast:
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

FRAGMENT.

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,
Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my muse!
Of conversation sing an ample theme,
And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
Hail, matchless linguist! prating Delia, hail!
When scandal's best materials, hackneyed, fail,
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lie.
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
Could show a line as venom'd as thy tongue.
In pity to thy sex I cease to write
Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
The conversation with which taverns ring
Descends below my satire's soaring sting.
Upon his elbow throne great Maro sits,
Revered at Forster's by the would-be wits;
Delib'rately the studied jest he breaks,
And long and loud the polish'd table shakes;
Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,
Each dancing booby vends it as his own.
Upon the empty jelly-glass reclined,
The laughing Maro gathers up his wind:

The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
Ready to laugh before the tale begins:
To talk of freedom, politics, and Bute,
And knotty arguments in law confute,
I leave to blockheads, for such things design'd,
Be it my task divine to ease the mind.

"To-morrow," says a Church-of-England Priest,
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.
It nothing matters whether he or she,
But be all servants from their labour-free."
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
And the dry jest is very witty found;
In every corner of the room are seen
Round altars covered with eternal green,
Piled high with offerings to the Goddess Fame
Which mortals, chronicles, and journals name;
Where in strange jumble flesh and spirit lie,
And illustration sees a jest-book nigh:
Anti-venereal med'cine cheek-by-jowl
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul;
The patriot Wilkes's ever-famed essay,
With Bute and justice in the self-same lay:
Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)
The conflagrations of a hangman's hell?

The clock strikes eight; the taper dully shines,
Farewell, my muse, nor think of further lines:
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
Shut up the book,—it is enough by G—d!

28th Oct.

Sage Gloster's Bishop sits supine between
His fiery floggers, and a cure for spleen;
The son of flame, enthusiastic Law,
Displays his bigot blade and thunders raw,
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways;
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
And, bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine;
These are the various offerings Fame requires,
Forever rising to her shrines in spires;
Hence all Avaro's politics are drain'd,
And Evelina's general scandal's gain'd.

Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet,
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where th' insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight:
With four large columns, five large windows dight;
With four small portals,—'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through:
Here HARE first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.

Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right;
The little god of love improves discourse,
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse;

About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away;
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
There each idea's brighten'd and refined.

Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part;
Of wounding by each varied attitude—
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued.

* * * * *

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS.[1]

Assist me, powers of Heaven! what do I hear?
Surprise and horror check the burning tear.

[1] This Elegy on the death of Thomas Phillips seems to have cost Chatterton some labour. Not satisfied with a first attempt, he set to work two or three months after his original effusion, and coined his grief afresh. Southey was not aware of this till after the ruder draft was printed. The second copy had found its way by some means into the hands of the late eccentric Thomas Hill, the friend and companion of all the present, and too many of the departed race of literary

Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more!
Gone like the sand divested from the shore!
And is he gone?—Can then the nine refuse
To sing with gratitude a favour'd muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string!

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,[1]
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-rack'd muse attempt to paint;[2]

men. Through his medium it reached the Laureate, who printed it in the same volume with the older copy, with the following explanatory note: "As this latter Elegy contained seven or eight new stanzas, besides many verbal alterations, instead of cancelling the old, it was deemed proper to let it remain, and to print the corrected copy also, by which the reader will be pleased in tracing Chatterton's various emendations." In the present edition the corrected copy only is retained: the emendations referred to may be noted from the variations subjoined in the margin.—Ed.

[1] In the original copy:—
"Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning rise."

[2] Better expressed in the former version:—
"Thee would my *grateful* muse," &c.

Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,[1]
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green,
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.[2]

[1] The following stanza occurred in the original copy in the place of the fourth and fifth stanzas of the present Elegy:—

"Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect?
Oh, lend my pen what animated thine,
To show thee in thy native glories deck'd!"

[2] More appropriately in the original copy:—

"And lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls."

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue.

His train a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, though horridly deform'd;
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired,[1] preserved, and warm'd.

[1] *Fix'd*, in the original copy.

The rough October [1] has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend!
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine;
With thee did every god [2] of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;

[1] *November*, in the first draft.
[2] In the original, *power*.

The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal [1] feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill: [2]
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sick'ning lamp of day retires, [3]
And the meek evening shakes the dusky gray;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

[1] In the first draft, *cheerful.*

[2] "Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill."

[3] "The sicken'd glare of day retires."

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;[1]
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave;[2]
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells[3]
The soul of Phillips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander through this darken'd vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions[4] of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert[5] the muse.

But, horror to reflection! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain!
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

[1] Note on this verse by Chatterton, "Expunged as too dowery for grief."

[2] In the first copy—

"The loud winds whistle through the echoing dell!
* * * * *
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell."

[3] "By friendship's potent spells."

[4] In the original copy, *plumage*. [5] *Exhort*.

See! see! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.[1]

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie;
Unknown to me be comfort peace or sleep:
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace;
But melancholy robb'd him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone!
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe, in favour of a hobbling strain
Neat as exported from the parent brain,
And each and every couplet I have penn'd,
But little labour'd, and I never mend.

T. C.

1 In the original thus :—

"A mad'ning darkness reigns through all the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a hoary oak withdrawn," &c.

HOR. LIB. 1. OD. 19.[1]

YES! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,
I pour th' empassioned sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love,
That beams from Stella's eye.

[1] These translations from Horace were made by Chatterton, from Watson's literal version; a book which his friend Mr. Edward Gardner lent him for the express purpose.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

DE GLYCERA.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore puriùs;
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque,
Bimi cum paterâ meri,
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ.

HOR. *Lib.* 1. *Carm.* 19.

Watson's Translation is as follows:—

"OF GLYCERA.

"The cruel Queen of Love, and Bacchus, son of the The-

Oh, how divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells!
And on those features all the while,
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine—no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strains;
For aught but love the lyre's unstrung,
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise,
Let holy incense smoke:
And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet, gentle peace may still be mine,
This dreadful chain be broke!

ban Semele, assisted by licentious desires, conspire to rekindle in me the passion of love, which I thought had been quite extinguished. I am ravished with the beauty of Glycera, which far excels the finest Parian marble. I am struck with her agreeable humour and fine complexion, which cannot be looked on without manifest danger. Venus hath left Cyprus to reign in my heart, and will not permit me to sing of either the warlike Scythians, or of the Parthians, who fight so boldly while they are flying; or of any thing else, but what relates to her. Bring me then, boys, some green turf, vervain, incense, and a cup of two-year-old wine: when I have offered this goddess a sacrifice, she will be more mild and tractable.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 5 [1]

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?

[1] AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! miseri, quibus
Intentata nites! me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

HOR. LIB. I. CARM. 5.

"Who, Pyrrha, is this slender young gallant, perfumed with rich odours, that caresses you on a bed of roses in a pleasant grotto! For whom, pray, do you bind up your golden locks, genteely dressed, though plain? Poor unexperienced youth! how oft will he have cause to complain of

By zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep
In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

your treachery, and to lament his own hard fate! How will he stand amazed to see your smooth temper all on a sudden ruffled as the sea with stormy winds! he who now enjoys your charms without fear, and who, unacquainted with your coquette airs, fondly thinks you are solely his, and that you will always be the same. Thrice wretched they, who, strangers to your arts, are allured with your beauty. But as trophies of my narrow escape, I have, as I vowed, hung up my tablet, and dripping wet clothes in the temple of Neptune, that great ruler of the sea."—WATSON'S *Translation*, published in 1741.

The reader will be pleased to compare with Chatterton's version of the above, the same Ode rendered by Milton "almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit."

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern god of sea.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon th' extatic vision flies—
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth, oh, shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main!

ELEGY

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH.[1]

ASCEND, my muse, on sorrow's sable plume,
Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh;
With Laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
The blood-stain'd tomb where Smith and comfort lie.

[1] Happily mistaken, having since heard, from good authority, it is Peter.—CHATTERTON.

I loved him with a brother's ardent love,
Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear;
Though savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
Thy ready services repaid with hate;
By brother, father, sisters, all distrest,
They push'd thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous-breasted brutes in human form,
Have you not often boldly wish'd him dead?
He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
O may his crying blood be on your head!

THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

Lucy, since the knot was tied,
Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tenderness in thee
Must be happiness to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love;
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain;
All my painful labours fly,
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should ev'ry pleasure shower:

Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love;
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

SONGS.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SUNG BY MR. REINHOLD.

BACCHUS, ever smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!

Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreathe the ivy round the lyre.

THE INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY

MRS. BARTHELEMON AND MASTER CHENEY.

Away to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honour of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
The shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.
Away to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring, &c.

Away to the woodlands, away!
And join with the amorous train:
'Tis treason to labour to day,
Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.

With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honour of May.
Away, &c.

A BACCHANALIAN.

What is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul:
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine!

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.[1]

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In every thing complete;
But Hobbinol can dance divine,
Gods! how his manly beauties shine,
When jigging with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?
Why must I be confined to one?
Why can't I have them all?

[1] This song, together with the four preceding it, appear to have been supplied by Chatterton for the concerts held at the Marylebone Gardens. They were first printed in the same pamphlet with "The Revenge," fifteen or sixteen years after his death.

TO MRS. HEYWOOD, THE NOVELIST.[1]

I.

LET Sappho's name be heard no more,
Or Dido's fate by bards be sung,
When on the billow-beaten shore
The echo of Æneas rung.

II.

Love, the great ruler of the breast,
Proud and impatient to control,

[1] These lines are taken from a volume of Mrs. Heywood's Novels, formerly belonging to the circulating library of a Bristol stationer, and now in the possession of the Earl of Limerick. They appeared a few years since in one of the monthly magazines, but now for the first time make part of Chatterton's collected Works. The Authoress to whom they are addressed was not distinguished for the morality of her earlier works. She produced "The Court of Carimania," "The New Utopia," with others of a like kind. Pope branded her for them in the Dunciad:

> "See in the circle next, Eliza placed,
> Two babes of love close clinging to her waist," &c.

She afterwards appeared as a moralist, and produced "The Female Spectator," four vols., and numerous other works. She is represented as a woman of strict decorum and delicacy in her private character. She died in 1756. During the whole of Chatterton's life her works continued their great popularity. They are now entirely forgotten.

In every novel stands confest,
Waking to nature's scenes the soul.

III.

Heywood! thy genius was divine;
The softer passions own'd thy sway;
Thy easy prose, the flowing line,
Accomplishments supreme display.

IV.

Pope, son of envy and of fame,
Penn'd the invidious line in vain;
To blast thy literary name,
Exceeds the power of human strain.

V.

Ye gay, ye sensible, ye fair,
To what her genius wrote attend;
You'll find engaging morals there
To help the lover and the friend.

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.[1]

Had Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
  Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart
  At such soft tones had soothed itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains—
  Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm?
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
  The melting movements wound us as they charm.

TO MR. POWEL.[2]

What language, Powel! can thy merits tell,
By nature form'd in every path t' excel;
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will?

[1] From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.
[2] Ibid.

Loud as the howlings of the northern wind,
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—
Each melting heart must sympathize with thee.

Yet, though design'd in every walk to shine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;
Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

THE RESIGNATION.[1]

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

[1] James Montgomery, the author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," in a letter to Mr. Dix, alluded to by that gentleman in his life of Chatterton, says with reference to these verses that they "show at least some 'light from heaven' breathing through the darkness of his soul, which affected me so deeply, when as a young man I read them, that I re-

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the pow'r of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

sponded to them from the depth of my heart, with a sympathy which I endeavoured to express in one of my earlier poems."

The following are Mr. Montgomery's verses :—

"A dying swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains ;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale ;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale ;

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips ;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings 'midst the tempest of his mind
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel ! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire ?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre ?

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.[1]

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes; till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight."

[1] Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bless.—
YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my sun reveals.

CHATTERTON'S WILL.

1770.[1]

ALL this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N.B.—In a dispute concerning the character of

[1] It was the accidental sight of this Will which occasioned Mr. Lambert to part with Chatterton; when the latter, a few days after, set off for London.—Without this intimation, and attending to the *date*, the reader might suppose that the above was the will which Chatterton wrote immediately preceding his death. Dr. Gregory states, that he was informed on good authority, that this will "was occasioned by the refusal of a gentleman, whom he had complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money." The MS. in Chatterton's handwriting is preserved in the Library of the Bristol Institution.

David, Mr. ——— argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works. I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect any thing, endeavouring in the *foregoing Poems*[1] to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,
Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary?—A Crown.[2]
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.

[1] What poems are here meant is uncertain.

[2] The sum given to Chatterton by Mr. Burgum for his pedigree.

Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah ! thy merit's seldom understood ;
Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
Received to venerate as Gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee.
If ever obligated to thy purse,
Rowley discharges all—my first chief curse !
For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes ;
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.[1]

[1] Such was Chatterton's firmness of perseverance, that he seems to attest the originality of Rowley, even in the *Will* which he wrote before his projected suicide. This circumstance is much founded on by believers. To me it only affords an additional proof of the unconquerable and haughty perseverance of his character. I attach no implicit faith to dying declarations ; for upon points in which fame is implicated, the voice of the passions is heard even in the hour of death. I disclaim every application of the illustration which can be disrespectful to the memory of Chatterton ; but it is well known that criminals, whose crimes are not of a nature to meet public sympathy, often at their death endeavour, by a denial of guilt most satisfactorily proved, to avert the odium attached to their persons and memory. It may be thought that Chatterton would have better consulted his own fame by avowing these beautiful poems ; but the pride of every one is not sustained by the same nutriment. He probably deprecated the doubtful fame of an ingenious but detected impostor, and preferred the internal conscious-

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed
When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
When wildly squand'ring ev'ry thing I got,
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
Without security attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere;
Few keep an honorary promise here.
I thank thee, Barrett—thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordain'd by fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
Harris ere long, when reeking from the press,
My numbers make his self-importance less,
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
And drag my body to the triple way—
Poor superstitious mortals! wreak your hate
Upon my cold remains———

ness, that, by persisting in the deception he had commenced future ages might venerate the poems of Chatterton, under patronage of the fictitious Rowley.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.[1]

Item. If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

[1] Chatterton *was* insane,—better proof of this than the coroner's inquest is, that there was insanity in his family. (His sister, Mrs. Newton, was for some period confined in a mad-house.) His biographers were not informed of this important fact; and the editors of his collected works forbore to state it, because the collection was made for the benefit of his surviving relations, a sister and niece, in both of whom the disease had manifested itself.—SOUTHEY.

On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters :—

Vous qui par ici pasez
Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez
Le Cors di oi ici gist
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCX.[1]

On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters :—

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxoris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit x die mensis Novemb. MCCCCXV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON,
Subchaunter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[1] Whatever obsolete spelling or mistakes may be observed here, either in the French or the Latin, the reader is desired to consider as the author's, not the editor's.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power—to that Power alone is he now answerable.[1]

On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other:—

Atchievements: viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.—And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication:—To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

[1] This suitable portion of the inscription has been engraved on the monument recently erected to Chatterton's memory in Bristol.

Item. I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar,—likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub-Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but

I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself. Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obsti-

nately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any.—Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THOS. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death.—T. C.[1]

[1] Chatterton's Will appears to have been written a few days before he left Bristol to go to London; when in consequence, as it should seem, of his being refused a small sum of money by a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, he had taken a resolution of destroying himself the next day. What prevented him from carrying this design at that time into execution does not appear, but the whole writing on this occasion is worth attention, as it throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscriptions, not indeed grammatically, but sufficiently to answer the purpose to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing it also appears that he would not allow King David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his psalms, because *a great genius can affect any thing;* that is, *assume any character and mode of writing* he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems, but in so guarded a manner, that it is not easy to draw any certain information for or against their authenticity; though the parties on both sides have attempted it.

The address to Mr. Barrett does no less credit to his own feelings, than to that gentleman's treatment of him; and the apology that follows to the two Mr. Catcotts, for some effusions of his satire upon them, is the best recompense he then had in his power to make to those gentlemen, from whom he had experienced much civility and kindness.—DR. GREGORY.

SELECTIONS FROM CHATTERTON'S LETTERS.

London, April 26, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,—Here I am, safe, and in high spirits.—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and was agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing Friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast, I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-hoo complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him.—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose schoolboy son had a great deal of wit, as

the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time.*

Got into London about five o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design;—shall soon be settled.—Call upon Mr. Lambert; show him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home.—Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember. I remain, your dutiful Son,

T. CHATTERTON.

Shoreditch, London, May 6, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character

is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol! Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of taste; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant, man-of-war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet.—I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, your's, &c., T. CHATTERTON.

P. S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister, Thorne, &c.

FOR MR. T. CARY.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's Magazine. When you have any thing for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a

corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

Your friend, T. C.

Direct me, to be left at Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row.

MR. HENRY KATOR.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, shall find a place in some Magazine or other; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend, T. CHATTERTON.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, and it shall most certainly appear. Your friend, T. C.

MRS. BAKER.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymsdyk's address. (Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street.)

MR. MASON.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some Magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row. Your friend, T. CHATTERTON.

MR. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future. T. CHATTERTON.

Tell Mr. Thaire, Mr. Gaster, Mr. A. Broughton, Mr. J. Broughton, Mr. Williams, Mr. Rudhall, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Carty, Mr. Hanmer, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Ward, Mr. Kalo, Mr. Smith, &c., &c.—to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

King's Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

DEAR MADAM,—Don't be surprised at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly; Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident; his successors in the Freeholder's Magazine knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside; partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him; this I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he showed to a Doctor in Music, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!* Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis, my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copperplate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions; a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own! But to return once more to a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed

me; now I have that for my labour I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mentioned. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance, and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition.—My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, send them; and particularly Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the MS. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger.—My sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c., that I have almost forgot myself.—Cary will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it.—Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to send me her address.—London is not Bristol. —We may patrol the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal.—If she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her; may she be refused when she shall request! Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age; but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bed-fellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a

very bad way; that is, in a way to be married. But, mum—Ask Miss Sukey Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye. I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it.—Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody else; I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing lectures, I hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done.—Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without my consent. I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother. Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but for another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you. As to Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c., &c., they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here, matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any person in Bristol: one, in-

deed, has obliged me; but as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation.—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall; but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like; and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius; in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.—Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground.—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill.—My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in—I am Miss Webb's humble servant.—Thorne shall not be forgot when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garsed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

Monday evening. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmsley's, at Shoreditch—only.)

TO MR. T. CARY.

London, ——, 1770.

"Dear Arran! now prepare the smile,
Be friendly, read, and laugh awhile."

* * * * *

But by the Lord I have business of more importance than poetry.—As I wanted matter for a sheet in the 'Town and Country Magazine,' you will see this in print metamorphosed into high life.

You accuse me of partiality in my panegyric on Mr. Allen. Pardon me, my dear friend, but I believe there are very few in Bristol who know what music is. Broderip has no taste, at least no real taste. Step into Redcliff Church, look at the noble arches, observe the symmetry, the regularity of the whole; how amazing must that idea be which can comprehend at once all that magnificence of architecture; do not examine one particular beauty or dwell upon it minutely, take the astonishing whole into your empty pericranium, and then think what the architect of that pile was in building, Allen is in music. Step aside a little and turn your attention to the ornaments of a pillar of the chapel; you see minute carvings of minute designs, whose chief beauties are deformity or intricacy. Examine all the laborious sculpture; is there any part of it worth the trouble it must have cost the artist, yet how eagerly do children and fools gaze upon these littlenesses. If it is not too much trouble, take a walk to the College gate, view the labyrinths of knots which twist round that mutilated piece, trace the windings of one of the pillars, and tell me if you don't think a great genius lost in these minutiæ of ornaments. Broderip is a complete copy of these ornamental carvers; his genius runs parallel with theirs, and his

music is always disgraced with littlenesses, flowers, and flourishes. What a clash of harmony Allen dashes upon the soul. How prettily Broderip tickles their fancy by winding the same dull tune over again. How astonishingly great is Allen when playing an overture from Handel. How absurdly ridiculous is Broderip when blundering in, and new modelling the notes of that great genius; how emptily amusing when torturing and twisting airs which he has stolen from Italian operas. I am afraid, my dear friend, you do not understand the merit of a full piece; if you did, you would confess to me that Allen is the only organist you have in Bristol—but of this enough. If you have not music enough to enter into a dispute with me on the merits of Mr. Allen, engage one who has, to throw down the gauntlet, and I shall be ever ready to take it up.

A song of mine is a great favourite with the town, on account of the fulness of the music. It has much of Mr. Allen's manner in the air. You will see that and twenty more in print after the season is over. I yesterday heard several airs of my burletta sung to a harpsichord, horns, flutes, bassoons, hautboys, violins, &c., and will venture to pronounce, from the excellence of the music, that it will take with the town. Observe, I write in all the magazines. I am surprised you took no notice of the last London; in that, and the magazine coming out to-morrow, are the only two pieces I have the vanity to call poetry. Mind the Political Register, I am very intimately acquainted with the editor, who is also editor of another publication. You will find not a little of mine in the 'London Museum,' and 'Town and Country.'

The printers of the daily publications are all fright-

ened out of their patriotism, and will take nothing unless 'tis moderate or ministerial. I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight, all must be ministerial or entertaining.

I remain, yours, &c., T. CHATTERTON.

Tom's Coffee-House, May 30, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,—There is such a noise of business and politics in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress; I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord, (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches; I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis; this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be £50 per annum. I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium; and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage; I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous History of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript

Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of £5,000. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King; but it will be a piece of news to inform you, that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret. —But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleasant sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile me to anything out of the Gothic. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon; multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse.—I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortunes of Mrs. Carty; my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully; keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the advice of

an old woman; whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain; and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the headache is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redclift, to procure a more complete view of Redclift church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher; if I am in love I am; though the devil take me if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she reveres; 'If you had not ploughed with my heifer,' (or bullock rather,) 'you had not found out my riddle.' Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author inquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name but no pelf:

Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself.
Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with the appearance of it. To return to private affairs.—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy; when it is in my power to make them so, it shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb and Miss Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c., to the end of the chapter,
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. I am this moment pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a hackney coach.—I am quite in love; if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

June 19, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,—I have an horrid cold.—The rela-

tion of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning,) I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night; when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite song. The hum drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized.—"I put my hand into a bush; I prick'd my finger to the bone; I saw a ship sailing along; I thought the sweetest flowers to find;" and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray. I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash, resolved to be satisfied, whether or not it was the identical Miss Hill, *in propria persona.* But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread baker for that, you know,) that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it her's. —There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

[*This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.*]

* * * * the morning) from Marylebone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court. There was one simil-

itude it would be injustice to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells souse mackerel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all two-penny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three half-pence the piece; this itinerant merchant, this movable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for a while, and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half-a-dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep; this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

'Says Plato, who oy oy oy should men be vain?'

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of sour sauce served up in it; for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat; but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

June 29, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.

DEAR MOTHER,—I send you in the box, six cups and saucers with two basins for my sister. If a china teapot and creampot, is in your opinion, necessary, I will send them; but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use. A cargo of patterns for yourself, with a snuffbox, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the silver one is more grave than the other, which would suit my sister best. But that I leave to you both.—Some British herb snuff, in the box; be careful how you open it. (This I omit lest

it injure the other matters.)—Some British herb tobacco for my grandmother; some trifles for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify that I remember you.

Your's, T. CHATTERTON.

July 8, 1770.

N. B.—I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas.

I could have wished you had sent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twisted pipes for my grandmother; but both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box; and being loose, injure the china. Have you heard any thing further of the clearance?

Direct for me at Mrs. Angel's, sackmaker, Brook-street, Holborn.

Mrs. Chatterton.

DEAR SISTER,—I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold. I went into the shop to buy it; but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants my wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c.

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly; when

the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines:

" Gospel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz:
Maria Friendless,
False Step,
Hunter of Oddities,
To Miss Bush, &c.
Court and City. London. Political Register, &c.

The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying.—I remain, your's,

July 11, 1770. T. CHATTERTON.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere; and, could I humble myself to go into a comptor, could have had twenty places before now;—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose.

20*th July*, 1770. Your's, T. C.

TO MR. G. CATCOTT.

London, August 12, 1770.

SIR,—A correspondent from Bristol had raised my admiration to the highest pitch by informing me, that

an appearance of spirit and generosity had crept into the niches of avarice and meanness;—that the murderer of Newton (Ferguson) had met with every encouragement that ignorance could bestow; that an episcopal palace was to be erected for the enemy of the Whore of Babylon, and the present turned into a stable for his ten-headed beast—that a spire was to be patched to St. Mary Redcliffe, and the streets kept cleaner, with many other impossibilities; but when Mr. Catcott (the *Champion* of Bristol) doubts it, it may be doubted. Your description of the intended steeple struck me. I have seen it, but not as the invention of Mr. ——. All that he can boast is Gothicizing it. Give yourself the trouble to send to Weobley's, Holborn, for a View of the Church of St. Mary de la Annunciation, at Madrid, and you will see a spire almost the parallel of what you describe. The conduct of —— is no more than what I expected; I had received information that he was absolutely engaged in the defence of the Ministry, and had a pamphlet on the stocks, which was to have been paid with a translation. In consequence of this information I inserted the following paragraph in one of my exhibitions:

'Revelation Unravelled by —.

'The Ministry are indefatigable in establishing themselves; they spare no expense, so long as the expense does not lie upon *them*. This piece represents the tools of Administration offering the Doctor a pension, or translation, to new model his Treatise on the Revelations, and to prove Wilkes to be an Atheist.'

The editor of Baddeley's Bath Journal has done me the honour to murder most of my hieroglyphics, that they may be abbreviated for his paper. Whatever

may be the political sentiments of your inferior clergy, their superiors are all flamingly Ministerial. Should your scheme for a single row of houses in Bridge-street take place, conscience must tell you, that Bristol will owe even that beauty to avarice; since the absolute impossibility of finding tenants for a double row is the only occasion of your having but one. The Gothic dome I mentioned was not designed by Hogarth. I have no great opinion of him out of his ludicrous walk—there he was undoubtedly inimitable. It was designed by the great Cipriani. The following description may give you a faint idea of it. From an hexagonal spiral tower (such I believe Redcliffe is) rose a similar palisado of Gothic pillars, three in a cluster on every angle, but single and at equal distance in angular spaces. The pillars were trifoliated (*as Rowlie terms it*) and supported by a majestic oval dome, not absolutely circular, (that would not be Gothic,) but terminating in a point, surmounted with a cross, and on the top of the cross a globe. The two last ornaments may perhaps throw you into a fit of religious reflection, and give rise to many pious reflections. Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity! I request them not, for I am no Christian. Angels are, according to the orthodox doctrine, creatures of the epicene gender, like the Temple beaux * * *.

I intend going abroad as a *surgeon*. Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his* giving me a physical character. I hope he will. I trouble you with a copy of an Essay I intend publishing.

I remain, your much obliged humble Servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Direct to me at Mrs. Angel's, sackmaker, Brook street, Holborn.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOLUME II.

HISTORY

OF THE

ROWLEY CONTROVERSY.

It will be requisite, before we commence our account of the Rowley Controversy, briefly to recapitulate the different notices relative to the discovery of the manuscripts which have appeared in various parts of our memoir.

The Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe[1] was erected in the year 1470, by William Cannynge, an opulent merchant of Bristol. An iron chest was placed in a muniment room over the northern portico, designed to receive instruments, inventories, and the parish accounts. It was ordered by the Founders that this chest should be annually inspected by the Mayor and the members of the

[1] The lovers of old English architecture will experience no ordinary gratification, on learning that the clusters of miserable tenements, with the dilapidated premises by which the northeast portion of St. Mary Redcliff has for centuries been excluded from public view, are now in the course of demolition.—*Bristol Mirror*, March 12, 1842.

Corporation; and that a feast should be held, after the inspection was concluded. This order was soon disregarded.

When the new bridge at Bristol was finished, in the year 1768, there appeared in one of the Bristol journals an account of the ceremonial which was observed when the old bridge was opened to the public, purporting to be transcribed from an ancient MS. Curiosity was excited; an inquiry was instituted; and the result was the discovery that the letter had been forwarded by a youth of the name of Chatterton, whose father had been for many years a sexton in the Church of St. Mary of Redcliffe, and master of a writing-school in that parish. The father, however, was dead, and no threats or persuasions could, at first, induce the son to acknowledge by what means the original memoir had come into his possession. After much altercation, he asserted that he had received this manuscript, with many others, from his father, who found them in the iron chest which we have already mentioned.

It is said that Chatterton, the sexton, was permitted by the church-wardens to take from the chest several pieces of parchment, for the purpose of covering the writing-books of his scholars. The value of these despised manuscripts was immense, and the parish pedagogue, who had some pretensions to refinement of taste, discovered amongst them a vast number of poems, of which the greater

part were composed by Thomas Rowlie, priest of St. John's Church, in Bristol, and the confessor of Alderman Cannynge. These were laid by with care, and after the death of the accomplished sexton, became the property of his son.

The son, it is stated, perceived the importance of these poems, and transcribed them. Some of them he sold to Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, the former a merchant, the latter a surgeon, of Bristol. Most of these were transcripts; what few parchments there were have since been deposited in the British Museum. Chatterton was often questioned as to the source from which he derived the originals: but no satisfactory or definite answer could be elicited. In process of time the Rowley poems were given to the world. The army of literary men was dazzled, perplexed, and divided. One phalanx considered them to be a fabrication of Chatterton; another was positive that none but Rowley was the author of the poems which bore his name. The contention grew sharp—the combatants were drawn up in hostile array—and the Rowley war commenced in earnest.

It is not our intention to give the whole of the arguments which were brought forward by either party, for this essay would then be enlarged beyond all reasonable dimensions. It will be sufficient for our purpose to give a list of the principal champions of the identity of Rowley, and his claims to the authorship of the poems to which

he has stood godfather, and of the impugners of that identity and of those pretensions.

First and foremost, Horace Walpole,[1] the author of Otranto, and lord of Strawberry-Hill, rushed into the fight. He struggled manfully, in his "Vindication," to prove that the Bristol Boy, whom he had insulted and whistled down the wind a prey to fortune, was the real creator of the poetry of Rowley. Horace Walpole was a gentleman and a lord, and he never forgets to maintain the artificial polish of the one—cold as the reflection of the sun on ice—nor to demonstrate his consciousness of the dignity of the other.

"You seem more interested for the honour of Chatterton's abilities, than sedulous to prove that he and Rowley, if such a poet as the latter ever existed, were animated by so congenial a spirit, that the compositions of the one can hardly—very hardly—be discriminated from the other. You give us many specimens of prose and poetry, which you maintain were indubitably Chatterton's. If they were, the wit of man can assign no reason why the rest, ascribed to Rowley, should not have been coined in the same mint. The same soul animates all, and the limbs that would remain to Rowley would, indeed, be *disjecta membra poetæ*. Rowley would not only have written with a spirit, by many centuries, posterior to that of his age,

[1] Not first in point of time, but first from his position, and from his influence over the destinies of Chatterton.

but his mantle, escaping the hands of all his contemporaries and successors, must have been preserved, notwithstanding the worse for time, and reserved to invest Chatterton from head to foot. I, who rather smile at the importance bestowed on this fantastic controversy, assure you, that as I was originally an actor in this interlude without my consent, so am I a spectator most indifferent how it shall terminate."

Next to the aristocrat comes the priest, Milles, dean of Exeter and president of the Antiquarian Society—O heavens! what a president!—appeared before the public as the champion of Rowley, with a splendid royal quarto edition of his poems, and comment upon comment, and dissertation upon dissertation, and notes on the complexion of parchment and the color of ink, and information from friends, and reminiscences of contemporaries, and pedigrees from the herald's office, and armorial bearings, and inquisitions and registers, and indentures, and epitaphs, and tomb-stones and brass-plates, made the eyes ache and the head swim, and obliged the reader to be convinced against his will. Never was such a clamour, such confusion worse confounded, such a heterogeneous intertanglement of ingenious arguments, based on the ground of self-delusion and distorted probability. One sentence will show how the Dean could furnish himself with a keen weapon, and cut the throat of his reasoning with it. Speaking of

the "Death of Syr Charles Bawdin," he affirms, "a greater variety of internal proofs may be produced for its authenticity, than for that of any other piece in the whole collection." Unfortunate assertion! Chatterton, it is a known and incontrovertible fact, *did* write the "Death of Syr Charles Bawdin;" so that it must be admitted, that, if he wrote that poem, which contains stronger proofs of its antique origin than any other in the collection, he was the author of the whole of the Rowley poems!

Of all the vindicators of Rowley, the most amusing, the most laboriously trifling, is Dr. Sherwin. To relieve the heaviness of the present essay, we shall give a few specimens of the glossarial observations of the erudite Doctor, extracted from his "Introduction to an Examination of the Rowleian Controversy." He asserts that the *evening* means the equalizing or rendering day and night as to light *even*, or equal; that the eaves of a house take their name from the exactness of the line; that *kers*, a water-cress, means a *cures;* that *lane* implies a path so narrow as to render it necessary for passengers to go *alane;* that a barbde hall and a barbde horse were so called, for the same reason that the defensive parapet was called barbican—what this reason was, he omits to inform us; that *hancel* differs only in one letter from *cancel*, which it will be easy to show is radically the same; for as mibri was written mihi, and nihil nichil, it fol-

lows, therefore, that hancelled, cancelled, chancelled, convey literally and identically the same meaning; and, lastly, that *Pentland* Frith is a corruption of *peincteland*, as that is synonymous with pict-land, *i. e.* pinch'd, pink't, pick't, pict, *Anglice* painted land.

Leaving Dr. Sherwin and his "curious felicity" of words, we next meet with the name of Chalmers, an Anti-Rowleyan, whose depreciating and puritanical Life of Chatterton has so righteously drawn down the severe castigation of the present Laureate. Scott and Southey himself are also to be included in the same ranks, and their illustrious names will probably carry conviction to the minds of those readers who are unable or unwilling to decide the question themselves. Stevens and Malone and Pinkerton, Jamieson and Herbert Croft, the author of "Love and Madness," have all drawn the sword for Chatterton, and wielded it with skill, energy, and effect.

Of all the vindicators of the reality of Rowley, none is more learned than Jacob Bryant; and so ably is his argument conducted, and so perfect a mastery of the subject does he exhibit, that it would not excite the least wonder in us, if the reader, after a perusal of his laborious work, were to side with the intrepid denier of the existence of Troy, and the bold asserter of the ancient origin of the Rowley poems, provided that he came to the investigation for the first time, and

had not read the arguments with which Bryant has been confuted.

Our controversialist reasons in this manner. He asserts that the diction of Rowley is provincial, and after adducing many examples to support his affirmation, he remarks: "The transcriber has given some notes, in order to explain words of this nature. But he is often very unfortunate in his solutions. He mistakes the sense grossly; and the words have often far more force and significance than he is aware of. This could not have been the case if he had been the author. His blunders would not have turned out to his advantage; nor could there have been more sense in the lines than in the head which conceived them. In short, chance could never have so contrived that the poetry should be better than the purpose."

After a few more remarks on the dialects of the English language, and some observations on Chatterton's ignorance of French, Latin, and Greek, whence he deduces the impossibility of his making such an "exotic collection" of words, Bryant proceeds:

"I lay it down for a fixed principle, that if a person transmits to me a learned and excellent composition, and does not understand the context, he cannot be the author.

"I lay it down for a certainty, if a person in any such composition has, in transcribing, varied any of the terms through ignorance, and the true

reading appears from the context, that he cannot have been the author. If, as the ancient Vicar is said to have done in respect to a portion of the Gospel, he, for *sumpsimus*, reads uniformly *mumpsimus*, he never composed the treatise in which he is so grossly mistaken. If a person, in his notes upon a poem, mistakes *Liber* Bacchus, for *liber* a book; and when he meets with *liber* a book, he interprets it *liber* free, he certainly did not compose the poem where those terms occur: he had not parts nor learning to effect it. In short, every writer must know his own meaning; and if any person, by his glossary or any other explanation, shows that he could not arrive at such meaning, he affords convincing proof that the original was by another hand. This ignorance will be found in Chatterton; and many mistakes in consequence of it will be seen,—of which mistakes and ignorance I will lay before the reader many examples. When these have been ascertained, let the reader judge whether this inexperienced and unlettered boy could have been the author of the poems in question."

Mr. Bryant, in accordance with this intimation, has favoured the world with a treatise of six hundred pages, containing instances of Chatterton's inaccuracy, with his own corrections and improvements, and occasional recurrences to his first positions, and clever and forensic vindications of those positions. There is a great deal of historical, topo-

graphical, and critical information; a vast amount of antiquarian lore and erudite research; a strange display of patience and partiality; and a fixed determination never to believe in the genius of Chatterton, and always to maintain the claims of the imaginary Rowley. We will subjoin one instance of what Mr. Bryant terms the misconceptions of Chatterton, with Mr. Malone's explanation.

"In the song to Ælla, which was given to Mr. Barrett in Chatterton's handwriting, two lines are found to be expressed in the following manner:—

Orr seest the hatchedd stede
Ifrayninge o'er the mede.

But when the original parchment, which was brought the next day, had been cleaned and examined more accurately, the true reading was found to be, not *ifrayninge*, but *yprauncynge*; which makes, in respect to sense, a material difference."

This is Mr. Bryant's account of the matter. Mr. Malone draws a very different deduction from the variation on which he lays so much stress.

"In one copy of the 'Songe to Ælla,' which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett, these lines were found:—

Or seest the hatched steed
Ifrayning o'er the meed.

Being called upon for the original, he the next

day produced a parchment containing the same poem, in which he had written *ypraunc*ing, instead of *ifrayning;* but by some artifice, he had obscured the MS. so much, to give it an ancient appearance, that Mr. Barrett could not make out the word without the use of galls. What follows from all this, but that Chatterton found, on examination, that there was no such word as *ifrayning*, and that he substituted another in its place? In the same poem he at one time wrote 'locks,' 'burlie,' 'brasting,' and 'kennest;' at another, 'hairs,' 'valiant,' 'bursting,' and 'hearest.' Variations of this kind he could have produced without end. What he called originals, indeed, were probably in general more perfect than what he called copies; because the former were always produced after the other, and were, in truth, nothing more than second editions of the same pieces."

Malone was a most vigorous and acute reasoner, and is deservedly ranked among the first controversialists on the Chatterton side of the question. He thus deals with the "fixed principles" of the asserter of the authenticity of Rowley's poems:—

"I cannot dismiss Mr. Bryant without taking notice of a position which he has laid down, and which is, indeed, the basis of almost all the arguments that he has urged to prove the authenticity of the Bristol MS. It is this—that as every author must know his own meaning, and as Chatterton has sometimes given wrong interpretations of words

that are found in the poems attributed to Rowley, he could not be the author of those poems."

"If Chatterton had originally written these poems in the form in which they now appear, this argument might, in a doubtful question, have some weight; but, although I have as high an opinion of his abilities as perhaps any person whatsoever, and do, indeed, believe him to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare, I am not ready to acknowledge that he was endued with any miraculous powers.

"Devoted as he was, from his infancy, to the study of antiquities, he could not have been so conversant with ancient language, or have had all the words necessary to be used so present to his mind, as to write antiquated poetry of any considerable length off-hand. He, without doubt, wrote his verses in plain English, and afterwards embroidered them with such old words as would suit the sense and metre. With these he furnished himself, sometimes probably from memory, and sometimes from glossaries; and annexed such interpretations as he found or made. When he could not readily find a word that would suit his metre, he invented one. If, then, his old words afford some sense, and yet are sometimes interpreted wrong, nothing more follows than that his glossaries were imperfect, or his knowledge inaccurate; still, however, he might have had a con-

fused, though not a complete idea of their import. If, as the commentator asserts, the words that he has explained, not only suit the places in which they stand, but are often more apposite than he imagined, and have a latent and significant meaning that never occurred to him, this will only show that a man's book is sometimes wiser than himself; a truth of which we have every day so many striking instances, that it was sarcely necessary for this learned antiquarian to have exhibited a new proof of it.

"Let it be considered, too, that the glossary and the text were not always written at the same time; that Chatterton might not always remember the precise sense in which he had used antiquated words; and, from a confused recollection, or from the want of the very same books that he had consulted while he was writing his poems, might add sometimes a false, and sometimes an imperfect interpretation. This is not a mere hypothesis,—for in one instance he knew that the comment was written at some interval of time after the text. The glossary of the poem, entitled 'The English Metamorphosis,' was written down by Chatterton extemporally, without the assistance of any book, at the desire, and in the presence, of Mr. Barrett."

Mr. Malone thus satisfactorily accounts for the inconsistency of Chatterton's interpretations, and for the misapprehension under which it must be

admitted that Mr. Bryant has very convincingly demonstrated that the young poet laboured. Whether his misconceptions really originated in the precise sources which Mr. Malone indicates, is foreign to the argument, and no way affects the correctness of his logic. He was not obliged to show how they *did* arise, but only how they *might* have arisen. It was enough for him to account for the existence of error, without tracing the mode and processes of its existence.

If it be conceded that the positions which the stout old skeptic laid down at the commencement of his work are fairly shown to be untenable, the reader will not find any difficulty in refuting the arguments which are adduced in the remainder of his volume, grounded on Chatterton's incapacity and ignorance, and on the fact that there are *some* verses, or scraps of verses, to be found in ancient poetry equally melodious with the tragedy of Ælla, or the Battle of Hastings. When we add that, to establish the antiquity of the versification of Rowley, and to prove that the appearance of novelty which it exhibits is no argument against that antiquity, the critic cites two passages from the poems of Spenser, one of which is harsh and feeble, the other musical and nervous, the reader will not entertain a very high character of the candour or the poetical judgment of this celebrated controversialist.

The last of the combatants engaged in the

Chattertonian war, whom we shall mention, is Thomas Warton, the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. In the twenty-sixth section of his "History of English Poetry," he has furnished us with a complete analysis of the Rowley Poems, and perhaps a more judicious method of conducting the argument could not have been adopted. He supports his view of the question by demonstrating that the writing of the parchment which contained the Ode to Ælla, the Epistle to Lydgate, with his Answer, was, in the opinion of an ingenious critic and an intelligent antiquary, a gross and palpable forgery; that the form of the letters in the parchment differed very essentially from every one of our earlier alphabets; that the characters wanted consistency and uniformity; that the appearance of antiquity had been attempted by the application of ochre, which was easily rubbed off with a linen cloth; that the original manuscript, containing the Accounte of W. Cannynge's Feast, is totally unlike the three or four authentic manuscripts of the time of Edward the Fourth, with which it was compared; and that the style and drawing of the armorial bearings depicted in it discover the hand of a modern herald. This is an analysis of his external argument.

The internal evidences of the fabrication of the Poems are, an unnatural affectation of ancient spelling and of obsolete words not belonging to

the period assigned them; combinations of old words which never existed in the unpolished state of the English language;[1] an artificial misapplication of antiquated diction; and the poet's forgetfulness of his assumed character, displayed in the perspicuity and freedom from uncouth expressions which not unfrequently characterize his productions.

Among the internal evidences he numbers many anachronisms. In the Battle of Hastings, Turgot has anticipated every conjecture of the moderns as regards the origin of Stonehenge. It is called by him a Druidical temple; whereas the established and uniform opinion of the Welsh and Armorican bards, and of the historians and chroniclers through successive ages, indicates that it was erected in memory of Hengist's massacre.

[1] No person acquainted with the rudiments of the history of our language could for a moment be deceived by the pretended obsolete diction of the Rowley poems, which, so far from being good Bristol English of the 15th century, is a heterogeneous jargon of no age or locality whatever. To the reader of our day, it is almost incomprehensible that the authenticity of these forgeries should have been thought to require so anxious and learned a refutation. An easy and sufficient demonstration of the point might have been found in one simple fact. The word *yttes* (its) is constantly employed in the Rowley poems, as the genitive of the neuter pronoun (see pp. 27, 34, 57, 62, &c.); but it is now well known that this very irregular formation did not make its appearance in English, until more than a century after the epoch of "dygne Mastre Canynge." C.

In the Epistle to Lydgate, the impropriety of religious dramas is condemned, and some great story of human manners is recommended as most suitable for theatrical representation; but when we reflect that this opinion would have exposed the writer to the censures of the Church, and that it was not till the lapse of another century, that the true philosophy of the drama was understood in the lowest degree in this country, we are constrained to acknowledge that this could not be the doctrine inculcated by a priest in the reign of the Fourth Edward.

Warton next adduces the inequality so conspicuous in the productions of our old writers, but without its counterpart in the Rowley Poems, as an additional proof of their modern origin. In the former, splendid descriptions, poetical imagery and ornamental comparisons occur but rarely; while the latter are, throughout, poetical and animated. Our old English bards abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, and ridiculous absurdities; but Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, institutions, customs, and characters. The anachronisms in the Battle of Hastings are such as no old poet could possible have fallen into, and betray an unskilful imitation of ancient manners. The verses of Lydgate and his immediate successors are often rugged and unmusical; but Rowley's poetry sustains one uniform tone of har-

mony; and if we brush away the asperities of the antiquated spelling, conveys its cultivated imagery in a polished and agreeable strain of versification. In conclusion, Warton gives it as his opinion that the real author of these poems was Chatterton: he supports this opinion by the merit of his acknowledged compositions; by the testimony of those who were acquainted with his conversation; by the vast acquisitions of knowledge which he had attained; and by the possession of that comprehensiveness of mind, and activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation in life, and his opportunities of instruction; by his propensity to literary forgery; by his predilection for the study of antiquities; and by his enterprising and ambitious character; and the necessity which constrained him to subsist by expedients.

Such is the acute and simple reasoning of the Oxford Professor. To the writer of this essay it seems unanswerable. It is based not on probabilities, or arguments drawn from incidental verisimilitudes, but on the eternal and indestructible principles of poetical thought and composition; on analogy, on experiment, on comparison.

We have endeavoured to furnish the reader with a brief but comprehensive account of this celebrated controversy. It would have been easy to analyze the whole works of the different controversialists on each side of the question: but as in that case we must have added at least another

volume to the edition of Chatterton's poems now given to the world, we concluded that it would be the more advisable course to draw up a short account of the principal asserters of the ancient origin of the Rowley Poems, with the answers which have been returned by those who believe in the genius and acquirements of the marvellous Boy of Bristol.

ROWLEY POEMS.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE person here celebrated, under the name of Syr Charles Bawdin, was probably Sir Baldewyn Fulford, Knt., a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of attainder, 1 Edward IV., but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c., within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle published by Hearne at the end of Sprotti Chronica, p. 289, says only, "(1 Edward IV.) was taken Sir Baldewine Fulford and behedid at Bristow." But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edward IV., for the restitution in blood and estate of Thomas Fulford, Knt., eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt., Rot. Pat. 8 Edward IV., p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edward IV., goes on thus: "And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe, in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex, William Hastyngs, of Hastyngs, Knt., Richard Chock, William Canyng, Maire of the said towne of Bristowe, and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe, to here and determine all treesons, &c., doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September, the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers tresons by him doon ayenst your Highness," &c. If the commission sat soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time

of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416) by the south coast in the west, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed, there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's Church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from the original book.

"Item for washynge the church payven ageyns } iiijd.
Kynge Edward 4th is comynge . . } ob.

—SOUTHEY'S *Chatterton*, ii. 85.

I.

The feathered songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

II.

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lygthe eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

III.

"Thou'rt righte," quod hee, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To daie shall surelie die."

IV.

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

V.

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

VI.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

VII.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydings I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

VIII.

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkin flye,
Hee hathe uponne hys honnour sworne,
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

IX.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles,
"Of thatte I'm not affearde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd;

X.

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

XI.

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynn reddyness
For goode Syr Charles's fate.

XII.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

XIII.

Thenne quod the kynge, "youre tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

XIV.

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' mayhap hee has donne wronge,
Hee thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

XV.

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to daie."

XVI.

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile."
The kynge ynne furie sayde;
Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde;

XVII.

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

XVIII.

"My nobile leige," goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

XIX.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

XX.

"Lette mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

XXI.

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

XXII.

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Intreate my clemencye?"

XXIII.

"Mie nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Altho' ynne enemies."

XXIV.

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n
Thatt dydd mee being gyve,
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

XXV.

"Bie Marie, and alle Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste;"
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

XXVI.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

XXVII.

"Wee alle must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

XXVIII.

"Saye, why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runns overr att thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou doste child-lyke crye?"

XXIX.

Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

XXX.

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytor kynge.

XXXI.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

XXXII.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge
Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?

XXXIII.

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

XXXIV.

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

XXXV.

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromme my herte flie childyshe feere,
Bee alle the manne display'd.

XXXVI.

"Ah! goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

XXXVII.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

XXXVIII.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

XXXIX.

"I make ne doubte butt hee ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe:

XL.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromme the ryghte:

XLI.

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lette mye servants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

XLII.

"And none can saye butt alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Ech' nyghte before I slept.[1]

[1] If we look to the ballad of Sir Charles Bawdin, and translate it into modern English, we shall find its strength and interest to have no dependence on obsolete words. In the striking passage of the martyr Bawdin standing erect in his car to rebuke Edward who beheld him from the window, when

XLIII.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

XLIV.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromme fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

XLV.

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shalle ne see thye dethe;
Moste willinglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"The tyrant's soul rushed to his face,"

and when he exclaimed,

"Behold the man! he speaks the truth,
He 's greater than a king;"

in these, and all the striking parts of the ballad, no effect is owing to mock antiquity, but to the simple and high conception of a great and just character, who

"Summ'd the actions of the day,
Each night before he slept."

What a moral portraiture from the hand of a boy! — CAMPBELL.

XLVI.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

XLVII.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

XLVIII.

"Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytor's pow'r,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

XLIX.

"Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

L.

"Yett ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

LI.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

LII.

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

LIII.

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys world of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

LIV.

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses' feete
A prauncing onne the grounde:

LV.

And just before the officers
His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

LVI.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde, thatt ev'ry Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

LVII.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
Wythe thee, sweete dame, to staie.

LVIII.

"'Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

LIX.

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys welle nyghe broke:

LX.

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe!
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

LXI.

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Whoe turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus to her dydd saie:

LXII.

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

LXIII.

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
Thatt I theyre fader runne:
Florence! shou'd dethe thee take — adieu!
Yee officers, leade onne."

LXIV.

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"—
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

LXV.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loud,
Shee fellen onne the flore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromme oute the dore.

LXVI.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
Lookes, thatt enshone ne more concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

LXVII.

Before hym went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

LXVIII.

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

LXIX.

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

LXX.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henrie's friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

LXXI.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

LXXII.

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

LXXIII.

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

LXXIV.

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt

LXXV.

And after them, a multitude
Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

LXXVI.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

LXXVII.

At the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat
The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

LXXVIII.

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe
And thus hys wordes declare:

LXXIX.

"Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie;
Butt bee assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

LXXX.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

LXXXI.

" Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie ;
I have beene dede 'till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe ;

LXXXII.

" Whylst thou, perhapps, for som few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande :

LXXXIII.

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !
Shall falle onne thye owne hedde "—
Fromme out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

LXXXIV.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

LXXXV.

" To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge ! "

LXXXVI.

"Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

LXXXVII.

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

LXXXVIII.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

LXXXIX.

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

XC.

"As long as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

XCI.

" You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitye ;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

XCII.

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

XCIII.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde
Most seemlie onne the blocke ;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke ;

XCIV.

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne ;
And teares, enowe to washe't awaie,
Dydd flow fromme each mann's eyne.

XCV.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte ;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

XCVI.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure;

XCVII.

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

XCVIII.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

ÆLLA,

A

TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,

OR

DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,

WROTENN BIE

THOMAS ROWLEIE;

PLAIEDD BEFORE

MASTRE CANYNGE,

ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTE THE RODDE LODGE;

ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK,

JOHAN HOWARD.

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

I.

'Tys songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent tym,
Whan Reasonn hylt herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,
The preeste delyvered alle the lege yn rhym;
Lyche peyncted tyltynge-speares to please the syghte,
The whych yn yttes felle use doe make moke dere,
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deftlie delyghte the eare.

II.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtues gare rhym mote bee thenne,
Butte efte nowe flyeth to the odher syde;
In hallie preeste apperes the ribaudes penne,
Inne lithie moncke apperes the barronnes pryde:
But rhym wythe somme, as nedere widhout teethe,
Make pleasaunce to the sense, botte maie do lytte scathe.

III.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore,
Kenns Latyn att fyrst syghte from Frenche or Greke;
Pyghtethe hys knowlachynge ten yeres or more,
To rynge upon the Latynne worde to speke.
Whoever spekethe the Englysch ys despysed,
The Englysch hym to please moste fiyrste be latynized.

IV.

Vevyan a moncke, a good requiem synges;
Can preache so wele, eche hynde hys meneynge knowes;
Albeytte these gode guyfts awaie he flynges,
Beeynge as badde yn vearse as goode yn prose.
Hee synges of seynctes who dyed for yer Godde,
Everych wynter nyghte afresche he sheddes theyr blodde.

V.

To maydens, huswyfes, and unlored dames,
Hee redes hys tales of merryment and woe.
Loughe loudlie dynneth from the dolte adrames;
He swelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes hem soe,
Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,
At merrie yaped fage somme hard-drayned water brynge.

VI.

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beyinde hys lynes.
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware,
Wordes wythoute sense full groffyngelye he twynes,
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;
Waytes[1] mouthes on nothynge, and hys storie donne,
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf you neere begonne.

VII.

Enowe of odhers; of mieselfe to write,
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possess,
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte
Wyll make mie faultes, mie meynte of faultes, be less.
Ælla wythe thys I sende, and hope that you
Wylle from ytte cast awaie, whatte lynes maie be untrue.

VIII.

Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete;
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;
Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jesus treate,

[1] Qu. 'waystes?'

In mie pore mynde, we do the Godhedde wronge.
Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie mote ne heare,
Bee placed yn the same. Adieu untylle anere.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.[1]

I.

STRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of oures,
Nete butte a bare recytalle can hav place;
Nowe shapelie poesie hath loste yttes powers,
And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;
Heie pycke up wolsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers,
And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;
Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate,
Whylste prose, and herehaughtrie, ryse yn estate.

[1] There can be no doubt concerning the existence of Master Canynge, since it is attested by such a number of contemporary historians, and his remains lie interred in the church of which he was the founder. He was the younger son of a citizen of Bristol, and in his youth afforded early prognostics of wisdom and ability. He was a handsome person, and married for love without a fortune. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and in the year 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed for treason, Canynge pleaded for him in vain. Among the proofs of his munificence there still exist an almshouse or hospital, with a chapel, and the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol.—DR. GREGORY.

II.

Lette kynges, and rulers, whan heie gayne a
throne,
Shew whatt theyre grandsieres, and great grand-
sieres bore,
Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre
owne,
Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before:
Lette trades, and toune folck, lett syke thynges
alone,
Ne fyghte for sable yn a fielde of aure;
Seldomm, or never, are armes vyrtues mede,
Shee nillynge to take myckle aie dothe hede.

III.

A man ascaunse uponn a piece maye looke,
And shake hys hedde to styre hys rede aboute;
Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,
Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wyth-
oute;
Eke, gyf unto a view percase I tooke
The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,
Asserius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,
Thorow hem al nete lyche ytte I coulde rede.—

IV.

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes, gyff I saie, onwise
Yee are to stycke so close and bysmarelie
To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,

Whyche amenused thoughtes of poesie;
Somme drybblette share you shoulde to yatte alyse,
Nott makynge everyche thynge bee hystorie;
Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,
You onn a rouncy dryve ynn dolefull course.

V.

Canynge and I from common course dyssente;
Wee ryde the stede, botte yev to hym the reene;
Ne wylle betweene crased molterynge bookes bepente,
Botte soare on hyghe, and yn the sonne-bemes sheene;
And where wee kenn somme ishad floures besprente,
We take ytte, and from oulde rouste doe ytte clene;
Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one pasture bee,
Botte sometymes soare 'bove trouthe of hystorie.

VI.

Saie, Canynge, whatt was vearse yn daies of yore?
Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie bewryen,
Notte syke as doe annoie thys age so sore,
A keppened poyntelle restynge at eche lyne.
Vearse maie be goode, botte poesie wantes more,
An onlist lecturn, and a songe adygne;
Accordynge to the rule I have thys wroughte,
Gyff ytt please Canynge, I care notte a groate.

VII.

The thynge ytts moste bee yttes owne defense;
Som metre maie notte please a womannes ear.
Canynge lookes notte for poesie, botte sense;
And dygne, and wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.
Canynge, adieu! I do you greete from hence;
Full soone I hope to taste of your good cheere:
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee saie,
He wysche you healthe and selinesse for aie.

T. Rowleie.

ENTRODUCTIONNE.

I

Somme cherisaunei [1] 'tys to gentle mynde,
Whan theie have chevyced theyre londe from bayne,
Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,
And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;
Downe yn the grave wee ynhyme everych steyne,
Whylest al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,
Lyche fetyve baubels geasonne to be seene.

II.

Ælla, the wardenne of thys castell stede,
Whylest Saxons dyd the Englysche sceptre swaie,
Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede,
Then seel'd hys eyne, and seeled hys eyne for aie,
Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,
To saie what he, as clergyond, can kenne,
And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

[1] 'Comfort.' Chatterton. — The proper word is 'cherisaunce.' But in Kersey's Dictionary, a book which is known to have been frequently in the hands of Chatterton, through some error of the printer, it is spelt as we have it in the text. This is by no means the only instance in which Chatterton, in searching for obsolete words, has ignorantly copied the mistakes of his authorities.

ÆLLA.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

ÆLLA, bie THOMAS ROWLEIE, Preeste, the Aucthcure
CELMONDE, JOHAN ISCAMM, Preeste.
HURRA, SYRR THYBBOTTE GORGES, Knyghte.
BIRTHA, MASTRE EDWARDE CANYNGE.

Odherr Parties bie KNYGHTES, MYNSTRELLES, &c.

CELMONDE, (*att Bristowe.*)

BEFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove his wayne
Throwe half his joornie, dyghte yn gites of goulde,
Mee, happeless me, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces chayne.
Ah! Birtha, whie did Nature frame thee fayre?
Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle canne bewreene?
Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are?—
Botte thenn thie soughle woulde throwe thy vysage sheene,
Yatt shemres on thie comelie semlykeene,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne
made redde,
Orr scarlette, wyth waylde lynnen clothe
ywreene,
Syke would thie spryte upponn thie vysage
spredde.
Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde and
harte
Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys
moste parte.
And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere!
Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not
bee.
Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the
beere,
And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes wyll
slea.
Assyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee
tende,
To slea mieselfe, mie love, and eke mie doughtie
friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

ÆLLA.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me
knyghte,
Blessynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,
Howe bie mie honde the prevyd Dane shoulde
blede,

Howe I schulde often bee, and often wynne, ynn fyghte ;
Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue,
Whyche strooke mie mynde, and rouzed my softer soule ;
Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd viewe
The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,
Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,
Dydd I fele joie wyth syke reddoure as nowe,
Whann hallie preest, the lechemanne of the soule,
Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede[1] vowe :
Now hallie Ælla's selynesse ys grate ;
Shap[2] haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate.

1 'Caytysnede,' properly a participle, and not an adjective, as it is here used by Chatterton.

In Chaucer's translation of Boethius, we find it in the sense of 'separated by imprisonment;' or, if derived, as Skinner thinks, from the Latin *catenatus*, 'chained,' 'tied up.' "Thus witlesse, thoughtfull, sightlesse lokynge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisonne *caitisned* fro frendshippe and acquaintaunce." In line 1103 of this tragedy, we find it again in the sense of 'being taken captive.' Its signification in Bailey (Chatterton's probable authority) is 'chained,' 'bound with chains.' His own interpretation of the word in the passage before us is 'enforcing.' 'Caytysnede vowe,' a vow that may not be broken.

2 'Shap,' fate. Bailey and Kersey; not found in Chaucer, or other old writers. In the translation of the Æneid, by

BIRTHA.

Mie lorde, and husbande, syke a joie is myne ;
Botte mayden modestie moste ne soe saie,
Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne
Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for
aie ;
Inne sothe, I have botte needed oute thie faie ;
For twelve tymes twelve the mone hath bin
yblente,
As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,
And on the grasse her lemes of sylverr sente,
Sythe thou dydst cheese mee for thie swote to
bee,
Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste,
Whanne deysde bie thieselfe, for wante of
pheeres,
Awhylst thie merryemen dydde laughe and
jeaste,
Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.
Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,
Alest a daygnous looke to thee be sente,
And offrendes made mee, moe thann yie com-
pheeres,

Gawin Douglas, 'fate' is rendered by 'werdis schap,' where it does not signify 'fate,' but the shaping or disposition of the fates. Kersey, who is often a blunderer, in his misapprehension of Skinner, affixed to it the meaning of 'fate,' 'destiny' and this error was copied by Chatterton.

Offe scarpes of scarlette, and fyne paramente;
All thie yntente to please was lyssed to mee,
I saie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

ÆLLA.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe,
Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,
Lyche bawsyn olyphauntes mie gnattes doe shewe;
Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate.
Botte hann mie actyonns straughte the rolle of fate,
Pyghte thee fromm hell, or brought heaven down to thee,
Layde the whol worlde a falldstole atte thie feete,
One smyle would be suffycyll mede for mee.
I amm loves borro'r, and canne never paie,
Bott be hys borrower stylle, and thyne, mie swete, for aie.

BIRTHA.

Love, doe notte rate your achevments soe smalle;
As I to you, syke love untoe mee beare;
For nothynge paste will Birtha ever call,
Ne on a foode from heaven thynke to cheere.
As farr as thys frayle brutylle flesch wylle spere,

Syke, and ne fardher I expecte of you;
Be notte toe slack in love, ne overdeare;
A smalle fyre, yan a loud flame, proves more
true.

ÆLLA.

Thie gentle wordis toe thie volunde kenne
To bee moe clergionde thann ys ynn meyncte of
menne.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle blessynges showre on gentle Ælla's hedde!
Oft maie the moone, yn sylverr sheenynge
lyghte,
Inne varied chaunges varyed blessynges shedde,
Besprengeynge far abrode mischaunces nyghte;
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre dame, so
bryghte,
Long mayest thou wyth Ælla fynde muche
peace,
Wythe selynesse as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies en-
crease!
I, as a token of mie love to speake,
Have brought you jubbes of alè, at nyghte youre
brayne to breake.

ÆLLA.

Whan sopperes paste we 'lle drenche youre ale
soe stronge,
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

CELMONDE.

Ye mynstrelles, chaunt your songe!

Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.

MANNE.

Tourne thee to thie Shepsterr swayne;
Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe
From the floures of yellowe hue;
Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

WOMANNE.

No, bestoikerre I wylle go,
Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees,
Lyche the sylver-footed doe,
Seekeynge shelterr yn grene trees.

MANNE.

See the moss-growne daisey'd banke,
Pereynge ynne the streme belowe;
Here we'lle sytte, yn dewie danke;
Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

WOMANNE.

I've hearde erste mie grandame saie,
Yonge damoyselles schulde ne bee,
Inne the swotie moonthe of Maie,
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

MANNE.

Sytte thee, Alyce, sytte, and harke,
Howe the ouzle chauntes hys noate,
The chelandree, greie morn larke,
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate.

WOMANNE.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,
Chauntynge owte so blatauntlie,
Tellynge lecturnyes to mee,
Myscheefe ys whanne you are nygh.

MANNE.

See alonge the mees so grene
Pied daisies, kynge-coppes swote;
Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,
Nete botte shepe settes here a fote.

WOMANNE.

Shepster swayne, you tare mie gratche,
Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.
Leave mee swythe, or I'lle alatche.
Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

MANNE.

See! the crokynge brionie
Rounde the popler twyste hys spraie;
Rounde the oake the greene ivie
Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,
Laughe, and synge to lovynge ayres;
Comme, and doe notte coyen bee;
Nature made all thynges bie payres.
Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;
Gentle doves wylle kyss and coe.

WOMANNE.

Botte manne, hee moste bee ywrynde,
Tylle syr preeste make one of two.
Tempte mee ne to the foule thynge;
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;
Tyll syr preeste hys songe doethe syngs;
Thou shalt neere fynde aught of mee.

MANNE.

Bie oure ladie her yborne,
To-morrowe, soone as ytte ys daie,
I'll make thee wyfe, ne bee forsworne,
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

WOMANNE.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe
Wee attenes, thos honde yn honde,

Unto divinistre goe,
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

MANNE.

I agree, and thus I plyghte
Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;
Goode syr Rogerr, do us ryghte,
Make us one, at Cothbertes shryne.

BOTHE.

Wee wylle ynn a bordelle lyve,
Hailie, thoughe of no estate;
Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;
Wee ynn godenesse wylle bee greate.

ÆLLA.

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;
And there ys monie for yer syngeyne nowe;
Butte have you noone thatt marriage-blessynges telle?

CELMONDE.

In marriage, blessynges are botte fewe, I trowe.

MYNSTRELLES.

Laverde, we have; and, gyff you please, wille synge,
As well as owre choughe-voyces wylle permytte.

ÆLLA.

Comme then, and see you swotelie tune the strynge,
And stret, and engyne all the human wytte,
Toe please mie dame.

MYNSTRELLES.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and synge.

Mynstrelles Songe.

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte
The mees be sprenged wyth the yellowe hue;
Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
The nesh yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;
The trees enlefed, yntoe heavenne straughte,
Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne ys broughte.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;
The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne;
Arounde the alestake mynstrelles synge the songe;
Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwyne;
I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle,
Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge stylle.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
All heavenn and erthe dyd hommage to hys
mynde;
Ynn womman alleyne mannes pleasaunce lyes;
As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme
for thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake and sonne-brente doe
appere,
Wyth hys goulde honde guylteynge the fall-
eynge lefe,
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;
Whan al the hyls wythe woddie sede ys whyte;
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from
far the syghte;

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde;
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde;
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
Mee thynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth
somme care.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wrogte to bee of neidher kynde;
Angelles alleyne fromme chafe desyre bee free:
Dheere ys a somwhatte evere yn the mynde,
Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot stylled bee;
Ne seyncte yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and tere,
Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of wommanne fayre:

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves botte manne,
Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;
Fromme an ynutylle membere fyrste beganne,
Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre;
Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete
The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselves complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres
To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
Botte wommenne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
Tochelod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee;
Go, take thee swythyn to thie bedde a wyfe,
Bee bante or blessed hie yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

Anodher Mynstrelles Songe bie Syr Thybbot Gorges.

As Elynour bie the green lesselle was syttynge,
As from the sones hete she harried,
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen
was knyttynge,
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married![1]

[1] From the sublime irregularity of the Pindaric and the stately solemnity of the Rithme royal, our author sometimes descends to sport in lighter strains. The desultory genius of Rowley disdained the dull identity, not only of a beaten, but of a common track.

In the 'Tragedy of Ella,' we have an ode, of which this is one of the stanzas:—

"Mie husbande, lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As every clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynoure houlde,
I have ytte as soon as I aske ytte."

In Durfey's 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' or some other book of Pills for the same salutary purpose, I remember an old Somersetshire ballad, yet certainly not older than the latter end of the last century, which exhibits, I believe for the first time, the same structure of stanza.

"Go find out the vicar of Taunton Dean,
And he'll tell you the banns they were asked,
A thumping fat capon he had for his pains,
And I skewer'd her up in a basket."

The old Chaucerian word 'cherisauncey,' in Chatterton's stanza, never danced so gayly before. But it is not so much to the movement, as to the double rhymes, that I here object.

There are, I confess, some double rhymes in Chaucer's 'Romant of the Rose,' but they are accidental, and they were suggested by correspondent French words and couplets in the French original. In our present instance, the double

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrester boulde,
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,
Does no cherysauncys from Elynour houlde,
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte.

Whann I lyved wyth my fadre yn merrie Cloud-
dell,
Tho' twas at my liefe to mynde spynnynge,
I stylle wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde
telle,
Mie lorde fadres barbde [1] haulle han ne wynn-
ynge.

Eche mornynge I ryse, doe I sette mie maydennes,
Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme
bleachynge,
Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,
Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

rhyme is constitutive of a peculiar conformation of stanza, of which it is one of the essential properties. An ode was to be written with a regular and imposed return of this duplication. To say nothing in the mean time, that Chatterton took, perhaps imperceptibly, the two words here employed for double rhymes, from the ballad I have cited. The double rhyme is now adapted to the comic and familiar style; and the unexpected consonancy often gives an air of burlesque. Not one example occurs in Chaucer's burlesque poem of Sir Thopas. Nor was it scarcely ever used under any circumstances by the elder poets, except in translation.—WARTON.

[1] The word 'barbde' is peculiarly appropriated to horses, and therefore misapplied here.—SOUTHEY. Its meaning in the text is, "Hung with armour."

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,
And nothynge unto mee was nedeynge,
Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,
In sothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge.

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,
As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacynge,
Shee putte uppe her knyttynge, and to hym wente shee;
So wee leave hem bothe kyndelie embracynge.

ÆLLA.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;
Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;
There swotelie synge eche carolle, and yaped jeaste;
And there ys monnie, that you merrie bee;
Comme, gentle love, wee wylle toe spouse-feaste goe,
And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coaste;
Lyche scolles of locusts, caste oppe bie the sea,
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoaste,
Are ragyng, to be quansed bie none botte thee;

Haste, swyfte as Levynne to these royners flee:
Thie dogges alleyne can tame thys ragynge bulle.
Haste swythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,
And Wedecesterres rolle of dome bee fulle.
Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the byker flie,
For yn a momentes space tenne thousand menne maie die.

ÆLLA.

Beshrew thee for thie newes! I moste be gon,
Was ever lockless dome so hard as myne!
Thos from dysportysmente to warr to ron,
To chaunge the selke veste for the gaberdyne!

BIRTHA.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,
And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.
Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,
Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre.

ÆLLA.

O love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,
Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered guestes to eate?
O mie upswalynge harte, whatt wordes can saie

The peynes, thatte passethe ynn mie soule
ybrente?
Thos to bee torne uponne mie spousalle daie,
O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.
Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures
sente
As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?
Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade
content,
And for a bodykyn a swarthe obteyne?
O! whie, yee seynctes, oppress yee thos mie
sowle?
How shalle I speke mie woe, mie freme, mie
dreerie dole?

CELMONDE.

Sometyme the wyseste lacketh pore mans rede.
Reasonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.
Thanne, loverde lett me saie, wyth hommaged
drede,
(Bienth your fote ylayn) mie counselle saie;
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen laie,
The foemenn, everych honde-poyncte, getteth
fote.
Mie loverde, lett the speere-menne, dyghte for
fraie,
And all the sabbataners goe aboute.
I speke, mie loverde, alleyne to upryse
Youre wytte from marvelle, and the warriour to
alyse.

ÆLLA.

Ah! nowe thou pottest takells yn mie harte;
Mie soulghe dothe nowe begynne to see herselle;
I wylle upryse mie myghte, and doe mie parte,
To slea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.
Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,
Whyche ryseth from mie love to Birtha fayre?
Ne coulde the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,
Founde out impleasaunce of syke blacke ageare.
Yette I wylle bee mieselfe, and rouze mie spryte
Y acte wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie fyghte.

BIRTHA.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's syde;
Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyne;
I, lyche a nedre, wylle untoe thee byde;
Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.
I have mie parte of dreerie dole and peyne;
Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;
Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthynge spryte wyll drayne,
Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.
Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;
For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

ÆLLA.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;
Yett I muste bee mieselfe; with valoures gear
I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn stele,
And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.[1]

BIRTHA.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?
Is shee so rou and ugsomme to hys syghte?

[1] These poems exhibit, both in the connection of words and sentences, a facility of combination, a quickness of transition, a rapidity of apostrophe, a frequent variation of form and phrase, and a firmness of contexture, which must have been the result of a long establishment of the arts and habits of writing. The versification is equally vigorous and harmonious, and is formed on a general elegance and stability of expression. It is remarkable, that whole stanzas sparkle with that brilliancy, which did not appear in our poetry till towards the middle of the present century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses.

Our old English poets are minute and particular. They do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, the effects of affectation and a restless pursuit of novelty. They dwell on realities. Even in the course of narration or description, where poets of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries would have used the literal expression, and represented the subject by the mention of natural circumstances, the writer of these pieces adopts ideal terms and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphysical imagery, and incidental personification.—WARTON.

Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?
Thou pryzest mee belowe the joies of fyghte.
Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe
Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy morthe.

ÆLLA.

Dyddest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres ybrente,
Headed bie these thie wordes doe onn mee falle,
Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente,
Wakyng mie slepynge mynde to honnoures calle.
Of selynesse I pryze thee moe yan all
Heaven can mee sende, or counynge wytt acquyre,
Yette I wylle leave thee, onne the foe to falle,
Retournynge to thie eyne with double fyre.

BIRTHA.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd?
Receyve attenes[1] a darte yn selynesse and pryde?
Doe staie, att leaste tylle morrowes sonne apperes.

[1] At once. Bailey, Kersey, and Speght, who evidently copied it from one another. "I very much suspect that the word *attenes* stands upon no better authority than a misprint in Chaucer, C. T. ver. 4072."—TYRWHITT.

ÆLLA.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttee
powere;
Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for
yeares;
Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.
Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha; look attoure
Thie bledeynge countrie, whych for hastie dede
Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,
To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne
blede.

BIRTHA.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykynge
wyghte!
Ne leave thie Birtha thos uponne pretence of
fyghte.
Thou nedest notte goe, untyll thou haste com-
mand
Under the sygnette of oure lord the kynge.

ÆLLA.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande?
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the
thynge!
Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double stynge,
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

BIRTHA.

Agylted Ælla, thie abredynge blynge.

'Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde.[1]
Yette heare mie supplycate, to mee attende,
Hear from mie groted harte the lover and the friende.

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte;
And yn thie stead unto the battle goe;
Thie name alleyne wylle putte the Danes to flyghte,
The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreande doe;
I moste, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,
And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, sweftlie goe,
Telle mie Brystowans to [be] dyghte yn stele;
Tell hem I scorne to kenne hem from afar,
Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of warre.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

And thou wylt goe: O mie agroted harte!

[1] 'Ywrynde,' revealed, whispered. — The proper word is 'yrowned.' Thus Chaucer, in the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*—

" What rown'st 'ow with our maid? "

for " What rownest (or whisperest) thou? " &c.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrie waites mie marche; I muste awaie;
Albeytte I schulde goe to mete the darte
Of certen dethe, yette here I woulde notte staie.
Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dothe asswaie
Moe torturynge peynes yanne canne be sedde bie tyngue.
Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie synge.
O Birtha, strev mie agreeme to accaie,
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

BIRTHA.

Difficile ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev,
Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.
Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;
Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.
Juste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,
Shappe foullie thos hathe snatched hym awaie.
It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,
Wydhout an ounde of teares and breaste wyth syghes ytorne.

ÆLLA.

Thie mynde ys now thieselfe; why wylte thou bee
All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,
Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see,
Whatte wondrous bighes he now muste leave behynde?
O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,
On everych wynde I wylle a token sende:
Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.
Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and friende.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE *speaking*

Thie Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge lynge
Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe slynge.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu; but yette I cannotte goe.

BIRTHA.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla, staie.
Engyne mee notte wyth syke a dreerie woe

ÆLLA.

I muste, I wylle ; tys honnoure cals awaie.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted harte, braste, braste ynn twaie.
Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, adieu ; I maie notte here obaie.
I'm flyynge from mieselfe yn flying thee.

BIRTHA.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde staie.
He's gon, he's gone, alass ! percase he's gone for aie.

CELMONDE.

Hope, hallie suster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,
In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte,
Whyche farre abrode ynne gentle ayre doe flie,
Meetynge from dystaunce the enjoyous syghte,
Albeytte efte thou takest thie hie flyghte
Hecket ynne a myste, and wyth thyne eyne yblente,
Nowe commest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte ;
Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente ;
The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,
Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde aumere.

I from a nete of hopelen am adawed,
Awhaped atte the fetyveness of daie;
Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,
Is gone, and I moste followe, toe the fraie.
Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.
Dothe warre begynne? there's Celmonde yn the place;
Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.
The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes face.
I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse;
Blake stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, what ys bie thee hanne?
Hailie the robber and the bordelyer,
Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,
And nothynge does thie myckle gastness fere.
Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme all thee tare.
Thou there dysperpellest thie levynne-bronde;
Whylest mie soulgh's forwyned, thou art the gare;
Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde;
As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the ground,
Itte kerveth all abroade, bie brasteynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,
A thynge of wychencref, an idle dreme;
On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made
Menne wydhoute sprytes, and wommen for to
fleme,
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of
the beme,
Schulde be forgarde to syke enfeeblynge waies,
Make everych acte, alyche theyr soules, be
breme,
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyne have prayse.
O thou, whatteer thie name,
Or Zabalus or Queed,
Comme, steel mie sable spryte,
For fremde and dolefulle dede.

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE, *wyth the* ARMIE, *neare* WATCHETTE

MAGNUS.

Swythe lette the offrendes to the Goddes begynne,
To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.
Potte the blodde-steyned sword and pavyes ynne;
Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

HIE PREESTE *syngeth.**

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre
Delethe seasonnes foule or fayre,

* The ancient language of these Poems is affected and un-

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylte,
The mone yn bloddie gyttelles hylte,
Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde
Everyche barriere to the wynde:
Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,
Storven to be overest,
Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,
Swolterynge wole natyones downe,
Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,
Moovynge lyke the erthys Godde;
To mee send your heste dyvyne,
Lyghte eletten all myne eyne,
Thatt I maie now undevyse
All the actyonnes of th' empprize,

[*falleth downe and efte rysethe.*

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;
Forr there shall meynte of mytte menne bee slayne.

natural. Antiquated expressions are ingrafted on present modes of speech. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. Our author is smooth and mellifluous as Pope and Mason, and yet more obscure and inexplicable than Gower or Chaucer. The conclusion must be that he borrowed his language from glossaries and etymological English lexicons, and not from life or practice. But he borrowed without selection or discernment. He seems to have been persuaded that no other ingredient was necessary for his fiction than old words. He viewed ancient language as all of one age and one district. In dictionaries of old English he saw words detached and separated from their context; these he seized and combined with others, without considering their relative or other accidental significations.—WARTON.

MAGNUS.

Whie, soe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.
Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,
Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dys-traughte,
Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste,
As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde doe tare.
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,
Full meynte a champyonnes breaste received mie spear.
Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

HURRA.

Thie wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and eeke
Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.
Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke;
The cocke saiethe drefte, yett armed ys he alleyne.
Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynte of moe, who eke canne
fyghte,
Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,
And tore the heaulmes from heades of myckle
myghte.
Sythence syke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,
Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie
corrage stonde.

MAGNUS.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,
And myckle famed for thie handie dede.
Thou fyghtest anente maydens and ne menne,
Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to blede.
Efte I, caparyson'd on bloddie stede,
Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the
fyghte,
Wythe corses I investynge everich mede,
And thou aston, and wondrynge at mie myghte.
Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie
renome,
Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie
dome.

HURRA.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne
aryghte
Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye
peene,
Eftsoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte;

Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte bewreene.
I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;
Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.
Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,
Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee.
Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warrespeare,
Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can feare.

MAGNUS.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte
Dothe soe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.
He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd wryte,
And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.
Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,
'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;
Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,
Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche myckle woe.
Oh! I bee madde, dystraughte wyth brendyng rage;
Ne seas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte asswage.

HURRA.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art
That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,
Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte,
I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.
Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugsomness
To thee and recreandes) thondered on the playne,
Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!
Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne.
A ronnynge pryze onn seyncte daie to ordayne,
Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze wylle gayne.

MAGNUS.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!
Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!
Maiest thou fele al the peynes of age whylst yynge,
Unmanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,
Thie senses, lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,
A scoff to foemen and to beastes a pheere;
Maie furched levynne onne thie head alyghte,
Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere,
Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,

Maie thie bante boddie quycke the wolsome
peenes devoure.
Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie
tyngue
Denies mie harte the favoure soe toe doe.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, and Welkyns
kynge,
Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;
Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,
Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses
fele.
Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge levynne
blewe,
The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele;
Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete be-
syde;
Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of
myckle pryde.
Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla
come.

MAGNUS.

Ælla and thee togyder synke toe helle!
Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of
dome!
I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kennest welle.
Unlydgefulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?
'Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to
myne,

Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves to sletre
felle;
Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne.
Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne
state,
Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee
dysregate.

HURRA.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,
The sede of malyce and recendize al.
Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes;
Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for proofe canst
calle.
Thou beest a worme so groffile and so smal,
I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie
sworde,
Botte wythe thie weaponnes woulde upon thee
falle,
Alyche thie owne feare, slea thee wythe a
worde.
I Hurra amme miesel, and aie wylle bee,
As greate yn valourous actes, and yn commande
as thee.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE, AND MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Blynne your contekions, chiefs; for, as I stode
Uponne mie watche, I spiede an armie com-
mynge,

Notte lyche ann handfulle of a fremded foe,
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ug-
somlie,
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe
alonge
To droppe yn hayle, and hele the thonder
storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynte of them?

MESSENGERR.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none,
Seemynge as tho' theie stynge as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-
arraie.
Goe, sounde the beme, lette champyons pre-
pare;
Ne doubtynge, we wylle stynge as faste as heie.
Whatte? doest forgard thie blodde? ys ytte for
feare?
Wouldest thou gayne the towne, and castle-stere,
And yette ne byker wythe the soldyer guarde?
Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;
I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche and warde.

MAGNUS.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys
goode.

HURRA.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,
I spied the crossed shielde, and bloddie swerde,
The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne
The armie ys. Dysorder throughe oure hoaste
Is fleynge, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

MAGNUS.

What? Ælla? and soe neare?
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie rysynge feare!

HURRA.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.
Nowe bie my sworde, thou arte a verie berne.
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moste atturne,
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

MAGNUS.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche syde wylle
burne,[1]
Telleynge 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;
Sythe shame or deathe onne eidher syde wylle
bee,
Mie harte I wylle upryse, and inne the battelle
slea.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, AND ARMIE *near* WATCHETTE.

ÆLLA.

Now havynge done oure mattynes and oure
vowes,
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune,
And everyche champyone potte the joyous
crowne
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge
browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere
Itte has beene ynn the sommer-sheene of fate,
Unknowen to the ugsomme gratche of fere;
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,
Boyles ynne mie veynes, and rolles ynn rapyd state,
Impatyente forr to mete the persante stele,

[1] "Burne," says Dean Milles, "is probably a mistake for 'turne,'" in which sense it must be read in the text.

And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englondes weale.
Friends, kynne, and soldyerres, ynne blacke armore drere,
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged isle,
Thatte has ne loste a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,
Fatte blodde has sorfeeted the hongerde soyle,
And townes enlowed lemed oppe the nyghtes.
Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;
Oure sonnes lies torven ynne theyre smethynge gore;
Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,
Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore.
Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,
Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame.

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;
These roynerres of oure hallie houses slea;
Braste, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the flame,

Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee.
And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,
Swefte as the rodde for-weltrynge levynbronde,
Yatte hauntes the flyinge mortherer oere the lea,
Soe flie oponne these royners of the londe.
Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne see herre towne on fyre,
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,
Ælla and Brystowe have the thoughtes thattes hygher,
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.
As Severnes hyger[1] lyghethe banckes of sonde,

[1] The most favourite allusion of Rowley, because it is three times mentioned, (Battle of Hastings, ver. 326, 691, and above in Ælla,) is the 'hygra,' or as it is vulgarly called 'The bore of the Severn,' which consists of a high wall of water, gradually accumulated from the strong influence of the Atlantic ocean into the Bristol channel, and contracted by the narrowing banks on each side, till at last it breaks with fury against them, and on the channel of the river. Drayton has given a picturesque description of this 'hygra' at the beginning of his seventh Canto.— DEAN MILLES. See additional notes at the end of Ælla.

Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge
streme,
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters the hyghe
stronde,
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme,
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie
downe,
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the
champyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure
gare,
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie
dyre;
Brystowe, and alle her joies, wylle synke toe
ayre,
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende fyre:
Thenne lette oure safetie doublie moove oure
ire,
Lyche wolfyns, rovynge for the evnynge pre,
Seeing the lambe and shepsterr nere the brire,
Doth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre slea;
Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne
the playne,
Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie
Dacyanns slayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace
sheene,
Lyche a strynge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynn fyghte,

Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shall bee
sleene,
Lyche aloud dynnynge streeme scalle be mie
myghte.
Ye menne, who woulde deserve the name of
knyghte,
Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be
wepte;
To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,
Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow
slepte.
Yourselfes, youre chyldren, and youre fellowes
crie,
Go, fyghte ynn rennomes gare, be brave, and
wynne or die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wylle
saie;
Youre spryte wylle wrynne, thatte Brystow ys
yer place;
To honoures house I nede notte marcke the
waie;
Inne youre owne hartes you maie the foote-
pathe trace.
'Twexte shappe and us there ys botte lyttelle
space;
The tyme ys nowe to proove yourselves bee
menne;
Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve
grace,

Rouze, lyche a wolfynne rouzing from hys denne.
Thus I enrone mie anlace; go thou shethe;
I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys sycke wythe deathe.

SOLDYERS.

Onn, Ælla, onn; we longe for bloddie fraie;
Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne;
Onn, Ælla, onn; we certys gayne the daie,
Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

CELMONDE.

Thie speche, O Loverde, fyreth the whole trayne;
Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe;
Go, and sytte crowned on corses of the slayne;
Go, and ywielde the massie swerde of deathe.

SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;
Echone yn phantasie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

ÆLLA.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes
Speke yn youre eyne, and doe yer master telle.

Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe
alyghtes,
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.
Oure mowynge swerdes shalle plonge hem
downe to helle;
Theyre throngynge corses shall onlyghte the
starres;
The barrowes brastynge wythe the sleene schall
swelle,
Brynnynge to commynge tymes our famous
warres;
Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,
Sheenynge abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the
nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall
saie,
Echone wylle marvelle atte the dernie dede,
Echone wylle wyssen hee hanne seene the daie,
And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede;
Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte
nede;
Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde;
Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,
Oer corses of the foemen of the londe.
Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes
sounde,
The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder rysynge
grounde.
Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade.

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

FYRSTE DANE.

Fly, fly, ye Danes! Magnus, the chiefe, ys
sleene;
The Saxonnes come wythe Ælla atte theyre
heade;
Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene;
Flie, flie; thys ys the kyngdomme of the
deadde.

SECONDE DANE.

O goddes! have thousandes bie mie anlace
bledde,
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie?
See! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are
spreade,
Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.
Botte ne; I'lle flie, and morther yn retrete;
Deathe, blodde, and fyre, scalle marke the goeynge
of my feete.

THYRDE DANE.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeynge
foe,
As nere unto the byllowd beche I came,
Farr offe I spied a syghte of myckle woe,
Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of
flame.

The burled Dacyannes, who were ynne the same,
Fro syde tω syde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;
The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame,
Theie lepe ynto the sea, and bobblynge yield
yer breathe;
Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie
playne,
Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the
battle slayne.

HURRA.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous
knyghte,
Bie cravente havyoure havethe don oure woe,
Despendynge all the talle menne yn the fyghte,
And placeyng valourous menne where draffs
mote goe.
Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned soe,
Gader the souldyers lefte to future shappe,
To somme newe place for safetie we wylle goe,
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.
Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke for-
loyne;
Lette all the Dacyannes swythe unto oure banner
joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprenge sadde
dethe and dole,
Bathe yn hotte gore, and wasch ourselves
thereynne:

Goddes! here the Saxonnes lyche a byllowe
rolle.
I heere the anlacis detested dynne.
Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;
Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte
agenne.

CELMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al feere! to telle the daie,
The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,
Makeynge oure foemennes envyynge hartes to
blede,
Ybereynge thro the worlde oure rennomde name
for aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynn hys roddie robes byn
dyghte,
From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys
trayne,
The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,
Her sable tapistrie was rente yn twayne.
The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes
playne,
And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge
eie,
Lyche gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke
armoure steyne,
Sheenynge upon the borne whyche stondeth bie;[1]

[1] See the additional notes at the end of Ælla.

The souldyers stoode uponne the hillis syde,
Lyche yonge enlefed trees whyche yn a forreste
byde.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wythe brieres ;
Hys talle speere sheenynge as the starres at
nyghte,
Hys eyne ensemeynge as a lowe of fyre ;
Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,
Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous
knyghte ;
Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoncelle ;
In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ;
Eche warrynge harte forr prayse and rennome
swelles ;
Lyche slowelie dynnynge of the croucheynge
streme, .
Syche dyd the mormrynge sounde of the whol
armie seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to
saie
How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere,
Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,
Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boe-
somme tare
To telle howe everie loke wuld banyshe feere,
Woulde aske an angelles poyntell or hys
tyngue.
Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryseth heaven-were,

Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous and strynge,
Soe dydde he goe, and myghtie warriours hedde;
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym fledde.

The battelle jyned; swerdes uponne swerdes dyd rynge;
Ælla was chafed as lyonns madded bee;
Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;
Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd slea;
Where he dydde comme, the flemed foe dydde flee,
Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,
Wythe sythe a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree,
Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;
Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynge; saie nee;
Howe greate I hymme maye make, stylle greater hee wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.
Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle;
Heere lorde and hyndlette sonke uponne the playne;

Heere sonne and fadre trembled ynto helle.
Chief Magnus soughthyswaie, and, shame to telle!
Hee soughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere
Uponne the flyynge Dacyannes schoulder felle,
Quyte throwe hys boddie, and hys harte ytte tare,
He groned, and sonke uponne the gorie greene,
And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes sleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyshe champyons stonde,
Lyche bulles, whose strengthe and wondrous myghte ys fledde;
Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,
Flyes to the thronge, and doomes two Dacyannes deadde.
After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;
Fromm everich on unmyssynge javlynnes flewe;
Theie straughte yer doughtie swerdes; the foemenn bledde;
Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie slewe;
The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,
Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, and lyche a ravenne fledde.

The soldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,
Cryes, yatte welle myghte the stouteste hartes affraie.
Swefte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes flie;
Swefte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,
Pressynge behynde, the Englysche soldyerres slaie.
Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;
Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the sleetre staie,
Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.
The fyghtynge beynge done, I came awaie,
In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.
Mie servant squyre!

CELMONDE, SERVITOURE.

CELMONDE.

Prepare a fleing horse,
Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the wynde,
Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn course,
Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.
Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.

Gyv oute to alle yatte I was sleene ynne
fyghte.
Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order
mynde,
Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a
knyghte;
Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;
Quycke dyghte mie beste of stedes, and brynge
hymm heere—awaie!

CELMONDE. [*solus.*]

Ælla ys woundedd sore, and ynne the toune
He waytethe, tylle hys woundes be broghte to
ethe.
And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the
croune,
Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie
blethe?
O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde
smethe,
Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe
deathe;
Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were
ethe
To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of
breathe;
Botte thanne rennome æterne—ytte ys botte
ayre;
Bredde ynne the phantasie, and alleyn lyvynge
there.

Albeytte everyche thynge yn lyfe conspyre
To telle me of the faulte I now schulde doe,
Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,
And the same menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.
The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,
Were blodde, and morther, masterie, and warre;
Thie[1] I wylle holde to now, and hede ne moe
A wounde yn rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.
Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,
Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, and glorie shalle be torne.

Brystowe.

BIRTHA, EGWINA.

BIRTHA.

Gentle Egwina, do notte preche me joie;
I cannotte joie ynne anie thynge botte weere.
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,
Floddynge the face wythe woe, and brynie teare!

EGWINA.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere
Youre harte unto somme cherisaunied reste.
Youre loverde from the battelle wylle appere,
Ynne honnoure, and a greater love, be dreste;

[1] 'Thie' is a mistake, or, at least misprint for 'these.'—DEAN MILLES.

Botte I wylle call the mynstrelles roundelaie;
Perchaunce the swotie sounde maie chase your wiere awaie.

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

I.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

II.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,[1]
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,

[1] 'Black his hair as the winter night,' &c.

"His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He's gone, and he's gone, and we'll cast away moan
Gramercy on his soul."—*Hamlet*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

In the romance of *Sir Launfal*, quoted by Warton, we have

"Har faces was white as snowe on downe,
Har *rode* was red, har eyne were browne."

Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

III.

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

IV.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

V.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

VI.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie Seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

VII.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

VIII.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

IX.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I comme! mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.[1]

BIRTHA.

Thys syngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte please;
Butte mie uncourtlie shappe benymmes mee of all ease.

ÆLLA, *atte* WATCHETTE.

Curse onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a stede!
I wylle awaie to Birtha bie thys nyghte;
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie soul doe blede,
I wylle awaie, and die wythynne her syghte.
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte;
Swefte as mie wyshe, and, as mie love ys, stronge.
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne fyghte,
Inne kepeynge mee from Birtha's armes so longe.

[1] This very beautiful song has been lately set to music by my esteemed friend, Henry Hugh Pearson, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

O! whatte a dome was myne, sythe masterie
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode
leme myne eie!
Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the samme thynge wylle bothe
bane, and blesse;
One tyme encalede, yanne bie the same thynge
warmd,
Estroughted foorthe, and yanne ybrogten less.
'Tys Birtha's loss whyche doe mie thoughtes
possesse;
I wylle, I muste awaie: whie staies mie stede?
Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,
Whyche couracyers yn hastie journies nede.
O heavens! I moste awaie to Byrtha eyne,
For yn her lookes I fynde mie beynge doe
entwyne.

CELMONDE, *atte* BRYSTOWE.

The worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes
are stylle;[1]

[1] To have been dull would not have suited Chatterton's purpose, nor indeed was it consistent with his genius. His aim was to dazzle and surprise, by producing such high wrought pieces of ancient poetry as never before existed. But to secure our credulity, he should have pleased us less. He has shown too much genius, and too little skill. Overacting his part, and unable or unwilling to repress his abilities, he awakened our suspicions, and exposed his want of address in attempting to deceive. He sacrificed his veracity

Fayntelie the mone her palyde lyghte makes
gleme;
The upryste sprytes the sylente letten fylle,
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the
dreme;
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver
leme;
Nowe maie mie love be sated ynn yttes
treate;
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng
streme,
At the swote banquette I wylle swotelie eate.
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn
appere.

CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha strayte, a straungerr waytethe
here.

to an imprudent ambition. Instead of wondering at his contrivance, we find he had none. A mediocrity of poetical talents would have succeeded much better in this imposture. He was too good a poet to conduct and execute such a forgery. He conceived that his old poetry would be sufficiently marked by old words and old spelling. But he took no caution about thoughts and imagery, the sentiment and the substance. He had forgot, or never knew, or was not inclined to believe, that the garb of antiquity would but ill become the elegance of Pope, or the spirit of Dryden.—WARTON.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee seynctes! I hope thou haste goode newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys loste; for heavie newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyves; and stylle maie use
The behylte blessynges of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heavie tydynge thenne have I to feare?
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

CELMONDE.

For heavie tydynges swythyn nowe prepare.
Ælla sore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;
In Wedecester's wallid toune he lyes.

BIRTHA.

O mie agroted breast!

CELMONDE.

Wythoute your syghte, he dyes.

BIRTHA.

Wylle Birtha's presence ethe her Ælla's payne?
I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

CELMONDE.

Mie stede wydhoute wylle deftelie beere us twayne.

BIRTHA.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, and no waie lynge;
Sweftlie caparisons for rydynge brynge;
I have a mynde wynged wythe the levyn ploome.
O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the stynge,
The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,
Thou wouldste see playne thieselfe the gare to bee;
Aryse, uponne thie love, and flie to meeten me.

CELMONDE.

The stede, on whyche I came, ys swefte as ayre;
Mie servytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;
Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;
To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.
Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle staunche hys bloode,
Holpe oppe hys woundes, and yev hys harte alle cheere;

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode ;
You doe hys spryte, and alle hys pleasaunce bere.
Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,
Yette love wille be a tore to tourne to feere
nyghtes smoke.

BIRTHA.

Albeytte unwears[1] dyd the welkynn rende,
Reyne alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferse bee,
Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,
Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues
dyd slee,
Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ;
Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enseme,
Owlettes, wythe scrychynge, shakeynge everyche
tree,
And water-neders wrygglynge yn eche streme,
Yette woulde I flie, ne under coverte staie,
Botte seke mie Ælla owte ; brave Celmonde,
leade the waie.

A Wode.

HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Heere ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,

[1] Tempests. The interpretation of this word rests solely on the testimony of Chatterton. It is used again in the third Eclogue.

Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;
Whatteverre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,
Spreddynge our ugsomme rennome to afarre.
Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee are,
Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;
On everich breaste yn gorie letteres scarre,
Whatt sprytes you have, and howe those sprytes maie dree.
And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,
Eftesoones we will retourne, and wanquished bee ne moere.
The battelle loste, a battelle was yndede;
Note queedes hemselfes culde stonde so harde a fraie;
Oure verie armoure, and oure heaulmes dyd blede,
The Dacyannes sprytes, lyche dewe drops fledde awaie,
Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie;
Ynn spyte of foemanne, I moste saie hys myghte;
Botte wee ynn hynd-lettes blodde the loss wylle paie,
Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wynne yn fyghte;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloosed from chaynes,
destroie;—
Oure armoures—wynter nyghte shotte oute the
daie of joie.

Whene swefte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie
alonge,
Somme hamlette scalle onto oure fhuyrie
brende;
Brastynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne stronge,
The talle chyrche-spyre upon the grene shalle
bende;
Wee wylle the walles, and auntyante tourrettes
rende,
Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe
beere,
Downe to the goddes the ownerrs dhereof sende,
Besprengynge alle abrode sadde warre and bloddie
weere.
Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wylle flie;
And thence wylle yssue owte onne all yatte com-
meth bie.

Anodher parte of the Woode.

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Thys merkness doe affraie mie wommanns
breaste.
Howe sable ys the spreddynge skie arrayde!

Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;
The starres doe scantillie the sable brayde;
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

BIRTHA.

Saiest thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.
Faygne would I see once moe the roddie lemes of daie.

CELMONDE.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

BIRTHA.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

CELMONDE.

Thys Celmonde menes:
No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,
Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;
Nete in thys forreste, botte thys tore, dothe sheene,
The whych, potte oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;
See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwyne,

Makeynge thys bower so pleasynge to the
syghte ;
Thys was for love fyrste made, and heere ytt
stondes,
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true
loves bondes.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse
mie thoughtes
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

CELMONDE.

Then here, and knowe, hereto I have you
broughte,
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

BIRTHA.

Oh heaven and earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe
heare?
Am I betraste? where ys my Ælla, saie!

CELMONDE.

O! do nete nowe to Ælla syke love bere,
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

BIRTHA.

Awaie!
I wylle be gone, and groape mie passage oute,
Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute.

CELMONDE.

Nowe bie the seynctes I wylle notte lette thee goe,
Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.
Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,
Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrate.
O! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state,
Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe!
I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,
Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.
Softe as the sommer flowreets, Birtha, looke,
Fulle ylle I canne thie frownes and harde dyspleasaunce brooke.

BIRTHA.

Thie love ys foule; I woulde bee deafe for aie,
Radher thanne heere syche deslavatie sedde.
Swythynne flie from mee, and ne further saie;
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.
Yee seynctes! and shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,
And wouldst thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the thynge?
Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde
Was ytte for thys thou dydste a message brynge?

Lette mee be gone, thou manne of sable harte!
Or welkyn and her starres wyll take a maydens parte.

CELMONDE.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie suyte avele,
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;
Youre lymbes shall bende, albeytte strynge as stele;
The merkye seesonne wylle your bloshes hylte.

BIRTHA.

Holpe, holpe, yee seynctes! oh thatte mie blodde was spylte!

CELMONDE.

The seynctes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.
Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.
Unto mie wysche bee kinde, and nete alse hede.

BIRTHA.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,
Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or some kynde roder heare.
Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

HURRA.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries.
I kenn hem; saie who are you, yatte be theere?

CELMONDE.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

Thie wordes wylle ne mie hartis sete affere.

BIRTHA.

Save mee, oh! save me from thys royner heere!

HURRA.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name and londe;
Or swythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

CELMONDE.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeous honde.

HURRA.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

CELMONDE.

Comme onne, and see
Gyff mie strynge anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee.

[*Fyghte al aneuste Celmonde, meynte Danes he sleath, and faleth to Hurra.*]

CELMONDE.

Oh! I forslagen be! ye Danes, now kenne,
I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,
Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forslege youre menne;
I fele myne eyne to swymme yn æterne nyghte;—
To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*

HURRA.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte.
Saie, who bee you?

BIRTHA.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

HURRA.

Ah!

BIRTHA.

Gyff anenste hym you harboure foule despyte,
Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

Mie thankes I ever onne you wylle bestowe.
From ewbryce you mee pyghte, the worste of
mortal woe.

HURRA.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee soe: yee Dacyans,
heere.
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.
Thorrowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;
From everych Dacyanne power he won the
daie,
Forslagen Magnus, all our schippes ybrente;
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;
Whanne hantoned barckes unto oure londe dyd
comme,
Ælla the gare dheie sed, and wysched hym bytter
dome.

BIRTHA.

Mercie!

HURRA.

Bee stylle.
Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre;
Whanne wee are spente, he soundethe the
forloyne;
The captyves chayne he tosseth ynne the ayre,
Cheered[1] the wounded bothe wythe bredde
and wyne;

[1] So in all the copies. It should however be 'cheereth.'

Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne?
You woulde have smethd onne Wedecestrian fielde,
Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,
Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spreddynge shielde.
Whanne you, as caytysned, yn fielde dyd bee,
He oathed you to be stylle, and strayte didd sette you free.

Scalle wee forslege hys wyfe, because he's brave?
Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys countryes gare?
Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,
Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere?
Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere,
Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,
Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,
Bewrynne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne?
The last you do approve; so lette ytte bee;
Damoyselle, comme awaie; you safe scalle bee wythe mee.

BIRTHA.

Al blessynges maie the seynctes unto yee gyve!
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte lyvynges bee!
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,

Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe
and sea.
O Celmonde! I maie deftlie rede by thee,
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde;
Maie ne thie cross-stone of thie cryme bewree!
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie
mynde!
Soldyer! for syke thou arte ynn noble fraie,
I wylle thie goinges 'tende, and doe thou lede the
waie.

HURRA.

The mornynge' gyns alonge the easte to sheene;
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie;
The feynte rodde leme slowe creepeth oere the
greene,
Toe chase the merkyness of nyghte awaie;
Swifte flie the howers thatte wylle brynge oute
the daie;
The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge
grasse;
The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her arraie,
Scante sees her vysage yn the wavie glasse;
Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,
Or Brystowes wallyd towne; damoyselle, followe
mee.

At Brystowe.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

Tys nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste nyghte
To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;
Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,
Whylste I goe oppe, and wake mie slepeynge dove.
Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above.
Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,
Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle proove;
Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.
Egwina, haste, and ope the portalle doore,
Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne more.

ÆLLA, EGWINA.

EGWINA.

Oh Ælla![1]

[1] Nothing can be more in the manner of modern tragedy than the following dialogue, to mention no other, consisting of exclamations, short and hasty sentences, sudden transi-

ÆLLA.

Ah! that semmlykeene[1] to mee
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

EGWINA.

Birtha is —

ÆLLA.

Whatt? where? how? saie, whatte of shee?

EGWINA.

Gone —

ÆLLA.

Gone! ye goddes!

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.
Yee seynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe!
Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen!

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

tions, and frequent interruption. A better scene for showing the shrug and start to the greatest advantage, never appeared at Drury-lane theatre.—WARTON.

[1] Appearance. In other places it is written 'semlykeed.' It seems plain to me, that both these words owe their original to the following article in Kersey, 'SEMELIHEED, (O.) seemliness, comeliness.'—TYRWHITT.

Where ys shee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie!
Where ys shee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou shalte die.

EGWINA.

Stylle thie loud rage, and here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

EGWINA.

Lyche prymrose, droopynge wythe the heavie rayne,
Laste nyghte I lefte her, droopynge with her wiere,
Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte syke peyne —

ÆLLA.

Her love! to whomme?

EGWINA.

To thee, her spouse, alleyne.
As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,
I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,

Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;
Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd seere,
Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie wheere.

ÆLLA.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her ayde
To chere her louste;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,
Drawe forthe thie anlace swythyn, thanne mee slea.

ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte must bee soe; I see,
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;
Itte moste bee soe—oh! howe ytte wracketh mee!
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;
Nowe rage, and brondeous storm, and tempeste comme;
Nete lyvynge upon erthe can now enswote mie domme.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to saie.
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.

As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,
To Birtha one hys name and place addreste;
Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the reste
I ken ne matter; so, mie hommage made—

ÆLLA.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes heste;
I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.
Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle
Fallen onne mie benned headde I hanne been Ælla stylle.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle mie spryte:
Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce[1] wynde,
Thatte steeked on ytte: nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;
A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.
Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie fynde,
To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;
Whanne thos mie rennome and mie peace ys rynde,

[1] Soft, gentle. — If Chatterton did not glean this word from some music-book that fell in his way, it would be a satisfactory proof that he used Bailey's Dictionary in constructing his forgery, as 'dolce' is not to be found in Kersey or Speght. From his father's musical turn, however, the former is most likely.

Itte were a recrandize to thyncke toe lyve;
Mie huscarles, untoe everie asker telle,
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noble Ælla felle.
[*Stabbeth hys breste.*

SERVITOURE.

Ælla ys sleene; the flower of Englonde's marrde!

ÆLLA.

Be stylle: stythe lette the chyrches rynge mie knelle.
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wylle doe welle.
[*Knelle ryngeth.*

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

ÆLLA.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle.
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,
Dynne yn the eares of her I wyschd mie wyfe!
Botte, ah! shee maie bee fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte shee moste bee.

ÆLLA.

Ah! saie notte soe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblie slee.

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE, BIRTHA, HURRA.

ÆLLA.

Ah! Birtha here!

BIRTHA.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle knelle?
Where ys mie Ælla? speeke; where? howe ys hee?
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

BIRTHA.

Whatte menes mie Ælla?

ÆLLA.

Here mie meneynge see.
Thie foulness urged mie hɔnde to gyve thys wounde,
Ytte mee unsprytes.

BIRTHA.

Ytte hathe unspryted mee.

ÆLLA.

Ah heavens! mie Birtha fallethe to the grounde!
Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

HURRA.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to thee.
Thys damoyselle I founde wythynne a woode,
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burled swayne;
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne;
The whyche, albeytte foemen, wee dydd wylle;
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

COERNIKE.

Yee nobylle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

ÆLLA.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have; whatte faultes could Ælla feare?

BIRTHA.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie
feere.
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;
I wylle to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.
Wordeynge for mee to flie, att your requeste,
To Watchette towne, where you deceasynge
laie;
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we
preste,
Where hee foule love unto mie eares dyd saie:
The Danes—

ÆLLA.

Oh! I die contente.— [*Dieth.*

BIRTHA.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?
Oh! I wyll make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal
bedde. [*Birtha feyncteth.*

COERNYKE.

Whatte? Ælla deadde! and Birtha dyynge
toe!
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.
Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can
doe,
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne;
For yette, thie pleasaunce, and thie joie was loste,
Thie countrymen shall rere thee on the playne,
A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste:
Further, a just amede to thee to bee,
Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge of thee.*

* The Tragedy of Ælla with the Epistle, Letter, and Entroductionne, was originally printed from a folio MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written "Chatterton's transcript, 1769."

ADDITIONAL NOTES TO ÆLLA.

I. "*Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete,*" &c.

EPISTLE TO CANYNGE, page 29.

It is well known to every searcher into our ancient stage, that the miserable interludes, even of the decline of the sixteenth century, are infinitely subordinate to every other species of poetry then subsisting: that they are utterly destitute of contrivance, character, sentiment, and even of common decorum. The truth is, the tragedy of Ælla, to which I will add the imperfect tragedy of Godwyn, in which is the fine Ode on Freedom, is indebted to the Grecian school, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effusions of a young mind, warm from studying Mason's *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*.

It is another unsurmountable objection to the antiquity and authenticity of Ælla, that the subject is historical or civil. Representations of religious subjects, were only fashionable in the reign of Edward the Fourth. And these, exclusive of the subject, by no means resembled what we call a play. They made a part of the great drama of superstition. Rowley, as a priest, was very unlikely to have begun this heterodox innovation, and to have been the first to compose a play not religious. The pious mayor of Bristol never would have patronized so profane a confessor. Churches were our chief theatres before the Reformation: and the *dygne maistre* Canynge, the builder of a church, would have more naturally employed the dramatic talents of Rowley, to decorate his new edifice with the exhibition of a splendid Mystery. If Rowley had penetration and taste, yet he had caution, he had prudence, and a reverence for his establishment. But Rowley proceeds still further. He openly defends his new attempt, not in a palliative apology, but in a peremptory declaration of his opinion of the absurdity of scriptural plays.

"Playes made from hallie tales I holde unmeete,
Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe."

This was too bold and too refined a philosophy for a priest of the fifteenth century. The first line is absolute heresy, and would have exposed the writer to the censure of the church. But this passage is perfectly consistent with the general spirit and turn of the epistle in which it appears: and which, according to the Dean of Exeter, contains "specimens of the author's abilities in judicious criticism, and pleasant raillery, in neither of which does he appear at all inferior to Pope." This is an unlucky concession.—WARTON.

II. "*As Severn's hyger lyghethe banckes of sonde*," &c.

Page 75.

The following is Drayton's 'picturesque description' of the 'hygra' to which Dean Milles alludes in the note to this passage.

"Shut up in narrower bounds the Higre wildly raves,
And frights the straggling flocks, the neighboring shores to fly,
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring:
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling,
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly brood
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the flood;
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth not launch,
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful paunch."

Poly-olbion. Bk. VII. l. 10—18.

III. It is asked, how Chatterton could have gained a knowledge of the raven-standard of the Danes, [p. 76, v. 14,] or that the raven was revered by that people? We have these instances in the tragedy of Ælla, a Danish story:—

"The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge at their hedde,
Threw downe their banner talle, and lyche a raven fledde."

Again, the Danish soldiers say,

"Onne, Ælla, onn, we long for bloddie fraie,
We longe to heare the raven," &c.

And the Danish leader Ælla says,

"Thanne, whanne the ravenn crokes uponne the playne,
Oh lette ytt be the knelle to myghtie Dacians slayne."

And the chorus says,

"Harke the ravenne flaps hys wing."

Mr. Bryant supposes that this piece of recondite northern mythology was inaccessibly shut up in Spelman, Asser, the Saxon Chronicle, Pontanus, and Olaus Wormius." But Chatterton seems to have had his intelligence from Thomson's *Masque of Alfred*, a common play-book, where the raven-standard of the Danes is thus poetically described :—

——— Is not yon pictured raven
Their famous magic standard? Emblem fit
To speak the savage genius of the people.——
——— 'Tis the same,
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
Of furious Ivar, in a midnight hour;
While the sick moon, at their enchanted song,
Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd through the clouds:
The demons of destruction then, they say,
Were all abroad, and mixing with their woof
Their baleful power: the sisters ever sung,
"Shake, standard, shake this ruin on our foes!"

And the hermit says,

"The raven droops his wing—and, hark! the trumpet," &c.

Let me add, that Chatterton's idea of writing a play on a Danish story might have been suggested by this very masque. He is allowed to have been a reader of Thomson. It is also to be observed, that both dramas are built on the same point of the Danish history in England, the landing of the Danes in Somersetshire. One of Chatterton's persons is 'Hurra.' Mr. Bryant says, that the proper name 'Hubba' might by an unexperienced transcriber be easily taken for 'Hurra.' It is very true, that Hubba is the right reading, as Chatterton well knew, from these lines in his favourite Thomson's *Masque:*

"The valiant Hubba bites the bloody field,
With twice six hundred Danes around him strow'd."

Chatterton, I presume, might have his reasons for converting Hubba' into 'Hurra.'—WARTON.

GODDWYN,

A

TRAGEDIE,

BIE THOMAS ROWLEIE.

This fragment (the manuscript in Chatterton's handwriting, mentioned in page 118), purports likewise to be the composition of Thomas Rowley. The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and on good ground. He is not so much as noticed by William of Worcestre, who lived nearly about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who by unwearied industry dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity, has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliff church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted.—DR. GREGORY.

PROLOGUE.

MADE BIE MAISTRE WILLIAM CANYNGE.

WHYLOMME bie pensmenne moke ungentle name
Have upon Goddwynne Erle of Kente bin layde,
Dherebie benymmynge hymme of faie and fame;
Unliart divinistres haveth saide,
Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie wurche;
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne the churche.

The aucthoure of the piece whiche we enacte,
Albeytte a clergyon, trouthe wyll wrytte.
Inne drawynge of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;
Entyn a kynge mote bee full pleased to nyghte.
Attende, and marcke the partes nowe to be done;
Wee better for toe doe do champyon[1] anie onne.

[1] Challenge. The word 'champyon' is not used as a verb by any writer before Shakspeare.—TYRWHITT.

GODDWYN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HAROLDE, bie T. ROWLEIE, the Aucthoure.
GODDWYN, JOHAN DE ISCAMME.
ELWARDE, SYRR THYBBOT GORGES.
ALSTAN, SYRR ALAN DE VERE.
KYNGE EDWARDE MASTRE WILLYAM CANYNGE.

Odhers bie KNYGHTES MYNSTRELLES.

GODDWYN AND HAROLDE.

GODDWYN.

HAROLDE!

HAROLDE.

Mie loverde!

GODDWYN.

O! I weepe to thyncke,
What foemen riseth to ifrete the londe.
Theie batten onne her flesh, her hartes bloude dryncke,
And all ys graunted from the roieal honde.

HAROLDE.

Lette notte thie agreme blyn, ne aledge stonde;
Bee I toe wepe? I wepe in teres of gore:

Am I betrassed? syke shulde mie burlie bronde
Depeyncte the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

GODDWYN.

I ken thie spryte ful welle; gentle thou art,
Stringe, ugsomme, rou, as smethynge armyes seeme;
Yett efte, I feare, thie chefes toe grete a parte,
And that thie rede bee efte borne downe bie breme.
What tydynges from the kynge!

HAROLDE.

His Normans knowe.
I make noe compheere of the shemrynge trayne.

GODDWYN.

Ah Harolde! tis a syghte of myckle woe,
To kenne these Normannes everich rennome gayne.
What tydynge withe the foulke?

HAROLDE.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap, stylle toe the kynge
Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a sorgie sea.
Hane Englonde thenne a tongue, butte notte a stynge?
Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee?

GODDWYN.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende
us ayde.

HAROLDE.

No, we muste streve to ayde ourselves wyth
powre.
Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde! tis fetelie
prayde.
Moste we thos calke awaie the lyve-longe
howre?
Thos croche oure armes, and ne toe lyve
dareygne,
Unburled, undelievre, unespryte![1]
Far fro mie harte be fled thyk thoughte of
peyne,
Ile free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

GODDWYN.

Botte lette us wayte untylle somme season
fytte
Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;
Adented prowess to the gite of witte,
Agayne the argent horse shall daunce yn skies
Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge wanhope
lies.
Englonde, oh Englonde, tis for thee I blethe.

[1] 'Unhousell'd, unanointed, unaneal'd!'—*Hamlet.*

Whylste Edwarde to thie sonnes wylle nete alyse,
Shulde anie of thie sonnes fele aughte of ethe?
Upponne the trone I sette thee, helde thie crowne;
Botte oh! twere hommage nowe to pyghte thee downe.
Thou arte all preeste, and notheynge of the kynge.
Thou arte all Norman, nothynge of mie blodde.
Know, ytte beseies thee notte a masse to synge;
Servynge thie leegefolcke thou arte servynge Godde.

HAROLDE.

Then Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes
The dailie contekes of the londe ascende.
The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, and bondemennes cries
Acheke the mokie aire and heaven astende.
On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;
Hancelled from erthe these Normanne hyndes shalle bee;
Lyche a battently low, mie swerde shalle brende;
Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem slea;
Wee wayte too longe; oure purpose wylle defayte;
Aboune the hyghe empryze, and rouze the champyones strayte.

GODDWYN.

Thie suster—

HAROLDE.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.
Albeytte, dyd shee speeke her foemen fayre,
I wulde dequace her comlie semlykeene,
And foulde mie bloddie anlace yn her hayre.

GODDWYN.

Thye f huir blyn.

HAROLDE.

No, bydde the leathal mere,
Upriste withe hiltrene wyndes and cause unkend,
Beheste it to be lete; so twylle appeare,
Eere Harolde hyde hys name, hys countries friende.
The gule-steynct brygandyne, the adventayle,
The feerie anlace brede shal make mie gare prevayle.

GODDWYN.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

HAROLDE.

Bethyncke thee whatt.
Here liethe Englonde, all her drites unfree,
Here liethe Normans coupynge her bie lotte,
Caltysnyng everich native plante to gre,—

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous wulde hem slee;
Tare owte theyre sable harte bie ryghtefulle breme;
Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee,
Mie spryte shulde revelle yn theyr harte-blodde streme.
Eftsoones I wylle bewryne mie ragefulle ire,
And Goddis anlace wielde yn furie dyre.

GODDWYN.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

HAROLDE.

Take offe hys crowne;
The ruler of somme mynster hym ordeyne;
Sette uppe som dygner than I han pyghte downe;
And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd agayne.

GODDWYN.

No, lette the super-hallie seyncte kynge reygne,
Ande somme moe reded rule the untentyff reaulme;
Kynge Edwarde, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne
To yielde the spoiles, and alleyne were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,
Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

HAROLDE.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boute ytte strayte;
Bete mee to slea mieselfe, ytte shalle be done.

GODDWYN.

To thee I wylle swythynne the menes unplayte,
Bie whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie sonne.
I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,
Whatte agrames braunce out from the general trée;
The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock gron
Drented of alle yts swolynge owndes shalle bee;
Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryse:
Eftsoons the Normans and owre agrame flies.

HAROLDE.

I will to the West, and gemote alle mie knyghtes,
Wythe bylles that pancte for blodde, and sheeldes as brede

As the ybroched moon, when blaunch she dyghtes
The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede ;
Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the doughtiest blede,
Who efte have knelte upon forslagen foes,
Whoe wythe yer fote orrests a castle-stede,
Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke yiere woes ;
Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,
Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

GODDWYN.

Botte firste we'll calle the loverdes of the West,
The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all ;
The moe wee gayne, the gare wylle prosper beste,
Wythe syke a nomber wee can never fall.

HAROLDE.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,
And alle attenes the spreddynge kyngedomme bynde.
No crouched champyone wythe an harte moe feygne
Dyd yssue owte the hallie swerde to fynde,
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie londe of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre labouŕes wylle
enhepe!
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe.
When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive
halle,
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em
calle?

GODDWYN.

Next eve, mie sonne.

HAROLDE.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moste
die.
Thie geason wronges bee reyne ynto theyre
pryme;
Now wylle thie sonnes unto thie succoure flie.
Alyche a storm egederinge yn the skie,
Tys fulle ande brasteth on the chaper grounde;
Sycke shalle mie fhuirye on the Normans
flie,
And alle theyre mittee menne be sleene
arounde.
Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne
falle,
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele shal
calle.

KYNGE EDWARDE AND HYS QUEENE.

QUEENE.

Botte, loverde, whie so manie Normannes here?
Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe.
These browded straungers alwaie do appere,
Theie parte yor trone, and sete at your ryghte honde.

KYNGE.

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:
Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie kepe;
Theie dyd mee feeste. and did embowre me gronde;
To trete hem yll wulde lette mie kyndnesse slepe.

QUEENE.

Mancas you have yn store, and to them parte;
Youre leege-folcke make moke dole, you have theyr worthe asterte.

KYNGE.

I heste no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.
Hallie dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele.
Theyre volundes are ystorven to self endes;
Nò denwere yn mie breste I of them fele:

I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;
I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;
Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele,
Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie.

QUEENE.

I leeve youe to doe hommage heaven-were;
To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge hommage there.

KYNGE AND SYR HUGHE.

KYNGE.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges thee here?

HUGHE.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente;
The hus dyspense unpaied doe appere;
The laste receivure ys eftsoones dispente.

KYNGE.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

HUGHE.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke
Untoe the mitte Erle Harolde of the thynge;
He raysed hys honde, and smoke me onne the cheke,
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge

KYNGE.

Arace hym of hys powere; bie Goddis worde,
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies swerde.

HUGHE.

Atte seeson fytte, mie loverde, lette itt bee;
Botte nowe the folcke doe soe enalse hys name,
Inne strevvynge to slea hymme, ourselves we slea;
Syke ys the doughtyness of hys grete fame.

KYNGE.

Hughe, I bethyncke, thie rede ys notte to blame.
Botte thou maiest fynde fulle store of marckes yn Kente.

HUGHE.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same;
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent.

KYNGE.

Ah traytoure! botte mie rage I wylle commaunde.
Thou arte a Normanne, Hughe, a straunger to the launde.

Thou kenneste howe these Englysche erle doe bere
Such stedness in the yll and evylle thynge,

Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere,
Onknowlachynge gif thereunto to clynge.

HUGHE.

Onwordie syke a marvelle of a kynge!
O Edwarde, thou deservest purer leege;
To thee heie shulden al theire mancas brynge;
Thie nodde should save menne, and thie glomb
forslege.
I amme no curriedowe, I lacke no wite,
I speke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all see
is ryghte.

KYNGE.

Thou arte a hallie manne, I doe thee pryze.
Comme, comme, and here and hele mee ynn
mie praires.
Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alise,
And twayne of hamlettes to thee and thie
heyres.
Soe shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,
Theie alleyn have syke love as to acquyre yer
bredde.

CHORUS.

Whan Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned
veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were
spredde;

A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayled her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flizze 'alonge the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod straught ynto the skyes,
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre,
Alyche twaie brendeynge gronfyres rolls hys eyes,
Chaftes with hys yronne feete and soundes to war.
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldynge her owne yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye wympled gies ytte to hys crowne;
Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddynge sheelde ys gon,
He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld, arist,

Hys feerie heaulme noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyste—[1]

* * * * * *

[1] We find among these Poems, Odes in irregular metres, Eclogues of the Pastoral kind, and Discoursing Tragedies; compositions, for not one of which any example could be found in England in the XVth century. Even in those compositions, of which the species was not entirely unknown, it is impossible not to observe a striking difference from the other compositions of that age, with respect to the *manner* in which they are constructed, and the *subjects* to which they are applied. Instead of tedious chronicles we have here interesting portions of history, selected and embellished with all the graces of epic poetry; instead of devotional hymns, legendary tales, and moralizations of scripture, we have elegant little poems upon *charitie* and *happinesse*, a *new church*, a *living worthy*, and other occurrences of the moment: no translations from the French, no allusions to the popular authors of the middle ages; nothing, in short, of what we see in so many other writers about that time. If Rowley really lived and wrote these poems in the XVth century, he must have stalked about, like Tiresias among the *Homeric ghosts*—

"He only wise, the rest mere fleeting shades."—

TYRWHITT.

ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:[1]

BIE T. ROWLEIE.

BOOKE 1ST.

I.

Whanne Scythyannes, salvage as the wolves theie chacde,
Peyncted in horrowe formes bie nature dyghte,
Heckled yn beastskyns, slepte uponne the waste,
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,
Swefte as descendeynge lemes of roddie lyghte
Plonged to the hulstred bedde of laveynge seas,
Gerd the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets twighte,
And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,
Whose eyne dyd feerie sheene, like blue-hayred defs,
That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched clefs.

[1] This poem was originally printed from a single sheet in Chatterton's handwriting, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

II.

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles
The salvage natyves sawe a shyppe appere;
An uncouthe denwere to theire bosomme steles;
Theyre myghte ys knopped ynne the frost of fere.
The headed javlyn lisseth here and there;
Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wythe ger eyne;
The shyppes sayle, boleynge wythe the kyndelie ayre,
Ronneth to harbour from the beateynge bryne;
Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde
A burled Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaien sweerde yn honde.

III.

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres, whose swerdes
Glestred lyke gledeynge starres ynne frostie nete,
Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge wordes
Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.
The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym greete,
Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte;

Theie urged the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete
As fleaynge cloudes that swymme before the syghte ;
Tyll tyred wythe battles, for to ceese the fraie,
Theie uncted Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns swaie.

IV.

Twayne of twelve years han lemed up the myndes,
Leggende the salvage unthewes of theire breste,
Improved in mysterk warre, and lymmed theyre kyndes,
Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.
Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was possest
Of swaie, and vested yn the paramente ;
Halceld the bykrous Huns, who dyd infeste
Hys wakeynge kynydom wyth a foule intente ;
As hys broade swerde oer Homberres heade was honge,
He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled alonge.

V.

He wedded Gendolyne of roieal sede,
Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade ;
Bloushing, alyche the scarlette of herr wede,
She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.
Eftsoons her peacefull joie of mynde was fledde ;

Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne;
Unnombered beauties were upon her shedde,
Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne;
The mornynge tynge, the rose, the lillie floure,
In ever ronneynge race on her dyd peyncte theyre powere.

VI.

The gentle suyte of Locryne gayned her love;
Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie age;
Eft wandringe yn the coppyce, delle, and grove,
Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage;
There dydde theie tell the merrie lovynge fage,
Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde;
The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage
Gemoted warriours to bewreck her bedde;
Theie rose; ynne battle was greete Locryne sleene;
The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchafed queene.

VII.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,
Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,
Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.
Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,
To where the western mittee pyles of claie

Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere;
There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie;
The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours
gratch and gear,
Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate
Sente deathe to telle the dame she was notte yn
regrate.

VIII.

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte
knyghte,
Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmert-
leynge skies,
To slea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte,
Eke everychone who shulde her ele emprize.
Swefte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte
flies,
Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes
yn nyghte,
Stepte over cytties, on meint acres lies,
Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge
lighte;
Tyll mooveynge to the weste, myschaunce hys
gye,
He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did
espie.

IX.

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,
Harried uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,
Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde,
To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.

The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleynge crie;
Onne Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;
To lyve æternalle dyd theie eftsoones die;
Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the pourple founte,
On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle
Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed rylle.

x.

The goddes, who kenned the actyons of the wyghte,
To leggen the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,
Houton dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.
Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,
Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare;
From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,
Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;
Sabrynas floode was helde ynne Elstryds bones.
So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde
Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's ywrynde.

xi.

The bawsyn gyaunt, hee who dyd them slee,
To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped;
Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,
The roddie levynne glesterrd on hys headde;
Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade;
He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie payne;

Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes were fed,
He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:
Stylle does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,
A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte hyghte.

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLEIE,[1] 1464.

I.

In Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;
The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte
aumere.

II.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist in drear arraie
A hepe of cloudes of sable sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,

[1] Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Malreward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire.—CHATTERTON.

Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up
apace.

III.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's covent
lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede,
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer
flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

IV.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there
scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd,
deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed
manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie
hedde,

• 'Seyncte Godwine's Covent.' It would have been *charitable* if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this "Ballad of Charity." The Abbott of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist.
—CHATTERTON.

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.[1]

V.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

VI.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

[1] Chatterton probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since, it is said, he gave this ballad to the publisher of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' only a month before his death.—Dr. Gregory.

VII.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde tolde his bederoll[1] at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

VIII.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverds mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare[2] his head with roses dighte.

[1] He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.—CHATTERTON.

[2] One morning while Mr. Tyrwhitt and I were at Bristol, in 1776, we had not proceeded far from our lodging before he found he had left on his table a memorandum-book, which it was necessary he should have about him. He therefore returned to fetch it while I stood still in the very place we parted at, looking on the objects about me. By this spot, as I was subsequently assured, the young Chatterton would naturally pass to the charity school, on St. Augustine's back,

IX.

An almes, sir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim saide,
O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche.

X.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;

where he was educated. But whether this circumstance be correctly stated or not, is immaterial to the general tendency of the following remark. On the spot, however, where I was standing, our retentive observer had picked up an idea which afterwards found its way into his "Excelente Balade of Charitie, as wroten by the gode prieste Thomas Rowleie, 1464."

"For the 'horse-millanare' his head with roses dighte."

The considerate reader must obviously have stared on being informed that such a term and such a trade had been extant in 1464; but his wonder would have ceased, had he been convinced, as I am, that in a public part of Bristol, full in sight of every passer by, was a sadler's shop, over which was inscribed 'A' or 'B,' no matter which, 'horse-milliner.' On the outside of one of the windows of the same operator stood (and I suppose yet stands) a wooden horse dressed out with ribbons, to explain the nature of horse-millinery. We have here perhaps the history of this modern image, which was impressed by Chatterton into his description of an "Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes Convente."—STEEVENS.

Mie porter never lets a faitour in ;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live.
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did
stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones
roadde awaie.

XI.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder
rolde ;
Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was
seen ;
Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde ;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were
clene ;
A Limitoure he was of order seene ;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen
tree.

XII.

An almes, sir priest ! the droppynge pilgrim
sayde,
For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take ;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
Here take this silver, it maie eathe thie care ;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne
we bare.

XIII.

But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie reward.
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING SONGE TO ELLA.]

Well thanne, goode Johne, sythe ytt must needes
be soe,
Thatt thou and I a bowtynge matche must have,
Lette ytt ne breakynge of oulde friendshyppe bee,
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe,[1] the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,
Who whanne Johne Clarkynge, one of myckle
lore,
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to
fyghte,
Hee showd smalle wytte, and showd hys weak-
nesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have
wrytte,
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

[1] 'Stowe' should be 'Stone,' a Carmelite friar of Bristol educated at Cambridge, and a famous preacher.—WARTON.

SONGE TO ÆLLA,

LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr whatt remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.
Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde hue
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the morning due,
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousandes of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of sleyne;

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres:
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Lette Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytte rounde.
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.[1]

[1] The stanza of old English poetry is most commonly formed of lines of equal feet, and constantly preserves an uniform recurrence of the same systematic alternation of

rhyme. The 'Songe to Ælla' is composed in that devious and irregular measure, which has been called the 'Pindaric.' What shall we think of a Pindaric ode in the reign of Edward the Fourth? It is well known, that this novelty was reserved for the capricious ambition of Cowley's muse. The writers of the fifteenth century were not so fond of soaring. They had neither skill nor strength for such towering flights.—WARTON.

THE UNDERWRITTEN LINES WERE

COMPOSED BY JOHN LADGATE, A PRIEST IN LONDON,

AND SENT TO ROWLIE, AS AN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING SONGE OF ELLA.

Havynge wythe mouche attentyon redde
Whatt you dydd to mee sende,
Admyre the varses mouche I dyd
And thus an answer lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was
A Poett mouche renownde,
Amongs the Latyns Vyrgilius
Was beste of Poets founde.

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne
The gyfte of inspyration,
And Afled to the Sexonne menne
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,

Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe Rowlie ynne these mokie dayes
Lendes owte hys sheenynge lyghtes,
And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves
Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

Mr. Tyrwhitt compared the copy of the 'Songe to Ælla' and 'Ladgate's Answer,' supplied by Mr. Catcott, with one made by Mr. Barrett, from the piece of vellum which Chatterton gave to him as the original MS. These are the variations of importance, exclusive of many in the spelling.

VERSES TO LADGATE.

In the title, for 'Ladgate,' *r.* 'Lydgate'
ver. 2. *r.* 'Thatt I and thee.'
3. for 'bee,' *r.* 'goe.'
7. for 'fyghte,' *r.* 'wryte.'

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

The title in the vellum MS. was simply 'Songe toe Ælla,' with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following wordes—'Lord of the Castelle of Brystowe ynne daies of yore.' It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for 'brastynge,' *r.* 'burstynge.'
11. for 'valyante,' *r.* 'burlie.'
23. for 'dysmall,' *r.* 'honore.'

LADGATE'S ANSWER.

No title in the Vellum MS.
ver. 3. for 'varses' *r.* 'pene.'
antep. for 'Lendes,' *r.* 'Sendes.'
ult. for 'lyne,' *r.* 'thynge.'

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton,

which differed from that which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others:

IN THE TITLE OF THE VERSES TO LADGATE.

Orig. 'Lydgate.' — Chat. 'Ladgate.'
ver. 3. Orig. 'goe.' — Chat. 'doe.'
7. Orig. 'wryte.' — Chat. 'fyghte.'

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

ver. 5. Orig. 'Dacyane.' — Chat. 'Dacya's.'
Orig. 'whose lockes.' — Chat. 'whose hayres.'
11. Orig. 'burlie.' — Chat. 'bronded.'
22. Orig. 'kennest.' — Chat. 'hearst.'
23. Orig. 'honore.' — Chat. 'dysmall.'
26. Orig. 'Ypraunсynge.' — Chat. 'Ifrayning.'
30. Orig. 'gloue.' — Chat. 'glare.'

TYRWHITT's *Edition of Rowley.*

Upon these variations we have these remarks: "In one copy of the 'Songe to Ælla,' which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett, these lines were found:

"Or seest the hatched steed,
Ifrayning o'er the meed."

Being called upon for the original, he the next day produced a parchment, containing the same poem, in which he had written 'ypraуncing,' instead of 'ifrayning;' but by some artifice he had obscured the MS. so much, to give it an ancient appearance, that Mr. Barrett could not make out the word without the use of galls. What follows from all this, but that Chatterton found on examination that there was no such word as 'ifrayning,' and that he substituted another in its place? In the same poem he at one time wrote 'iocks,'—'burlie'—'brasting,' and 'kennest;' at another, 'hairs'—'valiant'—'bursting,' and 'hearest.' Variations of this kind he could have produced without end. What he called originals, indeed, were probably in general more perfect than what he called copies; because the former were always produced after the other, and were, in truth, nothing more than second editions of the same pieces."—MALONE

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

THIS poem was originally printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to "oure Ladie," in the place where the church of St. Mary Redcliffe now stands.

The following account is transcribed from one of the parchment manuscripts produced by Chatterton:—

Symonne de Byrtonne eldest sonne of Syrre Baldwynus de Byrtonne, was born on the eve of the annunciation, M.C.C.XXXXXXV. hee was desyrabelle of aspect, and in hys yowthe much yeven to Tourneyeynge, and M.C.C.XXXXXXXX at Wynchestre yule games won myckle honnoure, he abstaynyd from marryage, he was myckle learned and ybuylded a house in the Yle of Wyghte after fashyon of a pallayse royaul, goodlye to behoulde, wyth carvell'd pyllars on whych was thys ryme wroten:

Fulle nobille is thys Kyngelie howse
And eke fulle nobille thee,
Echone is for the other fytte,
As saynctes for heaven bee.

Hee ever was fullen of almesdeeds, and was of the poore beloved: in M.C.C.LXXXV Kynge Edwarde* kepte hys Chrystmasse at Bryghtstowe and proceeded agaynste the Welchmenne ebroughtenne manye stronge and dowghtee knyghts, amongst whom were Syrre Ferrars Nevylle, Geoffroie Free-

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* This circumstance is proved by our old chronicles under the year 1285, "Rex Edw. 1. per Walliam progrediens occidentalem intravit Glamorganciam, quæ ad Comitem Gloveruiæ noscitur pertinere: Rex dein Bristolliam veniens festum Dominicæ nativitatis eo Anno ibi tenuit."—BARRETT.

man, Clymar Percie, Heldebrand Gournie, Ralph Mohun, Syr Lyster Percie, and Edgare Knyvet, knyghtes of renowne, who established a three days' jouste on Sayncts Maryes Hylle: Syrre Ferrars Nevylle appeared dyghte in ruddy armoure bearyng a rampaunte lyon Gutte de Sangue, agaynste hym came Syr Gervayse Teysdylle, who bearyd a launce issuynge proper but was quycklie overthrowen: then appeared Leonarde Ramsay, who had a honde issuante holdeynge a bloudie swerde peercynge a couroune wyth a sheelde peasenue with sylver; he ranne twayne tyltes, but Neville throwen hym on the thyrde rencountre: then dyd the aforesayd Syrre Symonne de Byrtonne avow that if he overthrowen Syrre Ferrars Neville, he woulde there erecte and buylde a chyrche to owre Ladye; allgate there stoode anigh Lamyngtonnes Ladies chamber: hee then encountred vygorously and bore Syrre Ferrars horse and man to the grounde, remaynynge konynge, victore knyght of the Jouste, ande settynge atte the ryghte honde of K. Edwarde. Inne M.CCLXXXXI hee performed hys vowen ybuylden a godelye chyrche from a pattern of St. Oswaldes Abbyes Chyrche and the day of our Lordes natyvyty M.C.CCI. Gylbert de Sante Leonfardoe Byshope of Chychestre dyd dedicate it to the Holie Vyrgynne Marye moder of Godde."

This MS., one of the pretended originals, entitled "Vita Burtoni," is 6½ inches square, partly written with *brown* ink, and partly with perfectly *black*. It is smeared in the centre with glue or brown varnish, but for the most part is in an attorney's regular engrossing hand. The parchment, where it has not been disfigured, appears new and of its natural colour. Some drops of red ink appear in different parts of the parchment.—SOUTHEY's *Edition of Chatterton*.

THE TOURNAMENT.

ENTER AN HERAWDE.

THE Tournament begynnes; the hammerrs sounde;
The courserrs lysse about the mensuredd fielde;
The shemrynge armoure throws the sheene arounde;
Quayntyssed fons depicted onn eche sheelde.
The feerie heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde,
Supportes the rampynge lyoncell orr beare,
Wythe straunge depyctures, nature maie nott yeelde,
Unseemelie to all orderr doe appere,
Yett yatte to menne, who thyncke and have a spryte,
Makes knowen thatt the phantasies unryghte.

I, sonne of honnoure, spencer of her joies,
Muste swythen goe to yeve the speeres arounde;
Wythe advantayle and borne I meynte emploie,
Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.
Soe the tall oake the ivie twysteth rounde;

Soe the neshe flowerr grees ynne the woodeland
shade.
The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr
founde;
Wydhoute unlikenesse nothynge could bee
made.
As ynn the bowke nete alleyn cann bee donne,
Syke ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are partes
of onne.

ENTERR SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too
longe,
Mie phantasie ys dyinge forr the fyghte.
The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrde warr
songe,
Yett notte a speere of hemm hath grete mie
syghte.
I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte.
I lacke a Guid,[1] a Wyllyamm [2] to entylte.

To reine anente a fele embodiedd knyghte,
Ytt gettes ne rennome gyff hys blodde bee
spylte.
Bie heavenne and Marie ytt ys tyme they're
here;
I lyche nott untlylle thus to wielde the speare.

[1] Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his age. —CHATTERTON. Rather Guy of Warwick.—DEAN MILLES.

[2] William Rufus. — CHATTERTON. Rather William the Conqueror.—DEAN MILLES.

HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes dynn fromm farre.

BOURTONNE.

Ah! sywthenn mie shielde and tyltynge launce bee bounde.
Eftsoones beheste mie Squyerr to the warre.
I flie before to clayme a challenge grownde.
[*Goeth oute.*

HERAWDE.

Thie valourous actes woulde meinte of menne astounde;
Harde bee yer shappe encontrynge thee ynn fyghte;
Anenst alle menne thou berest to the grounde,
Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte.
As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,
Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke eche knyghte's hue.

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR KNYGHTES, HERAWDE, MYNSTRELLES, AND SERVYTOURS.

KYNGE.

The barganette; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,
Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

MYNSTELLES.

I.

Wyllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englondes thorne,
The manne whose myghte delievretie hadd knite,
Snett oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde aborne,
Behesteynge all hys hommageres to fyghte.
Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted denne,
Let thie floes drenche the blodde of anie thynge bott menne.

II.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd plies;
Loude dynns the arrowe ynn the wolfynn's eare;
Hee ryseth battent, roares, he panctes, hee dyes.
Forslagenn att thie feete lett wolvynns bee,
Lett thie floes drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bredrenn slea.

III.

Throwe the merke shade of twistynde trees hee rydes;
The flemed owlett flapps herr eve-speckte wynge;
The lordynge toade ynn all hys passes bides;
The berten neders att hymm darte the stynge;
Stylle, stylle, hee passes onn, hys stede astrodde,
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe bloodde.

IV.

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie countries braughte,
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,
Att commyng dynn doth rayse himselfe distraughte,
Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.
Goe, stycke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne,
Lette thie floes drenche the blood of anie thynge botte menn.

V.

Wythe passent steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,
Wythe myghte alych the roghlynge thonderr stronge;
The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe sendes.
Goe, slea the lion ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,
Botte bee thie takelle drie fromm blodde of odherr menne.

VI.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;
The couraciers as swefte doe afterr flie.
Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes at baie,
Botte metes the arrowe, and eftsoones dothe die.
Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,
Lette thie floes drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn slee.

VII.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee sleynges hys bowe alyne.
The stagge ys ouch'd[1] wythe crownes of lillie flowerrs.
Arounde theire heaulmes theie greene verte doe entwyne;
Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerrs.
Forslagenn wyth thie sloe lette wylde beastes bee,
Feeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn slee.

KYNGE.

Nowe to the Tourneie; who wylle fyrste affraie?

[1] Garlands of flowers being put round the neck of the game, it was said to be 'ouch'd,' from 'ouch,' a chain worn by earls round their necks.—CHATTERTON

HERAULDE.

Nevylle, a baronne, bee yatte honnoure thyne.

BOURTONNE.

I clayme the passage.

NEVYLLE.

I contake thie waie.

BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette on mie gaberdyne.

HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull challenge, knyghtes and champyonns dygne,
A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne sounde.

[*Syrr Symonne and Nevylle tylte.*

Nevylle ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[*Nevylle falls.*

Loverdes, how doughtilie the tylterrs joyne!
Yee champyonnes, heere Symonne de Bourtonne fyghtes,
Onne hee hathe quacedd, assayle hymm, yee knyghtes.

FERRARIS.

I wylle anente hymm goe; mie squierr, mie shielde;

Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle scethe
Before I doe departe the lissedd fielde,
Mieselfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe,
Mie shielde!

BOURTONNE.

Comme onne, and fitte thie tylte-launce ethe.
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie foe.

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth; nowe bie heavenne thie woundes doe smethe;
I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys seconde beereth to the feelde.
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd sheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; squyre, mie launce and stede.
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee staie.
Botte, gyff thou fyghteste mee, thou shalt have mede;
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie;
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie possess the daie,
Thenn I schalle be a foemanne forr the spere

Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys faie,
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou schalte ne tende; I doe thee fie,
Lyche forreying levyn, schalle mie tylte-launce flie.

[*Berghamme and Clinton tylte. Clinton fallethe.*

BERGHAMME.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure thie bee-veredd eyne.
I have borne downe, and efte doe gauntlette thee.
Swythenne begynne, and wrynn thie shappe orr myne;
Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[*Bourtonne and Burghamm tylteth. Berghamme falls.*

HERAWDE.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,
And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe.
Lett hymm bee sett asyde, tylle hee doth see
A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.
Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous heie,
Ytt welle beseies to yeve hemm ryghte of fraie.

FIRST KNYGHTE.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme

The rennome ynn thys Tourneie forr to tylte;
Dherbie to proove fromm cravents owre goode name,
Bewrynnynge thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,
Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie?

[*Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte, and bee everichone overthrowne.*

BOURTONNE.

Nowe bie Seyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fielde
Ycrasedd speres and helmetts bee besprente,
Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a piercedd sheeld,
Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde be stente,
Yett toe encounterr hymm I bee contente.
Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.
Albeytte hee wythe lowes of fyre ybrente,
Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val advance.
Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe hys speere,
Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere.

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte
shall fall
Anethe the stronge push of mie straught out
speere,
There schalle aryse a hallie chyrches walle,
The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle,
Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and
rounde.
And thys I faifullie wylle stonde to all,
Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.
Straungerr, bee boune; I champyonn you to
warre.
Sounde, sounde the slughornes, to be hearde
fromm farre.

[*Bourtonne and the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.*

KYNGE.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

HERAWDE.

Bourtonne ys kynge.
Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the
tente;
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, songs of ach-
ments synge;
Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-
sprente;
To Kynge of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente.
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee
foughte;

Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde
hee shente ;
Hee joustedd, alleine havynge you ynn thoughte.
Comme, mynstrells, sound the strynge, goe onn
eche syde,
Whylest hee untoe the Kynge ynn state doe
ryde.

MYNSTRELLES.

I

Whann Battayle, smethynge wythe new quick-
enn'd gore,
Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge
hedde,
Dydd the merke wood of ethe and rest explore,
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,
Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode,
Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,
From hys vysage washedd the bloude,
Hylte hys swerde and gaberdyne.

II.

Wythe syke an eyne shee swotelie hymm dydd
view,
Dydd soe ycorvenn everrie shape to joie,
Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr huc,
Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts
emploie.
All delyghtsomme and contente,
Fyre enshotynge fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys armes hee dydd herr hente,
Lyche the merk-plante doe entwyne.
Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,
Onknowlachynge ynn whatt place herr to fynde,
Thys rule yspende, and ynn thie mynde re-tayne;
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies behynde.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's handwriting — the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from stanza 55, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked No. 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton, with the following title: "Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preeste of St. Johns, in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.— The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with." Being afterwards pressed by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original handwriting, he at last said that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another, the copy of an original by Rowley: and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked No. 2, as far as stanza 52 inclusive, with the following title: "Battle of Hastyngs by Turgotus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge, Esq." The lines from stanza 52 inclusive, were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett's repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.—*Note to Tyrwhitt's Edition.*

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

(No. 1.)

I.

O Chrŷste, it is a grief for me to telle,
How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte
In fyghtynge for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,
Al sleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.
O sea, our teeming donore! han thy floude,
Han anie fructuous entendement,
Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,
Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;
Whose cowart arrows manie erles sleyne,
And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne.

II.

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,
All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,
Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,
Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.
Lordynges, avaunt, that chycken-harted are,
From out of hearynge quicklie now departe;
Full well I wote, to synge of bloudie warre

Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.
Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,
And scond your mansion if grymm war come
there.

III.

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,
And sonne was come to byd us all good daie,
Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,
Prepar'd for fyghte in champyon arraie.
As when two bulles, destynde for Hocktide fyghte,
Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,
Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,
Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre;
Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,
The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes.

IV.

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen
spake:
My merrie men, be not cast downe in mynde;
Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,
Before yon sunne has donde his welke you'll
fynde.
Your lovyng wife, who erst dyd rid the londe
Of Lurdanes, and the treasure that you han,[1]

[1] The capital blunder which runs through all these poems, and would alone be sufficient to destroy their credit, is the termination of verbs of the singular number in *n*; 'han' is in twenty-six instances used in these poems, for the present or past time singular of the verb 'have.' But 'han,' being

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,
Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.
Cheer up youre hartes, chase sorrowe farre awaie,
Godde and Seyncte Cuthbert be the worde to daie.

v.

And thenne Duke Wyllyam to his knyghtes did saie:
My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;
Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,
Ech one of you I wyll make myckle riche.
Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte;
Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;
Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;
Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.
The clarions then sounded sharpe and shrille;
Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille.

VI.

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys saie;
He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horse-spear,
The noise it made the duke to turn awaie,
And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.
His cristede beaver dyd him smalle abounde;

an abbreviation of 'haven,' is never used by any ancient writer, except in the present time plural, and the infinitive mood.—TYRWHITT.

The cruel spear went thorough all his hede;
The purpel bloude came goushynge to the grounde,
And at Duke Wyllyam's feet he tumbled deade:
So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne
It felte the furie of the Danish menne.

VII.

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.
Duke Wyllyam sawe hys freende sleyne piteouslie,
His lovynge freende whome he muche honored,
For he han loved hym from puerilitie,
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:
O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it raysde a flame,
To whiche the rage of emptie wolves is tame.

VIII.

He tooke a brasen crosse-bowe in his honde,
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe
Han by his soundynge arrowe-lede bene sleyne.
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive,
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;
But nowe his destind howre dyd aryve,
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:

So have I seen a ladie-smock soe white,
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night.

IX.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,
That in his tender guttes it entered,
In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,[1]
And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.
Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse,
Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,
And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,
That Alured coulde not hymself aluste.
The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,
And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe.

X.

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce stylle,
The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;
The Englysh manie dethe-sure dartes did kille,
And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.
Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke,
And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,
In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;

[1] "With such a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went thro' the other side,
A large cloth yard and more."—*Chevy Chace.*

Theire sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.
The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the same,
Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far
off they came.

XI.

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen nys arrowe strynge,
An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;
The arrowe dauncynge in the ayre dyd synge,
And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.
At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare,
Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;
The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,
And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prowe;
Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,
It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke.

XII.

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,
And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,
But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,
And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.
Then Doullie myghte his bowestrynge drewe,
Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie
wounde,
But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,
And it fell bootless on the bloudie grounde.
Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus
broke,
Death-doynge blade from out the scabard toke

XIII.

And nowe the battail closde on everych syde,
And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;
They lifted up theire bylles with myckle pryde,
And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.
So have I sene two weirs at once give grounde,
White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;
In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking sounde,
Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;
And when their myghte in burstynge waves is fled,
Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede.

XIV.

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comelie mien,
Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,
At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,
And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;
He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte
Ageinste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;
He grond and sunken on the place of fyghte,
O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.
Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,
Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde.

XV.

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyldren tweine,
Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;

In England's court, in goode Kynge Edwarde's
regne,
He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson
glove;
And thence unto the place where he was borne,
Together with hys welthe and better wyfe,
To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,
In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;
And now with sovrayn Wyllyam he came,
To die in battel, or get welthe and fame.

XVI.

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge Egelredus set
Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;
In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was
wett,
And from his courser down he tumbled dede.
So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe
Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,
Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,
And view the briers belowe with self-taught
pride;
But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder
stroke,
He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke.

XVII.

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie
Hys launce uprere wyth all hys myghte ameine,
And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,

And at his pole the spear came out agayne.
Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde
Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,
And at hys side the arrowe entered,
And oute the crymson streme of bloude gan flowe;
In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,
And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine.

XVIII.

But Egelred, before he sunken downe,
With all his myghte amein his spear besped,
It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,
And bothe together quicklie sunken dede.
So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange,
Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,
But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange
That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,
And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,
The stronge and firme should not defame the weake.

XIX.

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,
Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,
And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,
And in the battel he much goode han done;
Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near,
For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;
And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,
He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:

True as a shadow to a substant thynge,
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge.

XX.

But when Egelred tumbled to the grounde,
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.
And then retreted for to guarde his kynge,
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's strynge,
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett.[1]

XXI.

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,
Without adoe he turned once agayne,
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde,
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,
But lyv'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;
And like a useless weede amonge the haie
Amonge the sleine warriours Griel laie.

[1] "The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet." — *Chevy Chace.*

XXII.

Kynge Harolde then he putt hys yeomen bie,
And ferslie ryd into the bloudie fyghte;
Erle Ethelwolf, and Goodrick, and Alfie,
Cuthbert, and Goddard, mical menne of myghte,
Ethelwin, Ethelbert, and Edwin too,
Effred the famous, and Erle Ethelwarde,
Kynge Harold's leegemenn, erlies hie and true,
Rode after hym, his bodie for to guarde;
The reste of erlies, fyghtynge other wheres,
Stained with Norman bloude theire fyghtynge speres.

XXIII.

As when some ryver with the season-raynes
White fomynge hie doth breke the bridges oft,
O'erturns the hamelet and all conteins,
And layeth o'er the hylls a muddie soft;
So Harold ranne upon his Normanne foes,
And layde the greate and small upon the grounde,
And delte among them thilke a store of blowes,
Full manie a Normanne fell by him dede wounde;
So who he be that ouphant faieries strike,
Their soules will wander to Kynge Offa's dyke.

XXIV.

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,
To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yielde;
Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,

The Norman's bowels steemde upon the feeld.
Old Salnarville beheld his son lie ded,
Against Erle Edelwarde his bowe-strynge drewe;
But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;
He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.
So was the hope of all the issue gone,
And in one battle fell the sire and son.

XXV.

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,
To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;
Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?
I'll be reveng'd, or die for thee this daie.
Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said;
I am a cunnynge erle, and that can tell;
Then drew hys swerde, and ghastlie cut hys hede,
And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,
Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,
It be the fate of no such trustie freende!

XXVI.

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did attaque;
He turned aboute and vilely souten flie;
But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,
He rolled on the grounde and soon dyd die.
His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,
Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,
But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear

Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.
He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,
Myngled their stremes of pourple bloude, and dy'd.

XXVII.

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote
Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;
Who dying sayd; Ah me! how hard my lote!
Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.
So have I seen a leafie elm of yore
Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;
But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,
It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;
And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,
Its fallen boddie tells you how it stoode.

XXVIII.

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,
On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,
As wolfs when hungred on the cattel flie,
So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.
With thilk a force he hyt hym to the grounde;
And was demasing howe to take his life,
When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde
Gyven by De Torcie, with a stabbyng knyfe;
Base trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,
The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you.

XXIX.

The erlie felt de Torcie's treacherous knyfe
Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;
And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,
Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.
He held hys trustie swerd against his breste,
And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;
And both together then did take their reste,
Their soules from corpses unaknell'd [1] depart;
And both together soughte the unknown shore,
Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before.

XXX.

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,
And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,
Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,
His proofe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;
And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine,
And down he tumbled on the bloudie grounde;
Meanwhile the other erlies on the playne
Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,
Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,
But manie knyghtes were women in men's geer.

XXXI.

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,
Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode;

[1] Without the funeral knell being rung.
" Unhousell'd, unanointed, *unaknell'd*."
HAMLET, *in Pope's Edition*.

Where Druids, auncient preests dyd ryghtes ordaine,
And in the middle shed the victyms bloude;
Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge,
Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,
And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,
Wreck'd all hys shyppyng on the Brittish coaste,
And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,
'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity.

XXXII.

To make it more renomed than before,
(I, tho' a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)
The Saxonnes steynd the place wyth Brittish gore.
Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.
Tho' Chrystians, stylle they thoghte mouche of the pile,
And here theie mette when causes dyd it neede;
'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle
Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede;
O Hengist! han thy cause bin good and true,
Thou wouldst such murdrous acts as these eschew.

XXXIII.

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,
And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine;
Three Norman Champyons of hie degree
He lefte to smoke upon the bloudie pleine:
The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce,
And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede;

Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylting launce,
And at his horses feet he tumbled dede;
His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude
Of soddayne roushynge mouche lov'd purple bloude.

XXXIV.

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,
An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine;
The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,
A punie wounde, that caus'd but littel peine.
So have I seene a Dolthead place a stone,
Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course:
But better han it bin to lett alone,
It onlie drives it on with mickle force;
The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,
Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.

XXXV.

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,
Advaunced next before the erlie's syghte;
His fader was a manne of mickle fame,
And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.
Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,
The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;
And at eche other vengouslie they flewe,
As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;
Bothe scorn'd to yeelde, and bothe abhor'de to flie,
Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.

XXXVI.

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,
Thatt splytte eftsoons hys cristed helm in twayne;
Whiche he perforce withe target covered,
And to the battel went with myghte ameine.
The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe
Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;
He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,
And in dethe-panges he seez'd the recer's knee:
Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,
So faste he dying gryp'd the racer's lymbe.

XXXVII.

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine,
Upon Chatillion's soulless corse of claie;
A puddlie streme of bloude flow'd oute ameine;
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,
To live a second time upon the main.

XXXVIII.

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne
To his dethe-doyng swerd his life did yeeld;

When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie,
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyne;
It miss'd; butt hytt Edardus on the eye,
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde.[1]

XXXIX.

Thys Herewald perceev'd, and full of ire
He on the Siere de Broque with furie came;
Quod he; thou'st slaughtred my beloved squier,
But I will be revenged for the same.
Into his bowels then his launce he thruste,
And drew thereout a steemie drerie lode;
Quod he; these offals are for ever curst,
Shall serve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes for foode.
Then on the pleine the steemie lode he throwde,
Smokynge wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymson bloude.

XL.

Fitz Broque, who saw his father killen lie.
Ah me; sayde he; what woeful syghte I see!
But now I must do somethynge more than sighe;
And then an arrowe from the bowe drewe he.

[1] "And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound."
DRYDEN'S *Virgil.*

This is the last line in the translation, and as such, is very likely to have attracted the attention of Chatterton.

Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte;
Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe;
And upwards went into the erlie's harte,
And out the crymson streme of bloude 'gan flowe.
As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,
White rushe the burstynge waves, and roar along the weir.

XLI.

The erle with one honde grasp'd the recer's mayne,
And with the other he his launce besped;
And then felle bleedyng on the bloudie plaine.
His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;
Upon his hede it made a wounde full slyghte,
But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,
Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,
Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.
The noble erlie than, withote a grone,
Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne.

XLII.

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse
Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;
And now eletten on another horse,
Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.
The cowart Norman knyghtes before hym fledde,
And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene:

But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,
As to be sleyen by a wighte so meene.
Tho' oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,
'Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock.

XLIII.

Upon Du Chatelet he ferselie sett,
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete;
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,
The rollynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull,
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte;
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte;
Close by the Norman champyons he han sleine,
He fell; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the pleine.

XLIV.

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.
With that his launce he enterd at his throte;
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,
And after it a crymson streme of bloude:
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie.

XLV.

He gryped hard the bloudie murd'ring launce,
And in a grone he left this mortal lyfe.
Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,
Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;
But Egward, who perceev'd his fowle intent,
Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,
And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,
That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.
Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle
Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule.

XLVI.

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,
Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;
And slewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,
Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.
Whan he the first mischaunce received han,
With horsemans haste he from the armie rodde;
And did repaire unto the cunnynge manne,
Who sange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;
Then praid Seyncte Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,
To blesse his labour, and to heal the same.

XLVII.

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,
And putt the teint of holie herbies on;

And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;
And then did say; "go, champyon, get agone."
And now was comynge Harrolde to defend,
And metten with Walleris cruel darte;
His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,
The arrow peerced into his noble harte;
As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,
Falls to the pleine; so fell the warriour dede.

XLVIII.

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,
Who love of hym han from his country gone,
When he perceev'd his friend lie in his gore,
As furious as a mountayn wolf he ranne.
As ouphant faieries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their syghte,
Ne by the race of destinie be seen;
For what he be that ouphant faieries stryke,
Their soules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke.

XLIX.

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave
The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;
And lefte behynde their bowe and asenglave,
For fear of hym, in thilk a cowart haste.
His garb sufficient were to meve affryghte;
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;

A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,
Was tytend round his shoulders by the claws:
So Hercules, 'tis sunge, much like to him,
Upon his shoulder wore a lyon's skin.[1]

L.

Upon his thyghes and harte-swefte legges he wore
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;
A boar-skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels,
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.
His bloude went downe the swerde unto his arme,
In springing rivulet, alive and warme.

LI.

His swerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itts waie;

[1] "And then about his shoulders broad he threw
A hoary hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcidès in a lion's skin,
When the Nemean conquest he did win."

SPENSER'S *Muiopotmus*, Stanza ix.

The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie.
Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle.
A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;
With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,
Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;
As myghtie lyghtenynge often has been founde,
To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde.

LII.

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,
The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;
And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,
And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.
As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe,
Flie from his paws, and angrie vysage grym;
But when he falls into the pittie golphe,
They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;
And cause he fryghted them so muche before,
Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more.

LIII.

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft
Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great dismaie:
They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,
And full a score engaged in the fraie.
Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear,
Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;

And wring'd his hedde with such a vehement gier,
His visage was turned round unto his backe.
Backe to his harte retyr'd the useless gore,
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more.

LIV.

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte:
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge,
And from their sockets started out his eyes;
And from his mouthe came out his blameless tonge;
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore laie.

LV.

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist;
A myghtie siere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,
An arrowe drew that dyd them littel list.
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet,
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his;
And Egward dyd the siere a hard blowe hytt,
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss:
Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande.

LVI.

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass;
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.
As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde,
The dreaded weapon hummed o'er his heade,
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead:
Oh shame to Norman armes! a lord a slave,
A captyve villeyn than a lorde more brave!

LVII.

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,
And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek;
Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two:
There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak [1]—

[1] Chatterton owned that he was the author of the first "Battle of Hastings." The very same day that he acknowledged this forgery, he informed Mr. Barrett that he had another poem, the copy of an original by Rowley; and at a *considerable interval of time* (which indeed was requisite for writing his new piece); he produced *another* "Battle of Hastings," much longer than the former; — a fair copy from an undoubted original! — MALONE.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.[1]

(No. 2.)

I.

Oh Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,
Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,
Teach me, fayre Saincte! thy passynge worthe to pryze,
To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.
The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,
Leadynge a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,
With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,
The world, that wotted not it coud be nyghte;
Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,
She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and pryde.

[1] We may consider this poem, not as a continuation of the former, but as an improved work of the same author, on the same subject; in which he has diversified many of the historical events, and introduced new personages, but preserved the same style and metre, and used the same kind of allusion and similes with those in the former poem, beginning with the "History of the Battle," and leaving the conclusion imperfect. — Dean Milles.

II.

With ale and vernage drunk his souldiers lay;
Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;
Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie!
This even in drinke, too-morrow with the dead!
Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde;
Dancynge and heideignes was the onlie theme;
Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,
And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.
Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,
All nyghte to the great Godde for succour ask'd and praied.

III.

Thus Harolde to his wites that stoode arounde;
Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills half a score.
And search how farre our foeman's campe doth bound;
Yourself have rede; I nede to saie ne more.
My brother best belov'd of anie ore,
My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,
Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,
And waiten tyll I sende the hest for fyghte.
He saide; the loieaul broders lefte the place,
Success and cheerfulness depicted on ech face.

IV.

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,
And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde.

When the dyre clatterynge of the shielde and launce
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espy'd.
He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cry'd;
Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell;
Girthe drew hys swerde, and cutte hys burled hyde;
The proto-slene manne of the fielde he felle;
Out streemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,
Reflected bie the moone seemd rubies mixt wyth pearles.

V.

A troope of Normannes from the mass-songe came,
Rousd from their praiers by the flotting crie;
Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceev'd the same,
Not once theie stoode abash'd, or thoghte to flie.
He seizd a bill, to conquer or to die;
Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,
That makes a vallie wheresoe're it lie;
Fierce as a ryver burstynge from the borne;
So fiercelie Gyrthe hitte Fitz du Gore a blowe,
And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone lowe.

VI.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name:
Let nœne edraw his arcublaster bowe:

Girthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the
same,
And vengynge Normannes staid the flyinge floe.
The sire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye
so
Thus unprovok'd to courte a bloudie fyghte?
Quod Gyrthe; oure meanynge we ne care to
showe,
Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;
Here single onlie these to all thie crewe
Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes
can doe.

VII.

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme reply'd,
Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most distraught;
In peace and mercy is a Chrystian's pryde;
He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.
And now the news was to Duke William
brought,
That men of Haroldes armie taken were;
For they're good cheere all caties were en-
thoughte,
And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode
cheere.
Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde
A friend to everie manne that treads on English
ground.

VII.

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypass'd,
And sawe bothe men and erlies on the grounde,

They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte
theyr last,
And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.
He started backe, and was wyth shame as-
townd;
Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth
rage;
When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes
dyd sound,
Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!
Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?
Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the
dead.

IX.

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre
In jintle slumbers chase the heat of daie,
Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfins rore,
That nere hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,
He tremblynge for his sheep drives dreeme
awaie,
Gripes faste hys burled croke, and sore adradde
Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,
And rage and prowess fyres the coistrell lad;
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfins tear the
skies:

X.

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,
That rose from sleep and walsome power of
wine;

Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte
Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;
Now here, now there, the burnysht sheeldes and byllspear shine;
Throwote the campe a wild confusionne spredde;
Eche bracd hys armlace siker ne desygne,
The crested helmet nodded on the hedde;
Some caught a slughorne, and an onsett wounde;
Kynge Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the sounde.

XI.

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!
Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn sede
Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace fele,
And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede?
Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the deede.
You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,
Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.
O shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!
He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head.

XII.

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght re-nown'd,
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde;
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;
And let the Londoners and Sussers plie
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie.

XIII.

He saide; and as a packe of hounds belent,
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,
With twa redubbled fhuir the alans run;
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one;
Soone linked man to man the champyones stoode;
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;
Here glorious Alfwold towr'd above the wites,
And seem'd to brave the fuir of twa ten thousand fights.

XIV.

Thus Leofwine; to-day will Englandes dome
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete,
From porte to porte the red-hair'd Dane he chas'd,
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncels cou'd mate,
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystrie bested.

XV.

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.
Brave Harolde look'd askaunte, and thus reply'd;
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare;
And thus he saide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,
Have I deserved this fremed speche to here?
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thynge.

When Tostus sent me golde and sylver store,
I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason more.

XVI.

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cry'd;
Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?
I think of Tostus, once my joie and pryde.
Girthe saide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.
But what oure foemen are, quod Girthe, I'll shewe;
By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.
Do not, quod Harolde, Girthe, mystell them so,
For theie are everich one brave men at warre.
Quod Girthe; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?
Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete.

XVII.

And now Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,
And stretch'd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.
First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,
Next those on horsebacke drew the ascendyng flo,
Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe,
Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,
Or with the loverds squier behinde dyd goe,
Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde.

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,
Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie.

XVIII.

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;
That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,
Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,
Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.
He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande,
And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;
Who said; tell thou the Duke, at his likand
If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.
He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,
And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie fyghte.

XIX.

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,
Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,
An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doynge there,
Under this motte, 'He conquers or he dies.'
This standard rych, endazzlyng mortal eyes,
Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,
Who charg'd hys broders for the grete empryze
That straite the hest for battle should be spredde.

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,
And cries *a guerre* and slughornes shake the
vaulted heaven.

XX.

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,
In reaulmes of darkness hid from human
syghte,
The warring force of water, air, and fyre,
Brast from the regions of eternal nyghte,
Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of
lyght;
Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,
Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;
Nowe here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,
And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,
Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change
theyr course.

XXI.

So did the men of war at once advaunce,
Link'd man to man, enseemed one boddie light;
Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,
That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to
syght.
Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte,
Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse theyr minde;
Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more swefte
than wynd;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,
One single boddie all theie march'd, theyr eyen on
fyre.

XXII.

And now the greie-ey'd morne with vi'lets drest,
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fyerie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes:
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthron'd on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the
skie:
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyght-
some raye.

XXIII.

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rays'd
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare;
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,
Then furyouse sent it whystlynge thro' the
ayre.
It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer;
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie;
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,
Peercynge quite thro', before it dyd allaie;
He tumbled, scritchyng wyth hys horrid payne;
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne.

XXIV.

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes
songe
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,
Makynge bothe endes to meet with myghte full
stronge,
From out of mortals syght shot up the floe;
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe be-
lowe
It slaunted down on Alfwoldes paynctcd
sheelde;
Quite thro' the silver-bordur'd crosse did goe,
Nor loste its force, but stuck into the feelde;
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd pre-
pare,
And shotte ten thousande floes uprysynge in the
aire.

XXV.

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their
waie
In householde armies thro' the flanched skie,
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,
Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie,
Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth de-
scende;
Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;
In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend;

So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,
And peercd thro' brasse, and sente manie to heaven or helle.

XXVI.

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,
Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;
Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,
Thenne sunke to glorie and eternal reste.
Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste,
Throw the joint cuishe dyd the javlyn feel,
As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte address'd,
And sawe hys bloude come smokynge o'er the steele;
He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,
And turn'd hys horses hedde, and did to leeche repayre.

XXVII.

And now the javelyns barb'd with death his wynges,
Hurl'd from the Englysh handes by force aderne,
Whyzz-dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,
Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.
Hurl'd by such strength along the ayre theie burne,
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,

And alwaies followed by a purple floude;
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd end.

XXVIII.

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;
The force of none but thyne and Harold's hande,
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;
Itte whyzz'd a ghastlie dynne in Normannes ear,
Then thund'ryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,
He clos'd hys eyne in everlastynge nyghte;[1]
Ah! what avayld the lyons on his creste!
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was prest.

XXIX.

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,
Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd assaie,
There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;
In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,
'Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;

[1] "Clos'd his eyes in endless night." — GRAY'S *Bard.*

Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,
Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges torne.

XXX.

Alrick his brother, when hee this perceev'd,
He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,
Towards the duke he turn'd his prauncyng steede,
And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;
Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre,
On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,
Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,
He felle and thondred on the place of fame;
Next with his swerde he 'sayl'd the Seiur de Roe,
And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the blowe.

XXXI.

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,
And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,
Tooke a stronge arblaster, and bigge with fate
From twangynge iron sente the fleetynge floe.
As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe,
Which, han it came, had been Du Roees laste,

The swyfte-wyng'd messenger from Willyams
bowe
Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste;
His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at
nyghte,
He gryp'd his swerde, and felle upon the place of
fyghte.

XXXII.

O Alfwolde, saie, how shalle I synge of thee,
Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle;
Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes
did slee,
Not Haroldes self did for more praises call;
How shall a penne like myne then shew it all?
Lyke thee, their leader, eche Bristowyanne
foughte;
Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,
Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke
yroughte:
Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,
Full half a score from thee and theie receive
their fatale wounde.

XXXIII.

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force;
Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe;
Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did
peerce,
Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle;

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle;
Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde;
With purple stayned all hys adventayle;
In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde:
Upon the bloudie carnage house he laie,
Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's rysing ray.

XXXIV.

Next Fescampe felle; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate
To die the leckedst knyghte of all the thronge:
His sprite was made of malice deslavate,
Ne shoulden find a place in anie songe.
The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde so stronge
As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave;
Ah! neete avayld the brass or iron thonge,
With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave;
Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,
As wither'd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the playne.

XXXV.

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore
Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere;

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la
goure,[1]
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?
When Alfwold's javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre,
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude
bear,
It gave thee death and everlastynge fame;
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde
arme,
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme.

XXXVI.

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn
preste,
His soule and bloude came roushynge from the
wounde;
He clos'd his eyen, and op'd them with the blest.
It can ne be I should behight the rest,
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,
Paste bie a penne to be counte or expreste,
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns
hand,
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the
strand.[2]

[1] There can be no doubt that this singular word is used by some inadvertency for 'asterlagour,' or 'astrologer.'

[2] The minute enumeration of the Norman names in the

XXXVII.

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,
Besprenge destructione oer the woodes and
delles;
The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees
lement;
So foughte the Brystowe menne; ne one cre-
vent,
Ne onne abashed enthoughten for to flee;
With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,
And like theyr leaders every man did slee;
In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled;
The Brystowe menne styll rag'd, for Alfwold was
not dead.

XXXVIII.

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,
And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encreas'd the
slayne;
'T would take a Nestor's age to synge them all,
Or telle how manie Normannes preste the
playne;
But of the erles, whom record nete hath slayne,
O Truthe! for good of after-tymes relate

'Battle of Hastings," may be explained by supposing Chatterton to have copied them from "Fuller's Church History," while the Saxon names, not being so easily attainable, are but sparingly interspersed. — TYRWHITT.

That, thowe they're deade, theyr names may
lyve agayne,
And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate;
So after-ages maie theyr actions see,
And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be.

XXXIX.

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless sire
For ever bended to St. Cuthbert's shryne,
Whose breast for ever burn'd with sacred fyre,
And ee'n on erthe he myghte be call'd dyvine;
To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes re-
sygne,
And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes
knyghte;
His son the Saincte, behelde with looke adigne,
Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte;
Saincte Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys
deedes,
His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen
bleedes.

XL.

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;
She was the myghtie Aderedus' heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,

And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excell'd bie none but Homer's martial maid.

XLI.

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine —
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,
Or Phœbus rysinge in a frostie morne,
Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

XLII.

Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phœbus' charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,

So greie appear'd her featly sparklyng eye;
Those eyne, that dyd oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday
book.

XLIII.

Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where sainctes and soules departed masses
synge;[1]
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuynge
At once for reveraunce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did
falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

XLIV.

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skyllful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,

[1] This appears to be a mistake. It should be—
"Where saints *for* souls departed masses sing."

The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd.

XLV.

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,
What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,
That lefte the bosome of so fayre a dame
Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kynge?
To his fayre shrine goode subjects oughte to bringe
The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,
Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thynge,
And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;
The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,
And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doynge blowes he delte.

XLVI.

As when a wolfyn gettynge in the meedes
He rageth sore, and doth about hym slee,
Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,
And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;
As when a rivlette rolles impetuouslie,

And breaks the bankes that would its force re-
strayne,
Alonge the playne in fomynge rynges doth
flee,
Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course
maintayne;
As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,
With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laid
lowe.

XLVII.

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,
Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;
Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude
lease,
Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokynge
slayne.
Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne;
He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaste;
Out ran the bloude, and did hys armoure stayne,
He clos'd his eyen in æternal reste;
Lyke a tall oke by tempeste borne awaie,
Stretch'd in the arms of dethe upon the plaine he
laie.

XLVIII.

Next thro' the ayre he sent his javlyn feerce,
That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,
Throwe the vaste orbe the sharpe pheone did
peerce,

Rang on his coate of mayle and spent its mighte.
But soon another wing'd its aiery flyghte,
The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;
He felle, and groan'd upon the place of fighte,
Whilst lyfe and bloude came issuynge from the blowe.
Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,
So fell the mightie sire and mingled with the slaine.

XLIX.

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,
Advauncyd forwarde to provoke the darte,
When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.
He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,
Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse;
But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,
So it came down upon Troyvillain's horse;
Deep thro' hys hatchments wente the pointed floe;
Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde doth goe.

L.

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,
Tyll, growen furiouse by his bloudie wounde,
Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.
Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,
Besprengd his arrowes, loosend was his sheelde,
Thro' his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,
He peerc'd his swerde, and out upon the feelde
The Normannes bowels steem'd, a deadlie syghte!
He op'd and clos'd hys eyen in everlastynge nyghte.

LI.

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,
A man well skill'd in swerde and soundynge strynge,
Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kynge,
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge
An heavie javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,
Alonge his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,
Peerc'd thro' the corner, then stuck in the grounde;
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,
Thro' some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis flie.

LII.

Then Addhelm hurl'd a crochet javlyn stronge,
With mighte that none but such grete championes know;

Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclie on the prowe;
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe,
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck:
From eyther syde the bloude began to flow,
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande.

(*Continued.*)[1]

LIII.

Where fruytless heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,
Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble heade,
The hungrie traveller upon his waie
Sees a huge desarte alle arounde hym spredde,
The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,
The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,
'Tis too far distaunte, and his onlie bedde
Iwimpled in hys cloke ys on the playne,
Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,
And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie bedde.

[1] See note at page 180 respecting this continuation.

LIV.

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,
Plac'd on eche other in a dreare arraie,
It ne could be the worke of human handes,
It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.
Here did the Brutons adoration paye
To the false god whom they did Tauran name,
Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,
Roastynge theyr vyctualle round aboute the flame,
'Twas here that Hengyst did the Brytons slee,
As they were mette in council for to bee.

LV.

Neere on a loftie hylle a citie standes,
That lyftes yts scheafted heade ynto the skies,
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyse,
Within thys vylle fyrste adrewe the ayre,
A blessynge to the erthe sente from the skies,
In anie kyngdom ńee coulde fynde his pheer;
Now rybbd in steele he rages yn the fyghte,
And sweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte.

LVI.

So when derne Autumne wyth hys sallowe
hande
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,
The leaves besprenged on the yellow strande
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;
Alle the whole fielde a carnage-howse he sees,
And sowles unknelled hover'd o'er the bloude;
From place to place on either hand he slees,
And sweepes alle neere hym lyke a bronded
floude;
Dethe honge upon his arme; he sleed so
maynt,
'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte.

LVII.

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie
wayne
A three howres course alonge the whited
skyen,
Vewynge the swarthless bodies on the playne,
And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.
For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne
Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,
The wolsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd
twyne,
And dyd disfygure all hys semmlikeen;
Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,
In hyssynge ocean to make glair hys browes.

LVIII.

Duke Wyllyam gave commaunde, eche Norman knyghte,
That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,
Shoulde onward goe, and dare to closer fyghte
The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwine,
Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine,
Orre Cornysh wrastlers at a Hocktyde game.
The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,
To the ourt arraie of the thight Saxonnes came ;
There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parte
Dyd know that Saxonnes were the sonnes of warre.

LIX.

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie syde,
Where thou mayste heare the swotie nyghte larke chaunte,
Orre wyth some mokynge brooklette swetelie glide,
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferse Severnes tyde,
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme
Wyth such greete thoughtes as dyd with thee abyde,
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme,
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte.

LX.

Harolde, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,
Seiz'd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere;
Campynon famous for his stature highe,
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrte of lere,
In cloudie daie he reech'd into the skie;
Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge.

LXI.

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,
Then straynynge as hys membres would dyvyde,
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breme;
Alonge the fielde it made an horrid cleembe,
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds payncted sheeld in twayne,
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;

So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto
the grounde.

LXII.

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes
syde;
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde;
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did
goe,
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their rankes
divide,
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;
So olyphauntes, in kingdomme of the sunne,
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne
troopes runne.

LXIII.

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies staie,
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies,
The steele bylle blushynge oer wyth lukewarm
bloude;
Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,

Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne knyghte
Dyd blush to see their champyon put to flyghte.

LXIV.

As painctyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,
When yt is cale and blustrynge wyndes do blowe,
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe,
Throwe the quyck torrent of the bollen ave,
Throwe Severne rollynge oer the sandes belowe
He skyms alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,
Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne
In peecies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.

LXV.

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;
Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;
Hee fled, as wolfes when bie the talbots chac'd,
To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.
Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,
And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?
Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,
Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?
Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warrior's parte,
Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.

LXVI.

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's
bronde
Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe
coulde bee,
Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,
Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:
So hunted deere the dryvynge houndes will
slee,
When theie dyscover they cannot escape;
And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;
Thus stoode Campynon, greete but hertlesse
knyghte,
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to
fyghte.

LXVII.

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd slee,
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys
myghte
Campynon's swerdė in burlie-brande dyd dree;
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee;
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;
Hee grasp'd hys bylle in syke a drear arraie,
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie.

LXVIII.

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;
Fromme rattlynge weepons shotte a sparklynge flame;
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame,
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;
A tyde of purple gore came wyth the same,
As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare;
Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle
Inne dolefulle terrours on its mynours falle.

LXIX.

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide;
So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,[1]
Feeles the broad axes peersynge his broade syde,
Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,
Pressynge all downe that is wyth hym anighe,
And stoppynge wearie travellers on the waie;
So straught upon the playne the Norman hie
* * * * * *

1 "As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heaved axe with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin on the ground."
POPE'S HOMER.

Bled, gron'd, and dyed: the Normanne knyghtes astound
To see the bawsin champyon preste upon the grounde.

LXX.

As when the hygra[1] of the Severne roars,
And thunders ugsom on the sandes below,
The cleembe reboundes to Wedecester's shore,
And sweeps the black sande rounde its horie prowe;
So bremie Alfwoulde thro' the warre dyd goe;
Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,
Betreinted all alonge with bloudless foe,
And seem'd to swymm alonge with bloudie tyde;
Fromme place to place besmear'd with bloud they went,
And rounde aboute them swarthless corse besprente.

LXXI.

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,
Of skyll in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons sleene,
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte,
As hee on horseback was, and peers'd hys gryne,

[1] See note to page 75.

Then upwarde wente: in everlastynge nyghte
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymsyghted eyne.
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,
Bie various causes sunken to the dead.

LXXII.

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente
At Alfwoulde's head, as hard as hee could dree;
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie
Aslaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;
Then Alfwould him attack'd most furyouslie,
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne.

* * * * * *

Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that the "Battle of Hastings" contains a *mass of occult intelligence*, in many *obscure references*, and *dark hints*. This is a mass which I cannot penetrate. The poem, as we have seen, is supposed to have been originally written by Turgott, a coeval ecclesiastic. But a writer so connected with the times, a professed historian, and who was here the author of a separate and distinct narrative of this single event, must have treated the subject with minuteness and particularity. He was drawing from the life, and recording recent facts. This newly discovered manuscript of Turgott must have mentioned anecdotes not now to be found in our histories, or have related those already recorded, with additional circumstances, with a less degree of generality, and a variety of new particulars. But unluckily, we see

little more than the well-known, established, leading incidents. Some few poetical or imaginary insertions excepted, this memorable Battle is much the same in Hollinshed as in Turgott. I am speaking of real facts, such as properly belong to this event as a piece of history, and such as Turgott would have naturally told. As to those *occult intelligences*, instanced by Mr. Bryant, *Tynyan's necromancy*, the *goats of Conyan made tame*, and the souls of the *fairy-stricken* people that wander to *Offa's dyke*, they are extraneous, and the sport of the poet. Tynyan is an old British king in Geoffrey of Monmouth. So little is known of this monarch, that he was safely and easily converted into a necromancer. The *goats of Conyan* might be an allusion, to amuse and deceive, without any meaning at the bottom. We must not always treat fancies as mysteries. There are now remembered many romantic traditions, such as that of the souls of the *fairy-stricken people*. But this might have sprung from Chatterton's imagination, for it is by no means out of the style and cast of modern fiction. All these may be said to have been added to Turgott by Rowley. It is as least as probable that they came from Chatterton. They certainly did not fall from the pen of an archdeacon, a prior of an episcopal church, and a conscientious annalist. At least they would not have been introduced by Turgott into the grave dignity of an historic detail.—WARTON.

THE ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE.[1]

BY JOHN DE BERGHAM.

THE Sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onspryngede,
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fenne,
The Quenis Ermyne arised fro Bedde;
Syr Knyghte dyd ymounte oponn a Stede
Ne Rouncie ne Drybblette of make,
Thanne asterte for dur'sie dede
Wythe Morglaie hys Fooemenne to make blede
Eke swythyn as wynde. Trees, theyre Hartys to
shake,

[1] Mr. Burgum (the Bristol pewterer) is one of the first persons who expresses an opinion of the authenticity and excellence of Rowley's poems. Chatterton, pleased with this first blossom of credulity, and from which he presaged an abundant harvest, with an elated and a grateful heart, presents him with the 'Romaunte of the Cnyghte,' a poem written by 'JOHN DE BERGHAM,' one of *his own* ancestors, about four hundred and fifty years before; and, the more effectually to exclude suspicion, he accompanies it with the same poem modernized by himself.—COTTLE. See the 'Romance of the Knight' in Chatterton's acknowledged Poems.

Al doune in a Delle, a merke dernie Delle,
Wheere Coppys eke Thighe Trees there bee,
There dyd hee perchaunce Isee
A Damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne,
An Cnyghte uncourteous dydde bie her stonde
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,
Discorteous Cnyghte, I doe praie nowe thou telle
Whirst doeste thou bee so to thee Damselle?
The Knyghte hym assoled [1] eftsoones,
Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne.
Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The Knyghte sed I proove on thie Gaberdyne,[2]
Alyche Boars enchafed to fyghte heie flies.
The Discoorteous Knyghte bee strynge botte
strynger the righte,
The dynne bee herde a'myle for fuire in the
fyghte,
Tyl thee false Knyghte yfallethe and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the Knyghte, now comme thou
wi me,
Y wotte welle quod shee I nede thee ne fere.
The Knyghte yfallen badd wolde Ischulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie itte spede Heaven-
were.

[1] Answered. Used by Rowley in the same sense.—CHATTERTON.

[2] A manner of challenging. So in Rowley's Tournament,
"Thanne theeres my Gauntelette on thie Gaberdyne"—
CHATTERTON.

ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

WHANNE Englonde, smeethynge from her lethal wounde,
From her galled necke dyd twytte the chayne awaie,
Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,
(Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)
Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark surcote graie,
Twayne lonelie shepsterres dyd abrodden flie,
(The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie,)
And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;
Firste Roberte Neatherde hys sore boesom stroke,
Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

ROBERTE.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,
Gif thos wee flie in chase of farther woe,

Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,
Ne wylle oure pace swefte as oure danger goe.
To oure grete wronges we have enheped moe,
The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!
I haveth lyff, bott have escaped soe
That lyff ytsel mie senses doe affraie.
Oh Raufe, comme lyste, and hear mie dernie tale,
Comme heare the balefull dome of Robynne of the dale.

RAUFE.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;
O! I've a tale that Sabalus mote telle.
Swote flouretts, mantled meedows, forestes dygne;
Gravots far-kend arounde the Errmiets cell;
The swote ribible dynning yn the dell;
The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie courte;
Eke the highe songe and everych joie farewell,
Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte:
Impestering trobble onn mie heade doe comme,
Ne one kynde Seyncte to warde the aye encreasynge dome.

ROBERTE.

Oh! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees,
Mie spreedynge flockes of shepe of lillie white,

Mie tendre applynges ; and embodyde trees,
Mie Parker's Grange, far spreedynge to the syghte,
Mie cuyen kyne, mie bullockes stringe yn fyghte,
Mie gorne emblaunched with the comfreie plante,
Mie floure Seyncte Marie shotteyng wythe the lyghte,
Mie store of all the blessynges Heaven can grant.
I amm duressed unto sorrowes blowe,
I hantend to the peyne, will lette ne salte teare flowe.

RAUFE.

Here I wille obaie[1] untylle Dethe doe 'pere,
Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel tree,
Whyche sleaeth everichone that commeth nere,
Soe wille I, fyxed unto thys place, gre.
I to bement haveth moe cause than thee ;
Sleene in the warre mie boolie fadre lies ;
Oh ! joieous I hys mortherer would slea,
And bie hys syde for aie enclose myne eies.
Calked from everych joie, heere wylle I blede ;
Fell ys the Cullys-yatte of mie hartes castle stede.

[1] Abide. This line is also wrote—

"Here wyll I obaie untill dethe appere,"

but this is modernized.—CHATTERTON.

ROBERTE.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome shal bee.
Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn, ystorven ys;[1]
Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee;
A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.
Now from e'en logges fledden is selyness,
Mynsterres alleyn can boaste the hallie Seyncte,
Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte;[2]
Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode,
And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with bloude.

[1] 'Alone' is never used for 'only;' *solus* for *unicus; seul* for *unique.* The distinction, I believe, exists in most languages. If the learned persons do not yet apprehend it, I would advise them, in the following passage of Shakspeare—

"Ah! no—it is my only son,"

to substitute *my son alone*, and to judge for themselves whether the difference in the idea suggested arises merely from the different position of the words.—TYRWHITT.

[2] "When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask."

Henry IV. Part I.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

Sprytes of the bleste, the pious Nygelle sed,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

I.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,
Uponne the brede sea doe the banners gleme,
The amenused nationnes be aston,
To ken syke large a flete, syke fyne, syke breme,
The barkis heafods coupe the lymed streme;
Oundes synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake riese;
The water slughornes wythe a swotye cleme
Conteke the dynnynge ayre, and reche the skies.
Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones astedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

II.

The gule depeyncted oares from the black tyde,
Decorn wyth fonnes rare, doe shemrynge ryse;
Upswalynge doe heie shewe ynne drierie pryde,
Lyche gore-red estells in the eve-merk skyes;
The nome-depeyncted[1] shields, the speres aryse,

[1] Rebused shields; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer.—CHATTERTON.

Alyche talle roshes on the water sỳde;
Alenge from bark to bark the bryghte sheene flyes;
Sweft-kerv'd delyghtes doe on the water glyde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

III.

The Sarasen lokes owte: he doethe feere,
That Englondes brondeous sonnes do cotte the waie.
Lyke honted bockes, theye reineth here and there,
Onknowlachynge inne whatte place to obaie.
The banner glesters on the beme of daie;
The mitte crosse Jerusalim ys seene;
Dhereof the syghte yer corragedoe affraie,
In balefull dole their faces be ywreene.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on my fadres hedde.

IV.

The bollengers and cottes, so swyfte yn fyghte,
Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;
Foorthe to his office lepethe everych knyghte,
Eftsoones hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere.
The jynynge shieldes doe shemre and moke glare;
The dosheynge oare doe make gemoted dynne;

The reynyng foemen, thynckeynge gif to dare,
Boun the merk swerde, theie seche to fraie, theie blyn.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte yer pleasaunce onne mie fadres hedde.

V.

Now comm the warrynge Sarasyns to fyghte;
Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel of warre,
Inne sheenynge goulde, lyke feerie gronfers dyghte,
Shaketh alofe hys honde, and seene afarre.
Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre
Amenge the drybblett ons to sheene fulle bryghte;
Syke sunnys wayne wyth amayl'd beames doe barr
The blaunchie mone or estells to gev lyghte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VI.

Distraughte affraie, wythe lockes of blodde-red die,
Terroure, emburled yn the thonders rage,
Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugsomme flie,
Enchafynge echone champyonne war to wage.

Speeres bevyle [1] speres ; swerdes upon swerdes
engage ;
Armoure on armoure dynn, shielde upon
shielde ;
Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,
Botte falleynge nombers sable all the feelde.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte
ydedde,
Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

VII.

The foemen fal arounde ; the cross reles hye ;
Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys
seen ;
Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe
flie,
And beereth meynte of Turkes onto the
greene ;
Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys sleene ;
The waylynge mone doth fade before hys
sonne ;
Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions
deene,
Doeynge syke marvels, strongers be aston.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,
Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

[1] The idea of *breaking*, which is quite foreign from *bevyle*, might perhaps have been suggested by the following passage in Kersey: "Bevile (in heraldry) broken or open, like a bevel or carpenter's rule."—TYRWHITT.

VIII.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;
The Englonde bannerr kisseth the hie ayre;
Full of pure joie the armie is iwys,
And everych one haveth it onne his bayre;
Agayne to Englonde comme, and worschepped there,
Twyghte into lovynge armes, and feasted eft;
In everych eyne aredynge nete of wyere,
Of all remembrance of past peyne berefte.
Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,
Syke pleasures powre upon mie fadres hedde.

Syke Nigel sed, whan from the bluie sea
The upswol sayle did daunce before hys eyne;
Swefte as the wishe, hee toe the beeche dyd flee,
And founde his fadre steppeynge from the bryne.
Lette thyssen menne, who haveth sprite of loove,
Bethyncke untoe hemselves how mote the meetynge proove.

ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

MANNE, WOMANNE, SIR ROGERRE.

WOULDST thou kenn nature in her better parte?
Goe, serche the logges and bordels of the hynde;
Gyff theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,
Inne hem you see the blakied forme of kynde.
Haveth your mynde a lycheynge of a mynde?
Woulde it kenne everich thynge, as it mote bee?
Woulde ytte here phrase of vulgar from the hynde,
Withoute wiseegger wordes and knowlache free?
Gyfsoe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysportynge pende;
Gif nete besyde, yttes rhyme maie ytte commende.

MANNE.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?
O where do ye bende yer waie?
I wille knowe whether you goe,
I wylle not bee asseled naie.

WOMANNE.

To Robin and Nell, all downe in the delle,
To hele hem at makeynge of haie.

MANNE.

Syr Roggerre, the parsone, hav hyred mee there,
Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,
We'lle wurke and we'lle synge, and weylle drenche of stronge beer
As longe as the merrie sommers daie.

WOMANNE.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!
Moke is mie woe.
Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynne the Chyrche
With birlette golde,
Wythe gelten aumeres [1] stronge ontolde,
What was shee moe than me, to be soe?

MANNE.

I kenne Syr Roger from afar
Tryppynge over the lea;
Ich ask whie the loverds son
Is moe than mee.

SYR ROGERRE.

The sweltrie sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne,
From everich beme a seme of lyfe doe falle;
Swythyn scille oppe the haie uponne the playne;

[1] Borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces.—CHATTERTON.

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre talle.
Thys ys alyche oure doome; the great, the smalle,
Moste withe and bee forwyned by deathis darte.
See! the swote flourette hathe noe swote at-alle;
Itte wythe the ranke wede bereth evalle parte.
The cravent, warrioure, and the wyse be blente,
Alyche to drie awaie wythe those theie dyd bemente.

MANNE.

All-a-boon,[1] Syr Priest, all-a-boon.
Bye yer preestschype nowe saye unto mee;
Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,
Whie shoulde hee than mee
Bee more greate,
Inne honnoure, knyghtehoode and estate?

SYR ROGERRE.

Attourne thy eyne arounde thys haied mee,
Tentyflie loke arounde the chaper delle;
An answere to thie barganette here see,
Thys welked flourette wylle a leson telle:
Arist it blew, itte florished, and dyd well,

[1] The only passage, I believe, in which these eight letters are to be found together in the same order is in Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 9492.

"And alderfirst he bade hem all a bone."—TYRWHITT.

Lokeynge ascaunce upon the naighboure greene;
Yet with the deigned greene yttes rennome felle,
Eftsoones ytte shronke upon the daie-brente playne,
Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde,
To croppe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke ys the waie of lyffe; the loverds ente
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to slea;
Gyf thou has ethe, the shadowe of contente,
Beleive the trothe, theres none moe haile yan thee.
Thou wurchest; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee?
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.
Couldest thou the kivercled of soughlys see,
Thou wouldst eftsoones see trothe ynne whatte I saie;
Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

MANNE.

I ryse wythe the sonne,
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne,

And eere mie wurche is don
I synge a songe or twayne.
I followe the plough-tayle,
Wythe a longe jubb of ale.
Botte of the maydens, oh!
Itte lacketh notte to telle;
Syre Preeste mote notte crie woe,
Culde hys bull do as welle.

I daunce the beste heiedeygnes,
And foile the wysest feygnes.
On everych Seynctes hie daie
Wythe the mynstrelle am I seene,
All a footeynge it awaie,
Wythe maydens on the greene.
But oh! I wyshe to be moe greate,
In rennome, tenure, and estate.

SYR ROGERRE.

Has thou ne seene a tree uponne a hylle,
Whose unliste braunces rechen far toe syghte;
Whan fuired unwers doe the heaven fylle,
Itte shaketh deere yn dole and moke affryghte.
Whylest the congeon flowrette abessie dyghte,
Stondethe unhurte, unquaced bie the storme:
Syke is a picte of lyffe; the manne of myghte
Is tempest-chaft, hys woe greate as hys forme;
Thieselfe a flowrette of a small accounte,
Wouldst harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee
dydste mounte.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.[1]

ONNE Ruddeborne bank twa pynynge Maydens
sate,
Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre
cleere;
Echone bementynge for her absente mate,
Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the mor-
thynge speare.
The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre
Dydde speke acroole,[2] wythe languishment of
eyne,
Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed the quyvryng
brine.

ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie plainte,
To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte in stele;
O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose
peyncte,

[1] 'Rudborne' (in Saxon, red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York.—CHATTERTON.

[2] 'Acroole.' This word has no authority whatever. 'To crool,' however, is in Bailey, with the interpretation, *to growl, to mutter, to mumble.* A similar word is said likewise to have denoted the sound made by the dove.

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre
Roberte wele.
Moke moe thanne deathe in phantasie I feele;
See! see! upon the grounde he bleedynge
lies;
Inhild some joice of lyfe, or else mie deare love
dies.

JUGA.

Systers in sorrowe on thys daise-ey'd banke,
Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;
Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene
danke;
Lyche levynde okes in eche the odher bente,
Or lyche forlettenn halles of merriemente,
Whose gastlie mitches holde the traine of
fryghte,
Where lethale ravens bark, and owlets wake the
nyghte.

ELINOURE.

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne,[1]
The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and mor-
ryce plaie;
No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne
Shall from the lessel rouze the foxe awaie;
I'll seke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

[1] In the spirit of Gray's Elegy—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed;
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche-glebe
wyll goe,
And to the passante Spryghtes lecture mie tale
of woe.

JUGA.

Whan mokie cloudes do hange upon the leme
Of leden Moon, ynn sylver mantels dyghte;
The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden
dreme
Of Selyness, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;
Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde!) gif to a
spryte
Syrr Rychardes forme ye lyped I'll holde
dystraughte
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche
daie ynn thoughte.

ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can
shewe!
Thou limed ryver, on thie linche maie bleede
Champyons, whose bloude wylle wythe thie
waterres flowe,
And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme
indeede!
Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the
meade,
To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be menged onne
the plain.

Soe sayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees,
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were slayne,
Distraughte theie wandered to swoll'n Rudbornes syde,
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and dyde.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.[1]

I.

ANENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,
Listeynge to heare the water glyde alonge,
Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,
Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,

[1] The first thirty-four lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.[2] The remainder is printed from a copy, furnished by Mr. Catcott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's handwriting. This poem makes part of the prose work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of painters, carvellers, poets, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own.

The transaction alluded to in the last stanza is related at large in some prose memoirs of Rowley. It is there said that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdevile family. It is certain, from the register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained Acolythe by Bishop Carpenter, on 19th September, 1467, and received the higher orders of subdeacon, deacon, and priest, on the 12th of March, 1467, O.S., the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

[2] These thirty-four lines and one more short poem are the only scraps of poetry which Chatterton ever produced as the originals of Rowley.—*Cottle's Account of Rowley's MSS.*

At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to be sped,
Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

II.

Engarlanded wyth crownes of osyer weedes
And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,
And stickeynge out wyth clowde-agested reedes,
The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente,
Whylest blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,
Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepde.

III.

These eynegears swythyn bringethe to mie thowghte
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte,
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

IV.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore,
Whan he wyth Satan, kynge of helle, dyd fyghte,
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

V.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie,
Whie ys thy actyons left so spare yn storie?
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven eie
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glorie;
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde.

VI.

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,
As fayre a sayncte as anie towne can boaste,
Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste·
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe
Ynn visyonn 'fore mie phantasie dyd goe.

VII.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,
And eche dygne búylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,
Whan from the distaunt streeme arose a mayde,
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde;
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

VIII.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,

Ne costlie paraments of woden blue,
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere;
Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

IX.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde,
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde.
Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr.

X.

Astounded mickle there I sylente laie,
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrewe.

XI.

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,
Whych yn the blosom woulde such sins anete;

I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe,
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

XII.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,
False oratoryes she dyd aie deteste;
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,
Tho' shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

XIII.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereynge here
Mie name and sleyghted myndbruch maie thee telle;
I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heaven-were,
Goulers and courtiers doe not kenne mee welle;
Thie inmoste thoughtes, thie labrynge brayne I sawe,
And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

XIV.

Full manie champyons and menne of lore,
Paynctcrs and carvellers have gain'd good name,
But there's a Canynge, to encrease the store,
A Canynge, who shall buie uppe alle theyre fame.
Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne
What troulie noblenesse yn Canynge ranne.

XV.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde,
Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,
Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,
So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;
Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,
Immengde yn flanched ayre wyth Trouthe asyde.

XVI.

Strayte was I carry'd back to tymes of yore,
Whylst Canynge swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,
And saw all actyons whych han been before,
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to syghte,
I saw hym eager gaspynge after lyghte

XVII.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wysdom's raie;
He eate downe learnynge wyth the wastle cake.
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe toe make a mayre at tenne.[1]

[1] Of his native city he was mayor five times; and beside several other charities, founded an alms-house or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliffe-hill; and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe, the finest parish church in England—

XVIII.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee,
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,
Wondryng at one soe wyse, and yet soe yinge.

XIX.

Encreaseynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven,
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to cheese a wyfe,
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.
Hee then was yothe of comelie semelikeede,
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

XX.

He had a fader, (Jesus rest hys soule!)
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;
What then could Canynge wissen as a parte
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte?

"The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Bristowe and the Westerne land."

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory; one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate. the other in those of a priest cut in white marble.—*Memoirs of Sir William Canynge.*

XXI.

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,
And hoardes of sylver rousted yn the ent,
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyse,
To change of troulie love was theyr content;
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne,
Of goode sendaument commilie and fyne.

XXII.

Butte soone hys broder and hys syre dyd die,
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne[1] supplie.
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules;
And put hys broder ynto syke a trade,
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.[2]

XXIII.

Eftsoones hys mornynge tourn'd to gloomie nyghte;
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gave upp her brethe,
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endless lyghte,
And fleed good Canynge; sad mystake of dethe!

[1] Called 'Thomas,' by Stow, in his list of mayors.

[2] This is true; Canning was Lord Mayor of London in 1456.

Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

XXIV.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,)
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n;
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

XXV.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe;
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle;
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preeste for lyfe.
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke;
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke.

To this poem we may add the following *prose* "account of this extraordinary person, written by Rowley the priest;" printed in the "Town and Country Magazine for Nov. 1775," and republished with several corrections in Southey's edition.

It forms one of the MSS. communicated by Chatterton as original, and is preserved with the others in the British Museum.

"It is written with red ink, the letters are perfectly distinct, and the first line is written in the common attorney's text-hand. The parchment appears brown from some liquid that has been applied to it, but for which it is difficult to

assign any reason, except to give the parchment a *mistaken* appearance of age. The letters are remarkably legible, and being *red ink*, they could not require oak bark, or any similar composition to render them more so. We must conclude that this brown tint was communicated by Chatterton, but it is singular that he should not have discoloured the *whole* of the surface, as one corner of the parchment discovers its natural colour."—*Cottle's Account of Rowley's MSS.*

SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PERSON, WRITTEN BY ROWLEY THE PRIEST.

"I was fadre confessor to masteres Roberte and Mastre William Cannings. Mastre Robert was a man after his fadre's own harte, greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces'd master Roberte, and by master William's desyre bequeathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of myselfe to him.—Fadre, quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne, that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so farr distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learned priest: if you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it shall be mickle to your profits.

"I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyings, if of anie account, at anyprice. Consented I to the same, and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a steeple, contryvd for the belles when runge to swaie out of the syde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Symon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesomme rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

"Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form of a cross, the

end standing in the ground; a long manuscript was annexed. Master Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.—The tale of the drawers deserveth relation.—Thomas de Blunderville, a preeste, although the preeste had no allows, lovd a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lovd by Thomas, sonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him instantly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asydde and disclosed to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre. Yoynge Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

"He drew manie fine drawyinges on glass.

"The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargayned 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allyanne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havyng been tendred syx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventriee. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyings, all the works of mickle cunning.—Master William culld the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawying in Durham church hee did send me.

"Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatils are more worth than you gave; take this for your paynes; so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.—The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and somme houses near the old church erased; it was drawn by Aflema, preeste of St. Cutchberts, and offered as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.—I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hill,

often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings send for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he ne'er had seen, of the familee of the Windevilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Cannings instauntly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend, bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was prepaird and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyngs withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 marks, which gave him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think myself did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett myselfe diligentley to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire of Ashley, for another.—Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advised me to tender it to no man, beying the menn whose name were therein mentioned would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn to speake by a figure, would

have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advisd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks to be cured off.—Master William offered me a cannon's place in Westbury College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me stay at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaird since Robert Consull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen; some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house; and brynging my chattels from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring lease for 99 years, he thinkying it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.[1]

As onn a hylle one eve sittynge,
At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,
The counynge handieworke so fyne,
Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne ;
Quod I ; some counynge fairie hande
Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande ;
Fulle well I wote so fine a syghte
Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.
Quod Trouthe ; thou lackest knowlachynge ;
Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thynge.
A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,
Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte ;
And eke another in the Towne,
Where glassie bubblynge Trymme doth roun.
Quod I ; ne doubte for all he's given
His sowle will certes goe to heaven.
Yea, quod Trouthe ; than goe thou home,
And see thou doe as hee hath donne.
Quod I ; I doubte, that can ne bee ;
I have ne gotten markes three.
Quod Trouthe ; as thou hast got, give almes-
dedes soe ;
Canynges and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

[1] From a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's handwriting.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

ON THE SAME.[1]

STAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.
Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd surveie,
And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.
This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie,
Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,
That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,
Shall be the record of the Buylders fame for aie.

Thou seest this maystrie of a human hand,
The pride of Brystowe and the Westerne lande,
Yet is the Buylders vertues much moe greete,
Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be scande.
Thou seest the saynctes and kynges in stonen state,
That seem'd with breath and human soule dispande,
As payrde to us enseem these men of slate,
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God elate.

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, "A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rowlie."—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

Well maiest thou be astounde, but view it well;
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill;
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;
Of this tall spyre in every countye tell,
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;
How hee, good man, a friend for kynges became,
And gloryous paved at once the way to heaven and fame.

ON THE DEDICATION OF OUR LADIE'S CHURCH.[1]

SOONE as bryght sonne alonge the skyne,
Han sente hys ruddie lyghte;
And fayryes hyd ynne Oslyppe cuppes,
Tylle wysh'd approche of nyghte,
The mattyn belle wyth shryllie sounde,
Reeckode throwe the ayre;
A troop of holie freeres dyd,
For Jesus masse prepare.
Arounde the highe unsaynted chyrche,
Wythe holie relyques wente;
And every door and poste aboute
Wythe godlie thynges besprent.
Then Carpenter yn scarlette dreste,
And mytred holylie;
From Mastre Canynge hys greate howse,
Wyth rosarie dyd hie.
Before hym wente a throng of freeres
Who dyd the masse songe synge,
Behynde hym Mastre Canynge came,

[1] This poem was given by Chatterton in a note to the Parliamente of Sprytes. The lines are here divided into the ballad length.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Tryck'd lyke a barbed kynge,
And then a rowe of holie freeres
Who dyd the mass songe sound;
The procurators and chyrche reeves
Next prest upon the ground,
And when unto the chyrche theye came
A holie masse was sange,
So lowdlie was theyr swotie voyce,
The heven so hie it range.
Then Carpenter dyd puryfie
The chyrche to Godde for aie,
Wythe holie masses and good psalmes
Whyche hee dyd thereyn saie.
Then was a sermon preeched soon
Bie Carpynterre holie,
And after that another one
Ypreechen was bie mee:
Thenn alle dyd goe to Canynges house
An Enterlude to playe,
And drynk hys wyne and ale so goode
And praie for him for aie.

FRAGMENT,

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBATTE OF SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.[1]

HARTE of lyone! shake thie sworde,
Bare thie mortheynge steinede honde;
Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers-browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thonderynge armes
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.
Harte of lyon! Sound the beme!
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne the cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes.[2]

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol. It was sent by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, as a note to Rowleie's Historie of Peyncters. "This John," he says, "was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard 1st."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

[2] If any one can perceive any difference of hand between this poem, attributed to Abbot *John*, and those which pass under the name of the supposed Rowley, he must possess much greater powers of discrimination than fall to the share of common critics.—TYRWHITT.

THE

PARLYAMENTE

OF

SPRYTES.

A MOST MERRIE ENTERLUDE.

Chatterton's answer to the strong objection arising from the smoothness of Rowley's poetry, when stated to him by Horace Walpole, is very remarkable—"The harmony is not so extraordinary, as Joseph Iscam is altogether as harmonious." Now, as Joseph Iscam is equally a person of dubious existence, this is a curious instance of *placing the elephant upon the tortoise.* His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, who depends upon the opinion of others for its gratification, but the stoical pride of talent, which felt nourishment in the solitary contemplation of superiority over the dupes who fell into his toils.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A MOST MERRIE ENTYRLUDE,

Plaied bie the Carmelyte Freeres at Mastre Canynges hys greete howse, before Mastre Canynges and Byshoppe Carpenterre,[1] on dedicatynge the chyrche of *Oure Ladie of Redclefte*, hight

THE PARLIAMENTE OF SPRYTES.

WROTEN BIE T. ROWLEIE AND J. ISCAMME.[2]

Entroductyon bie Queene Mabbe

(Bie ISCAMME.)

WHAN from the erthe the sonnes hulstred,
Than from the flouretts straughte[3] with dewe;

[1] John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who, in conjunction with Mr. Canynge, founded the Abbey at Westbury.

[2] John Iscam, according to Rowley, was a canon of the monastery of Saint Augustine, in Bristol. He wrote a dramatic piece called "The Pleasaunt Dyscorses of Lamyngeton;" also, at the desire of Mr. Canynge (Rowley being then collecting of Drawings for Mr. Canynge) he translated a Latin piece called "Miles Brystolli," into English metre. The place of his birth is not known.—CHATTERTON.

[3] Stretched. I think this line is borrowed from a much better one of Rowley's, viz: "Like kynge cuppes brasteynge wyth the mornynge dew." The reason why I think Iscam guilty of the plagiary is, that the "Songe to Ella," from

Mie leege menne makes yee awhaped,
And wytches theyre wytchencref doe.
Then ryse the sprytes ugsome and rou,
And take theyre walke the letten throwe.
Than do the sprytes of valourous menne,
Agleeme along the barbed halle;
Pleasaunte the moultrynge banners kenne,
Or sytte arounde yn honourde stalle.
Oure sprytes atourne theyr eyne to nyghte,
And looke on Canynge his chyrche bryghte.
In sothe yn alle mie bismarde rounde,
Troolie the thynge muste be bewryen:
Inne stone or woden worke ne founde,
Nete so bielecoyle to myne eyne
As ys goode Canynge hys chyrche of stone,
Whych blatauntlie wylle shewe his prayse alone.

To Johannes Carpenterre Byshoppe of Worcesterre.

(Bie ROWLEIE.)

To you goode Byshoppe, I address mie saie,
To you who honoureth the clothe you weare;
Lyke pretious bighes ynne golde of beste allaie
Echone dothe make the other seeme more fayre:
Other than you[1] where coulde a manne be founde
So fytte to make a place bee holie grounde.

when whence the above line is taken, was wrote when Rowley was in London, collecting of drawings for Mr. Canynge to build the church, and Iscam wrote the above little before the finishing of the church.—CHATTERTON.

[1] "Other than you," &c. Carpenter dedicated the church, as appears by a poem written by Rowley.—CHATTERTON.

The sainctes ynne stones so netelie carvelled,
Theie scantlie are whatte theie enseeme to be;
Bie fervente praier of yours myghte rear theyre
heade
And chaunte owte masses to oure Vyrgyne.
Was everie prelate lyke a Carpenterre,
The chyrche would ne blushe at a Wynchesterre.

Learned as Beauclerke, as the confessour
Holie ynne lyfe, lyke Canynge charitable,
Busie in holie chyrche as Vavasour,
Slacke yn thynges evylle, yn alle goode thynges
stable,
Honest as Saxonnes was, from whence thou'rt
sprunge,
Tho' boddie weak thie soule for ever younge.

Thou knowest welle thie conscience free from
steyne,
Thie soule her rode no sable batements have;
Yclenchde oer wythe vyrtues beste adaygne,
A daie æterne thie mynde does aie adave.
Ne spoyled widdowes, orphyans dystreste,
Ne starvvynge preestes ycrase thie nyghtlie reste.

Here then to thee let me for one and alle
Give lawde to Carpenterre and commendatyon,
For hys grete vyrtues but alas! too smalle
Is mie poore skylle to shewe you hys juste
blatyon,

Or to blaze forthe hys publicke goode alone,
And alle hys pryvate goode to Godde and hym ys knowne.

Spryte of Nymrodde speaketh.

(Bie ISCAMME.)

Soon as the morne but newlie wake,
Spyed Nyghte ystorven lye:
On herre corse dyd dew droppes shake,
Then fore the sonne upgotten was I.
Then rampynge lyon, felle tygere,
The bocke that skyppes from place to place,
The olyphaunte[1] and rhynocere,
Before mee throughe the greene wood I dyd chace.
Nymrodde as scryptures hyght mie name,
Baalle as jetted stories saie;
For rearynge Babelle of greete fame,
Mie name and renome shalle lyven for aie:
But here I spie a fyner rearynge,
Genst whych the clowdes dothe not fyghte,
Onne whych the starres doe sytte to appearynge:
Weeke menne thynke ytte reache the kyngdom of lyghte.

[1] Elephant. So an ancient anonymous author:

"The olyphaunt of beastes is
The wisest I wis,
For hee alwaie dothe eat
Lyttle store of meat."—*Note by* CHATTERTON.

O where ys the manne that buylded the same,
Dyspendynge worldlie store so welle;
Fayn woulde I chaunge wyth hym mie name,
And stande ynne hys chaunce ne to goe to
helle.

Spryte of Assyrians syngeth.

Whan toe theyre caves æterne abeste,[1]
The waters ne moe han dystreste
The worlde so large
Butte dyde dyscharge
Themselves ynto theyre bedde of reste.

Then menne besprenged alle abroade,
Ne moe dyde worshyppe the true Godde;
Butte dyd create
Hie temples greate
Unto the ymage of Nymrodde.

But nowe the Worde of Godde is come,
Borne of Maide Marie toe brynge home
Mankynde hys shepe,
Them for to keepe
In the folde of hys heavenlie kyngdome.

Thys chyrche whych Canynge he dyd reer,
To bee dispente in prayse and prayer,

[1] According to Rowley, "Humbled, or brought down." And Rowleie saies "thie pryde wylle be abeste." Entroductyon to the Entyrlude of the Apostate.—CHATTERTON.

Mennes soules to save,
From vowrynge grave,
And puryfye them heaven-were.[1]

Sprytes of Elle,[2] *Bythryeke,*[3] *Fytz-hardynge, Frampton, Gauntes, Segowen, Lanyngeton, Knyghtes, Templars, and Byrtonne.*

(Bie ROWLEIE.)

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

Elle, thie Brystowe is thie onlie care,
Thou arte lyke dragonne vyllant of yts gode;
Ne lovynge dames toe kynde moe love can bear,
Ne Lombardes over golde moe vyllaunt broode.

Spryte of Elle speeketh.

Swythyn, yee sprytes forsake the bollen floude,
And browke a sygthe wyth mee, a syghte enfyne;
Welle have I vended myne for Danyshe bloude,

[1] Heavenward.

"Not goulde or bighes will bring thee heaven-were,
Ne kyne or mylkie flockes upon the playne,
Ne mannours rych nor banners brave and fayre,
Ne wife the sweetest of the erthlie trayne.

"Entroductyon to the Enterlude of the Apostate."

Note by CHATTERTON.

[2] Keeper of Bristol Castle in the time of the Saxons.

[3] An Anglo-Saxon, who in William the Conqueror's time had Bristol.—CHATTERTON.

Syth thys greete structure greete mie whaped
eyne.
Yee that have buylden on the Radclefte syde,
Tourne there your eyne and see your workes
outvyde.

Spryte of Bythrycke speeketh.

What wondrous monumente! what pyle ys thys!
That byndes in wonders chayne entendemente!
That dothe aloof the ayrie skyen kyss,
And seemeth mountaynes joyned bie cemente,
From Godde hys greete and wondrous storehouse
sente.
Fulle welle myne eyne arede ytte canne ne bee,
That manne coulde reare of thylke agreete ex-
tente,
A chyrche so bausyn fetyve as wee see:
The flemed cloudes disparted from it flie,
Twylle bee, I wis, to alle eternytye.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Were I once moe caste yn a mortalle frame,
To heare the chauntrie songe sounde ynne myne
eare,
To heare the masses to owre holie dame,
To viewe the cross yles and the arches fayre!
Throughe the halfe hulstred sylver twynklynge
glare
Of yon bryghte moone in foggie mantles dreste,
I must contente the buyldynge to aspere,

Whylste ishad cloudes the hallie syghte arreste.
Tyll as the nyghtes growe wayle I flie the lyghte,
O were I manne agen to see the syghte!
There sytte the canons; clothe of sable hue
Adorne the boddies of them everie one;
The chaunters whyte with scarfes of woden blewe,
And crymson chappeaus for them toe put onne,
Wythe golden tassyls glyttrynge ynne the sunne;
The dames ynne kyrtles alle of Lyncolne greene,
And knotted shoone pykes of brave coloures done:
A fyner syghte yn sothe was never seen.

Byrtonnes spryte speeketh.

Inne tyltes and turnies was mie dear delyghte,
For manne and Godde hys warfare han renome;
At everyche tyltynge yarde mie name was hyghte,
I beare the belle awaie whereer I come.
Of Redclefte chyrche the buyldynge newe I done,
And dyd fulle manie holie place endowe,
Of Maries house made the foundacyon,
And gave threescore markes to Johnes hys toe.
Then close'd myne eyne on erthe to ope no moe,
Whylst syx moneths mynde upon mie grave was doe.
Full gladde am I mie chyrche was pyghten down,
Syth thys brave structure doth agreete myne eye.
Thys geason buyldynge, limedst of the towne,
Like to the donours soule, shall never die;
But if, percase, Tyme, of hys dyre envie,

Shalle beate ytte to rude walles and throckes of
stone;
The faytour traveller that passes bie
Wylle see yttes royend auntyaunte splendoure
shewne
Inne the crasd arches and the carvellynge,
And pyllars theyre greene heades to heaven
rearynge.

Spryte of Segowen speeketh.

Bestoykynge golde was once myne onlie toie,
Wyth ytte mie soule wythynne the coffer laie;
Itte dyd the mastrie of mie lyfe enploie,
Bie nyghte mie leman and mie jubbe bie daye.
Once as I dosynge yn the wytch howre laie,
Thynkynge howe to benym the orphyans breadde,
And from the redeless take theyre goodes awaie,
I from the skien hear'd a voyce, which said,
Thou sleepest, but loe Sathan is awake;
Some deede that's holie doe, or hee thie soule
wylle take.

I swythyn was upryst wyth feere astounde;
Methoughte yn merke was plaien devylles felle:
Strayte dyd I nomber twentie aves rounde,
Thoughten full soone for to go to helle.
In the morne mie case to a goode preeste dyd
telle,
Who dyd areede mee to ybuild that daie
The chyrche of Thomas, thenne to pieces felle.

Mie heart dispanded into heaven laie :
Soon was the sylver to the workmenne given,—
'Twas beste astowde, a karynte gave to heaven.

But welle, I wote, thie causalles were not soe,
'Twas love of Godde that set thee on the rearynge
Of this fayre chyrch, O Canynge, for to doe
Thys lymed buyldynge of so fyne appearynge :
Thys chyrch owre lesser buyldyngs all owt-daryinge,
Lyke to the moone wythe starres of lyttle lyghte ;
And after tymes the feetyve pyle reverynge,
The prynce of chyrches buylders thee shall hyghte ;
Greete was the cause, but greeter was the effecte,
So alle wyll saie who doe thys place prospect.

Spryte of Fytz Hardynge speeketh.

From royal parentes dyd I have retaynynge,
The redde-hayrde Dane confeste to be mie syre ;
The Dane who often throwe thys kyngdom draynynge,
Would mark theyre waie athrowgh wythe bloude and fyre.
As stopped ryvers alwaies ryse moe hygher,
And rammed stones bie opposures stronger bee ;
So thie whan vanquyshed dyd prove moe dyre,

And for one peysan theie dyd threescore slee.
From them of Denmarques royalle bloude came I,
Welle myghte I boaste of mie gentylytie.
The pypes maie sounde and bubble forth mie name,
And tellen what on Radclefte syde I dyd:
Trinytie Colledge ne agrutche mie fame,
The fayrest place in Brystowe ybuylded.
The royalle bloude that thorow mie vaynes slydde
Dyd tyncte mie harte wythe manie a noble thoughte;
I yke to mie mynde the mynster yreared,
Wythe noble carvel workmanshyppe was wroughte.
Hie at the deys, lyke to a kynge on's throne,
Dyd I take place and was myself alone.

But thou, the buylder of this swotie place,
Where alle the saynctes in sweete ajunctyon stande,
A verie heaven for yttes fetyve grace,
The glorie and the wonder of the lande,
That shewes the buylders mynde and fourmers hande,
To bee the beste that on the erthe remaynes;
At once for wonder and delyghte commaunde,
Shewynge howe muche hee of the godde reteynes.
Canynge the great, the charytable, and good,
Noble as kynges if not of kyngelie bloude.

Spryte of Framptone speeketh.

Brystowe shall speeke mie name, and Radclefte toe,
For here mie deedes were goddelye everychone:
As Owdens mynster bie the gate wylle shewe,
And Johnes at Brystowe what mie workes han done.
Besydes anere howse that I han begunne;
Butte myne comparde to thyssen ys a groffe;
Nete to bee mencioned or looked upon,
A verie punelstre or verie scoffe;
Canynge, thie name shall lyven be for aie,
Thie name ne wyth the chyrche shall waste awaie.

Spryte of Gaunts speeketh.

I dyd fulle manie reparatyons give,
And the bonne Hommes dyd fulle ryche endowe;
As tourynge to mie Godde on erthe dyd lyve,
So alle the Brystowe chronycles wylle shewe.
Butte alle mie deedes wylle bee as nothynge nowe,
Syth Canynge have thys buyldynge fynyshed,
Whych seemeth to be the pryde of Brystowe,
And bie ne buyldeyng to bee overmatched:
Whyche aie shalle laste and bee the prayse of alle,
And onlie in the wrecke of nature falle.

A Knyghte Templars spryte speeketh.

In hallie land where Sarasins defyle
The grounde whereon oure Savyour dyd goe,
And Chryste hys temple make to moschyes vyle,
Wordies of despyte genst oure Savyour throwe.
There 'twas that we dyd owre warfarage doe,
Guardynge the pylgryms of the Chrystyan faie;
And dyd owre holie armes in bloude embrue,
Movynge lyke thonder-boultes yn drear arraie.
Owre strokes lyke levyn tareynge the tall tree
Owre Godde owre arme wyth lethalle force dyd dree.
Maint tenures fayre, ande mannoures of greete welthe,
Greene woodes, and brooklettes runnynge throughe the lee,
Dyd menne us gyve for theyre deare soule her helthe,
Gave erthlie ryches for goodes heavenlie.
Nee dyd we lette oure ryches untyle bee,
But dyd ybuylde the Temple chyrche so fyne,
The whyche ys wroughte abowte so bismarelie;
Itte seemeth camoys to the wondrynge eyne;
And ever and anon when belles rynged,
From place to place ytte moveth yttes hie heade:
Butte Canynge from the sweate of hys owne browes,
Dyd gette hys golde and rayse thys fetyve howse.

Lamyngetonnes spryte speeketh.

Lette alle mie faultes bee buried ynne the grave;
Alle obloquyes be rotted wythe mie duste;
Lette him fyrst carpen that no wemmes have:
'Tys paste mannes nature for to bee aie juste.
But yette in sothen to rejoyce I muste,
That I dyd not immeddle for to buylde;
Sythe thys quaintissed place so gloryous,
Seemeynge alle chyrches joyned yn one guylde,
Has nowe supplied for what I had done,
Whych toe mie cierge is a gloryous sonne.

Elle's spryte speeketh.

Then lette us alle do jyntelie reveraunce here,
The beste of menne and Byshoppes here doe stande:
Who are Goddes shepsterres and do take good care,
Of the goode shepe hee putteth yn theyre hand;
Ne one is loste butte alle in well likande
Awayte to heare the Generalle Byshoppes calle,
When Mychaels trompe shall sound to ynmoste lande,
Affryghte the wycked and awaken alle:
Then Canynge ryses to eternal reste,
And fyndes hee chose on erthe a lyfe the beste.

ON THE MYNSTER.[1]

WYTHE daityve steppe relygyon dyghte yn greie,
Her face of doleful hue,
Swyfte as a takel thro'we bryghte heav'n tooke her waie,
And ofte and ere anon dyd saie
"Aie! mee! what shall I doe;
"See Brystoe citie, whyche I nowe doe kenne,
"Arysynge to mie view,
"Thycke throng'd wythe soldyers and wythe traffyckmenne;
"Butte saynctes I seen few."

[1] This poem is reprinted from Barrett's History of Bristol. It is said by Chatterton to be translated by Rowley, "as nie as Englyshe wyll serve, from the original, written by Abbot John, who was ynductyd 20 yeares, and dyd act as abbatt 9 yeares before hys inductyon for Phillip then abbatt: he dyed yn M.CC.XV. beynge buryed in his albe in the mynster."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition of Chatterton.*

John, seconde abbotte of Seyncte Augustynns, was a manne well skyllde ynn the languages of yore; hee wrote ynn the Greke tonge a poem onne Roberte Fitz Hardynge, whyche as nie as Englyshe wylle serve I have thus transplacedd:

"Wythe daityve steppe relygyon dyghte yn greie,
Her face of doleful hue," &c.

As above.—ROWLEY'S *History of Painters and Carvellers.*

Fytz-Hardynge rose!—he rose lyke bryghte sonne
in the morne,
"Faire dame adryne thein eyne,
"Let alle thie greefe bee myne,
"For I wylle rere thee uppe a Mynster hie;
"The toppe whereof shall reach ynto the skie;
"And wylle a monke be shorne;"
Thenne dyd the dame replie,
"I shall ne be forelourne;
"Here wyll I take a cherysaunied reste,
"And spend mie daies upon Fytz-Hardynges
breste."

THE WORLDE.

FADRE, SONNE, AND MYNSTRELLES.

FADRE.

To the worlde newe and ytts bestoykenynge waie
Thys coistrelle sonne of myne ys all mie care,
Yee mynstrelles warne hymme how wyth rede he straie
Where guylded vyce dothe spredde hys mascill'd snare,
To gettyng wealth I woulde hee shoulde bee bredde,
And couronnes of rudde goulde ne glorie rounde hys hedde.

FIRST MYNSTREL.

Mie name is Intereste, tis I
Dothe yntoe alle bosoms flie,
Eche one hylten secret's myne,
None so wordie, goode, and dygne,
Butte wyll fynde ytte to theyr cost,
Intereste wyll rule the roaste.
I to everichone gyve lawes,
Selfe ys fyrst yn everich cause.

SECOND MYNSTREL.

I amme a faytour flame
Of lemmies melancholi,
Love somme behyghte mie name,
Some doe anemp me follie;
Inne sprytes of meltynge molde
I sette mie burneynge sele;
To mee a goulers goulde
Doeth nete a pyne avele;
I pre upon the helthe,
And from gode redeynge flee,
The manne who woulde gette wealthe
Muste never thynke of mee.

THIRD MYNSTREL.

I bee the Queede of Pryde, mie spyrynge heade
Mote reche the cloudes and stylle be rysynge hie,
Too lyttle is the earthe to bee mie bedde,
Too hannow for mie breetheynge place the skie;
Daynous I see the worlde bineth me lie
Botte to mie betterres, I soe lyttle gree,
Annenthe a shadow of a shade I bee,
Tys to the smalle alleyn that I canne multyplie.

FOURTH MYNSTREL.

I am the Queed of goulers; look arounde
The ayrs aboute mee thieves doe represente,
Bloudsteyned robbers spryng from oute the grounde,

And airie vysyons swarme around mie ente;
O save mie monies, ytte ys theyre entente
To nymme the redde Godde of mie fremded sprighte,
Whatte joie canne goulers have or daie or nyghte!

FIFTH MYNSTREL.

Vice bee I hyghte, onne golde fulle ofte I ryde,
Fulle fayre unto the syghte for aie I seeme;
Mie ugsomness wythe goldenne veyles I hyde,
Laieynge mie lovers ynne a sylkenne dreme;
Botte whan mie untrue pleasaunce have byn tryde,
Thanne doe I showe alle horrownesse and rou.
And those I have ynne nette woulde feyne mie grype eschew.

SIXTH MYNSTREL.

I bee greete Dethe, alle ken mee bie the name,
Botte none can saie howe I doe loose the spryghte,
Goode menne mie tardyinge delaie doethe blame,
Botte moste ryche goulerres from mee take a flyghte;
Myckle of wealthe I see whereere I came,
Doethe mie ghastness mockle multyplye
And maketh hem afrayde to lyve or die.

FADRE.

Howe villeyn Mynstrelles, and is this your rede.

Awaie: Awaie: I wyll ne geve a curse,
Mie sonne, mie sonne, of mie speeche take hede,
Nothynge ys goode thatte bryngeth not to purse.

ONE CANTO OF AN ANCIENT POEM, CALLED

THE UNKNOWN. KNIGHT OR THE TOURNAMENT.[1]

I.

THE Matten belle han sounded long,
The Cocks han sang their morning songe,
When lo! the tuneful Clarions sound,
(Wherein all other noise was drown'd)
Did echo to the rooms around,
And greet the ears of Champyons stronge;
Arise, arise from downie bedde
For Sunne doth gin to shew his hedde!

II.

Then each did don in seemlie gear,
What armour eche beseem'd to wear,
And on each sheelde devices shone,
Of wounded hearts and battles won,
All curious and nice echon;
With manie a tassild spear;

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. "I offered this as a sample, having two more Cantos. The Author unknown." 1769.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*

And mounted echeone on a steed
Unwote made Ladies hearts to blede.

III.

Heraulds eche side the Clarions wound,
The Horses started at the sound;
The Knyghtes echeone dyd poynt the launce,
And to the combattes did advaunce;
From Hyberne, Scotland, eke from Fraunce;
Theyre prancyng horses tare the ground;
All strove to reche the place of fyghte,
The first to exercise their myghte—

IV.

O'Rocke upon his courser fleet,
Swift as lightning were his feet,
First gain'd the lists and gatte him fame;
From West Hybernee Isle he came,
His myghte depictur'd in his name.[1]
All dreded such an one to meet;
Bold as a mountain wolf he stood,
Upon his swerde sat grim dethe and bloude.

V.

But when he threwe downe his Asenglave,
Next came in Syr Botelier bold and brave,
The dethe of manie a Saraceen;
Theie thought him a Devil from Hells black den,

[1] Probably alluding to the word 'rock.'

Ne thinking that anie of mortalle menne
Could send so manie to the grave.
For his life to John Rumsee he render'd his
thanks
Descended from Godred the King of the Manks.

VI.

Within his sure rest he settled his speare,
And ran at O'Rocke in full career;
Their launces with the furious stroke
Into a thousand shivers broke,
Even as the thunder tears the oak,
And scatters splinters here and there:
So great the shock, their senses did depart,
The bloude all ran to strengthen up the harte.

VII.

Syr Botelier Rumsie first came from his traunce,
And from the Marshall toke the launce;
O'Rocke eke chose another speere,
And ran at Syr Botelier [in] full career;
His prancynge stede the ground did tare;
In haste he made a false advance;
Syr Botelier seeing, with myghte amain
Fellde him down upon the playne.

VIII.

Syr Pigotte Novlin at the Clarions sound,
On a milk-white stede with gold trappings
around,

He couchde in his rest his silver-poynt speere,
And ferslie ranne up in full career;
But for his appearance he payed full deare,
In the first course laid on the ground;
Besmeer'd in the dust with his silver and
gold,
No longer a glorious sight to behold.

IX.

Syr Botelier then having conquer'd his twayne,
Rode Conqueror off the tourneying playne;
Receivying a garland from *Alice's* hand,
The fayrest Ladye in the lande.
Syr Pigotte this viewed, and furious did stand,
Tormented in mind and bodily peyne,
Syr Botelier crown'd, most galantlie stode,
As some tall oak within the thick wode.

X.

Awhile the shrill Clarions sounded the word;
Next rode in Syr John, of Adderleigh Lord,
Who over his back his thick shield did bryng,
In checkee of redde and silver sheeninge,
With steede and gold trappings beseeming a
King,
A guilded fine Adder twyned round his
swerde.
De Bretville advanced, a man of great myghte,
And couched his launce in his rest for the
fyghte.

XI.

Ferse as the falling waters of the lough,
That tumble headlonge from the mountain's
browe,
Ev'n so they met in drierie sound,
De Bretville fell upon the ground,
The bloude from inward bruised wound,
Did out his stained helmet flowe:
As some tall bark upon the foamie main,
So laie De Bretville on the plain.

XII.

Syr John of the Dale or Compton hight,
Advanced next in lists of fyght,
He knew the tricks of tourneyinge full well,
In running race ne manne culd him excell,
Or how to wielde a sworde better tel,
And eke he was a manne of might:
On a black Stede with silver trappynges
dyght
He darde the dangers of the tourneyd fighte.

XIII.

Within their rests their speeres they set,
So furiously ech other met,
That Compton's well intended speere
Syr John his shield in pieces tare,
And wound his hand in furious geir;
Syr Johns stele Assenglave was wette:

Syr John then toe the marshal turn'd,
His breast with meekle furie burn'd.

XIV.

The tenders of the feelde came in,
And bade the Champyons not begyn;
Eche tourney but one hour should last,
And then one hour was gone and past.

THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.[1]

THERE was a Broder of Orderys Whyte,
Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte;
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.
The nonnes al slepeynge yn the Dortoure,
Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freers the Flowre.
Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well,
And songe with hem too the sothen to tell;
Ave Maria, &c.
But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynge
That ever dheye oderwyse dyd synge
Than Ave Maria, &c.

This Broder was called evrich wheere
To Kenshamm and to Bristol Nonnere;
Ave Maria, &c.

[1] From a MSS. by Chatterton in the British Museum. There is also the beginning of a poem called "the Freere of Orderys Black," which is unfit for publication.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*

Botte seyynge of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe,
Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe.
Ave Maria, &c.

He eaten Beefe ande Dyshes of Mows,[1]
And hontend everych Knyghtys House
With Ave Maria, &c.
And beynge ance moe in gode lyken,
He songe to the Nones and was poren agen
With Ave Maria, &c.

[1] Probably a preparation of boiled corn.

DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN MAISTER PHILPOT AND WALWORTH COCKNEIES.[1]

PHILPOT.

God ye God den, my good naighbour, howe d ye
ayle?
How does your wyfe, man! what never assole?
Cum rectitate vivas, verborum mala ne cures.

[1] From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley. "It contains," says the Dean, "a variety of evidence, tending to confirm the authenticity of these poems. In the first place, this sort of macaronic verse of mixed languages, is a style used in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dante has some of these amongst his Rime, (p. 226, vol. 2. Venice, 1741,) which are composed of French, Italian, and Latin, and conclude thus:

'Namque locutus sum in lingua trina.'

Skelton, who lived not long after Rowley, has also poems in the same kind of verse. Secondly, the correctness of the Latin, and the propriety of the answers in English, show it to have been written at least by a better scholar than Chatterton. Thirdly, the low humour of the dialogue, although suited to the taste of that early and illiterate age, could be no object of imitation to a modern poet. But it is a most remarkable circumstance, that he has introduced his two Cockneies under the names of two most respectable aldermen

WALWORTH.

Ah, Mastre Phyllepot, evil tongues do saie,
That my wyfe will lyen down to daie:
Tis ne twaine moneths syth shee was myne for aie.

PHILPOT.

Animum submittere noli rebus in adversis,
Nolito quædam referenti semper credere.
But I pity you nayghbour, is it so?

WALWORTH.

Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est,
Alack, alack, a sad dome mine in fay,
But oft with cityzens it is the case;
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntient pensmen sayse.[1]

of the city of London, who lived about the year 1380, Sir William Walworth and Sir John Philpot; men of such distinguished reputation, not only in their own city, but also in the whole kingdom, that the first parliament of Richard the Second, in granting a subsidy to that king, made it subject to the control and management of these two citizens." (Walsingham, p. 200. Rapin, vol. i. pp. 454 and 458.)

[1] Mr. Bryant's next argument is drawn from "the many Latin quotations in the story of John Lamington," and he says that "none of these quotations were obvious, aud such as a boy could attain to." And I can easily believe that they were *not obvious* to Mr. Bryant, whose studies we know have generally travelled a higher road; but I can say with truth, that I found them in the very first book in which I looked for them. The three former are transposed out of *Cato's Distichs*, and the two other out of the *Sentences of Publius*

PHILPOT.

Home news welle let alone and latyn too,
For mee a memorie doth 'gin to fayle;

Syrus usually subjoined to the *Distichs* in a little volume, which, in many small schools, I believe, is still the first that is put into the hands of learners of Latin after the Grammar. They stand thus in an edition by Boxhornius, L. Bat. 1635.

CATO, Lib. III. Dist. 4.
Quum recte vivas, ne cures verba malorum.
— Lib. II. Dist. 26.
Rebus in adversis animum submittere noli.
— Lib. II. Dist. 21.
Noli tu quædam referenti credere semper.
SYRUS, *Sentent. Iamb.* p. 119.
Mala causa est quæ requirit misericordiam.
Sentent. Troch. v. 3.
Est honesta turpitudo pro bonâ causâ mori.

In Chatterton's transcript of this last line he had originally inserted *est* after *turpitudo;* and he had written *bonay*, (to rhyme, I suppose, more exactly to *fay*.) The blunders in the first line of *rectate* for *recte*, and of *verborum mala* for *verba malorum*, seem to show that he wrote from memory. They must have been overlooked, I presume, by the Dean of Exeter, who considers all these passages, not as quotations, but as original compositions, and argues, in part, "*from the correctness of the Latin*, that they must have been written at least by a better Scholar than Chatterton." It appears, from the testimony of Mr. Smith, that Chatterton had intimated very frequently both a desire to learn, and a design to teach himself Latin; and though I do not suppose that he ever made any great progress in that language, I really think that he might have attained to these quotations. With respect to their *pertinency*, and their not being *idly and ostentatiously introduced*, it is scarce credible, I think, that such a medley

Saie, Master Walworth, what gode newes have you,
Praie have you herdeen of the stouns of hayle?

WALWORTH.

I have, and that ytte with reddour did sayle,
Some heutstones were lyke cheryes rege and grete,
And to the grownde there did the trees preveyle,
But goodmanne Philpotte what dye you ahete
Bowte goods of Laymingtone, nowe holde by you
For certaine monies store to you for chattels due?

PHILPOT.

Ah, I have nymd him specyal, for his wine
Have ta'en attons twelve pounds, for dayntye cheer,
Though the same time mie wyfe with hym dyd dyne,
Been payd a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when hys synkynge purse did 'gin to wear
I lent hym full syx markes upon hys faie,
And hee poore Custrols, havynge note to spere
Favor'd a cleere and now doth runne awaie,

of quotations, from such a book, should have been huddled together in such a dialogue by any one but a boy, who was proud of displaying the little Latin which he had just acquired. So much for the words which Chatterton is supposed to have been incapable of understanding —TYRWHITT.

Hys goodes I downe at Bristowe towne wyll selle,
For which I will get forty shenynge marks full well.

WALWORTH.

Tyde lyfe, tyde death, I wyll withe thee go downe,
And selle some goods too yn brave Brystowe towne.[1]

[1] This poem in Dean Milles's, and in Southey and Cottle's Editions, is made to end at the words "as auntient pensmen sayse." For the remainder—now for the first time published in a collection of Chatterton's works,—the public are indebted to Richard Smith, Esq., of Bristol. (See appendix to the Rowley Poems.) I have elsewhere acknowledged the favour of much valuable assistance rendered me by that gentleman.

THE MERRIE TRICKS OF LAMYNGE-TOWNE.

BY MAISTRE JOHN A ISCAM.

A RYGOUROUS doome is myne, upon mie faie:
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsome sonne,
Hath three tymes lyghted up the cheerful daie,
To other reaulmes must Laymingtonne be gonne,
Or else my flymsie thredde of lyfe is spunne;
And shall I hearken to a cowarts reede,
And from so vain a shade, as lyfe is, runne?
No! flie all thoughtes of runynge to the Queed;
No! here I'll staie, and let the Cockneies see,
That Laymyntone the brave, will Laymyngetowne
still be.

To fyght, and not to flee, my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my swerde unto my syde;
I'll go to ship, but not to foreyne landes,
But act the pyrate, rob in every tyde;
With Cockneies bloude Thamysis shall be dyde,
Theire goodes in Bristowe markette shall be solde,
My bark the laverd of the waters ryde,
Her sayles of scarlette and her stere of golde;

My men the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all their three.

Go to my trustie menne in Selwoods chace,
That through the lessel hunt the burled boare,
Tell them how standes with me the present case,
And bydde them revel down at Watchets shore,
And saunt about in hawlkes and woods no more;
Let every auntrous knyghte his armour brase,
Their meats be mans fleshe, and theyre beverage gore,
Hancele, or Hanceled, from the human race;
Bid them, like mee theyre leeder, shape theyre mynde
To be a bloudie foe in armes, gaynst all mankynde.

RALPH.

I go my boon companions for to fynde.

Ralph goes out.

LAMYNGETOWNE.

Unfaifull Cockneies dogs! your god is gayne.
When in your towne I spent my greete estate,
What crowdes of citts came flockynge to my traine,
What shoals of tradesmenne eaten from my plate,
My name was alwaies Laymyngeton the greate;
But whan my wealth was gone, ye kennd me not,
I stoode in warde, ye laughed at mie fate,

Nor car'd if Laymyngeton the great did rotte;
But know ye, curriedowes, ye shall soon feele,
I've got experience now, altho' I bought it weele.

You let me know that all the worlde are knaves,
That lordes and cits are robbers in disguise;
I and my men, the Cockneies of the waves,
Will profitte by youre lessons and bee wise;
Make you give back the harvest of youre lies;
From deep fraught barques I'le take the mysers soul,
Make all the wealthe of every [man] my prize,
And cheating Londons pryde to Dygner Bristowe rolle.

* * * * * *

LAMINGSTONE, PHILPOTT, AND ROBYNNE.

LAMINGSTONE.

Thou saiest manne that thou wouldst goe with mee,
And bare a parte in all mie mennes empryze,
Thinke well upon the daungers of the sea
And ghess if that wyll no thee recradize,
When throwghe the skies the levyn-brondie flies,
And levyns sparkel in the whited oundes
Seemynge to ryse at lepestones to the skies,
And no contented bee with its sette bounds.
Then rolles the barque and tosses too and fro,

Sike drearie scenes as thys will caste thie bloude
I trowe.
Thynke, when wyth bloudie axes in our handes
We are to fyghte for goulde and sylver to.
On neighbours myndbruch lyfe no one then
standes,
But all his ayme and end is to death's doo.

ROBYNNE.

I've thowghte on alle and am resolved to goe,
Fortune, no more I'll bee thie taunted slave,
Once I was greete, nowe plans'd in wante and woe.
I'll goo and bee a pick-hatch of the wave;
Goodes I have none, and lyfe I do disdayne,
I'll be a victoar, or I'll break mie gallynge
chayne,
I'll washe mie handes in bloude and dele in dethe,
Our shippe shall blowe alonge with windes of
dyinge breth.

LAMINGSTONE.

I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doome,
Thou wilt unyere a brave captaine bee,
Goe thou to Brystowe, staie untyll wee come,
For there we shall happlie have neede of thee.
And for a thight and shapelie warehouse see
Whareen to put the chattels we shall brynge,
And know if there two Cocknie knaves may bee
Phillpot and Walworth, soe reporte doth synge.
If soe I'll trounce the gouler bie mie faie.

There's monies maun for thee—Ralph! take the
things awaie
Which we from Watchetts towne have taken nowe,
Yn the barque's bottom see thee same you stowe.

RALPH.

Mastre of myne, I go as you do saie.

ROBYNNE.

And I to Brystowe town will haste awaie.[1]

[1] The remainder of this poem, from the line—

'And cheating London's pryde to Dygner Bristowe rolle,'

is now for the first time included in a collected edition of Chatterton's Works. It is taken from Mr. Smith's MS., and was never *printed* till 1838. (See appendix to Rowley Poems.)

SONGE

OF SEYNCTE BALDYWYNNE.[1]

WHANN Norrurs end hys menne of myghte,
Uponne thys brydge darde all to fyghte,
Forslagenn manie warriours laie,
And Dacyanns well nie wonne the daie.
Whanne doughty Baldwinus arose,
And scatterd deathe amonge hys foes,
Fromme out the brydge the purlinge bloode
Embolled hie the runnynge floude.

Dethe dydd uponne hys anlace hange,
And all hys arms were *gutte de sangue*.[2]
His doughtinesse wrought thilk dismaye,
The foreign warriors ranne awaie,
Erle Baldwynus regardedd well,
How manie menn forslaggen fell;
To Heaven lyft oppe hys holie eye,
And thanked Godd for victorye;
Thenne threw hys anlance ynn the tyde,
Lyvdd ynn a cell, and hermytte died.

[1] According to Chatterton, this and the following poem were sung when the Bridge at Bristol was completed in 1247.

[2] Drops of blood; an heraldic allusion, suitable to the genius of that age.—CHATTERTON.

SONGE

OF SEYNCTE WARBURGHE.

I.

Whanne Kynge Kynghill ynn hys honde
Helde the sceptre of thys londe,
Sheenynge starre of Chrystes lyghte,
The merkie mysts of pagann nyghte
Gan to scatter farr and wyde:
Thanne Seyncte Warburghe hee arose,
Doffed hys honnores and fyne clothes;
Preechynge hys Lorde Jesus name,
Toe the lande of West Sexx came,
Whare blaeke Severn rolls hys tyde.

II.

Stronge ynn faithfullness, he trodde
Overr the waterrs lyke a Godde,
Till he gaynde the distaunt hecke,
Ynn whose bankes hys staffe dydd steck,
Wytnesse to the myrracle;
Thenne he preechedd nyghte and daie,
And set manee ynn ryghte waie.
Thys goode staffe great wonders wroughte,
Moe than gueste bie mortalle thoughte,
Orr thann mortall tonge can tell.

III.

Thenn the foulke a brydge dydd make
Overr the streme untoe the hecke,
All of wode eke longe and wyde,
Pryde and glorie of the tyde ;
Whych ynn tyme dydd falle awaie:
Then Erle Leof he bespedde
Thys grete ryverr fromme hys bedde,
Round hys castle for to runne,
T'was in trothe ann ancyante onne,
But warre and tyme wyll all decaie.

IV.

Now agayne, wythe bremie force,
Severn ynn hys aynciant course
Rolls hys rappyd streeme alonge,
With a sable swifte and stronge,
Moreying manie ann okie wood:
Wee the menne of Brystowe towne
Have yreerd thys brydge of stone,
Wyshynge echone that ytt maie laste
Till the date of daies be past,
Standynge where the other stoode.

SANCTE WARBUR.[1]

In auntient dayes, when Kenewalchyn King
Of all the borders of the sea did reigne,
Whos cutting celes, as the Bardyes synge,
Cut strakyng furrowes in the foamie mayne,
Sancte Warbur cast aside his Earles estate,
As great as good, and eke as good as great.
Tho blest with what us men accounts as store,
Saw something further, and saw something more.

Where smokyng Wasker scours the claiey bank,
And gilded fishes wanton in the sunne,
Emyttynge to the feelds a dewie dank,
As in the twyning path-waye he doth runne;
Here stood a house, that in the ryver smile
Since valorous Ursa first wonne Bryttayn Isle;
The stones in one as firm as rock unite,
And it defyde the greatest Warriours myghte.

Around about the lofty elemens hie
Proud as their planter reerde their greenie
crest,

[1] From the Supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies. It is there entitled—Imitation of our Old Poets. On oure Ladyes Chirch. 1769.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Bent out their heads, whene'er the windes
came bie.
In amorous dalliaunce the flete cloudes kest.
Attendynge Squires dreste in trickynge brighte,
To each tenth Squier an attendynge Knyghte,
The hallie hung with pendaunts to the flore,
A coat of nobil armes upon the doore;

Horses and dogges to hunt the fallowe deere,
Of pastures many, wide extent of wode,
Faulkonnes in mewes, and, little birds to teir,
The Sparrow Hawke, and manie Hawkies gode.
Just in the prime of life, whan others court
Some swottie Nymph, to gain their tender hand,
Greet with the Kynge and *trerdie* greet with
the Court
And as aforesed mickle much of land,

* * * * * * *

WARRE.[1]

BY JOHN, SECOND ABBOTTE OF SEYNCTE AUSTYNS MYNSTERRE.

Of warres glumm pleasaunce doe I chaunte mie laie,
Trouthe tips the poynctelle, wysdomme skemps the lyne,
Whylste hoare experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Stondeth and woe bements; the trecklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheekes which doethe shewe,
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.
Saie, Glowster, whanne besprenged on evrich syde,
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle;
Whanne smetheynge sange dyd flow lyke to a tyde,
And sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelle,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol. Chatterton says, "As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which, though admirable, is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley, whose works, when I have leisure, I will fairly copy and send you."—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise.
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd
shote theyre eies.

Ye shepster swaynes who the ribibble kenne,
Ende the thyghte daunce, ne loke uponne the
spere:
In ugsommnesse ware moste bee dyghte toe
menne,
Unseliness attendethe honourewere;
Quaffe your swote vernage and atreeted beere.

A CHRONYCALLE OF BRYSTOWE.

WROTE BIE RAUFE CHEDDER, CHAPPMANNE 1356.[1]

YNNE whilomme daies as Stowe saies
Ynne famous Brystowe towne
Dhere lyved Knyghtes doughtie yn fyghtes
Of marvellous renowne.
A Saxonne boulde renowned of oulde
For Dethe and dernie dede
Maint Tanmen slone the Brugge uponne
Icausynge hem to blede.
Baldwynne hys name, Rolles saie the same
And yev hymme rennome grate,
Hee lyved nere the Ellynteire
Al bie Seyncte Lenardes yate.
A mansion hie, made bosmorelie
Was reered bie hys honde,
Whanne he ysterve, hys name unkerve
Inne Baldwynne streete doe stonde.
On Ellie then of Mercyann menne
As meynte of Pentells blase,
Inne Castle-stede made dofull dede
And dydde the Dans arase.

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

One Leefwyne of Kyngelie Lyne
  Inne Brystowe towne dyd leve,
And toe the samme for hys gode name
  The Ackmanne Yate dyd gev.
Hammon a Lorde of hie accorde
  Was ynne the strete nempte brede;
Soe greate hys Myghte soe strynge yn fyghte
  Onne Byker hee dyd fede.
Fitz Lupons digne of gentle Lyne
  Onne Radclyve made hys Baie,
Inn moddie Gronne the whyche uponne
  Botte Reittes and roshes laie.
Than Radclyve Strete of Mansyonnes meete
  In semelie gare doe stonde,
And Canynge grete of fayre estate
  Bryngeth to Tradynge Londe.
Hardynge dydde comme from longe Kyngd-
  domme
  Inne Knyvesmythe strete to lyne,
Roberte hys Sonne, moche gode thynges donne
  As Abblates doe blasynne.
Roberte the Erle, ne conkered curll
  Inne Castle stede dyd fraie
Yynge Henrie to ynn Brystowe true
  As Hydelle dyd obaie.
A Maioure dheene bee ande Jamne hee
  Botte anne ungentle wyghte,
Seyncte Marie tende eche ammie frende
  Bie hallie Taper lyghte.

ON HAPPIENESSE.[1]

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

MAIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?
Maie yt adyghte yn human shape be found?
Wote yee, yt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,
Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,
Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?
Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,
Lyve to ytself and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

II.

All hayle, Contente, thou mayd of turtle-eyne,
As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,
To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,
And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.
Doer of the foule thynge ne hath thee seene;
In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,
Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

[1] This, and the two following Poems, attributed to Mr. Canynge, are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition*.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM,

BY THE SAME.

I.

Mie boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the syghte
Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,
Ne moe the sylver noble sheenynge bryghte
Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;
Ne moe, ne moe, alass! I call you myne:
Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?
I kenn not either; oh mie enmers dygne,
To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;
I muste be gonne, botte whare I dare ne telle;
O storthe unto mie mynde! I goe to helle.

II.

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie sunne,
A shade of theves eche streake of lyghte dyd seeme;
Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was rnnn,

Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte afleme:
Thye loss, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreme;
For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;
For thee, I gotten or bie wiles or breme;
Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;
Botte nowe to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,
I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe.

HERAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.[1]

YYNGE Heraudyn al bie the grene Wode sate,
Hereynge the swote Chelandrie ande the Oue.
Seeinge the kenspecked amaylde flourettes nete,
Envyngynge to the Birds hys Love songs true.
Syrre Preeste camme bie ande forthe hys bede-
rolle drewe,
Fyve Aves and one Pater moste be sedde;
Twayne songe, the one his songe of Willowe Rue
The odher one ———

* * * * * *

[1] From a MS. by Chatterton in the British Museum.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.[1]

THYS mornynge starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.
Thyrde from hys loynes the present Canynge came;
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;
For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,
Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;
Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall sounde to rise the solle,
He'll wynge to heaven with kynne, and happie bee hvs dolle.

ONN JOHN A DALBENIE.

BY WILLIAM CANYNGE.

JOHNE makes a jarre boute Lancaster and Yorke;
Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie worke.

[1] This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.[1]

BY THE SAME.

THOROWE the halle the belle han sounde;
Byelecoyle doe the Grave beseeme;
The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.
Lyche asses wylde ynne desarte waste
Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

[1] This poem is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of Rowley is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. Iscamm appears as an actor in the tragedy of Ælla, and in that of Goddwyn; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled, "The merry Tricks of Laymington," is inserted in the "Discorse of Bristow." Sir Theobald Gorges was a knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See Rot. Parl. 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. vol. VII. p. 98.) He has also appeared as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the Mynstrelles songes in Ælla. His connection with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20th October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewels of Sir Theobald Gorges, Knt.," which had been pawned to him for £160.—TYRWHITT'S *Edition.*

Syke keene thie ate; the minstrels plaie,
The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe;
Heie stylle, the guestes ha ne to saie,
Butte nodde yer thankes ande falle aslape.
Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

APPENDIX

TO THE ROWLEY POEMS.

To the Editor of the Bristol Mirror.

Sir,—I send to you a lost portion of a piece written by Chatterton. It was the gift of my uncle Mr. George Symes Catcott, in 1782, to the late Mr. Thos. Eagles, who first published the Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin, (1772.) It has lain amongst the papers of the latter gentleman many years, together with other autographs, of which you will probably hear more hereafter. His son, the Reverend and very highly-talented fellow-citizen, John Eagles, has kindly presented it to me. Independently of the history of the sheet, the MS. carries in every line indubitable internal evidence of its parent to all who are acquainted with the hand and the acknowledged productions of the unhappy boy. The lines are written on both sides of a school copy-book. I have searched all the editions extant of Chatterton's works, but I cannot find it; I presume, therefore, that it has never been published. The first portion of the piece, of which this is a part, will be found in "The introduction to the Discoursynge Tragedy of Ælla, as plaied before Mastre Cannynge, att his howse nempte the

Redde Lodge," in the reign of Edward ye Fourth. I copy this extract from the edition of "The Works of Rowlie," page 181, as edited by the learned and very Reverend Dean Milles. In that folio may also be seen a figure "carvelled in stone," representing the hero of the piece, one Johannes Lamynton. It escaped also the researches of the Poet Laureat and Mr. Cottle in 1803, a portion only of the piece (see Chatterton's works, page 145, vol. 2) having fallen into their hands. The late Mr. Thomas Eagles was applied to by the editors, and was a man of too liberal a mind, wittingly to have refused a contribution; it is probable, therefore, that he had mislaid it, or forgotten that he had such a MS. in his possession.

The aforesaid Laymyngstone, for the name is not always spelled the same, was a man of good family, and at one time "a courteous Sir Knight," and fought bravely on several honest occasions; but he took to dissolute courses—in a word, he became the leader of a band of pirates, who infested the THAMES, the NARROW SEAS, and the BRISTOL CHANNEL. At length he was captured, and condemned to be hanged; when under sentence of death the poet makes him say—

"A rygourous doome is mynne, upon my faie
Before the parent starre, the lyghtsomme sunne
Hath three times lyghtened uppe the cheerful daie,
To other realms must Lamyngstone be gonne,
Or else my fleemsie threede of lyffe is spunne,
And shall I hearken to a cowart's reede?
No—flie all thoughts of running to the queede.
No, here I'll stay, and let the Cocknies see
That Lamyngstone the brave will Lamyngstone still bee.

"To fyght and not to flee my sabatans
I'll don, and girth my sworde unto my syde,

I'll go to shippe, but not to forayne land,
But acte the Pyrate, robbing everie tyde.
With Cocknies' bloude, Thamysis shall be redde
My Barque the lavard of the waters rydde,
Her sayles of scarlette, and her stoure of goulde.
My menne the Saxonnes, I the Hengyst bee,
And in my shyppe combyne the force of all the three."

This bravery holds him on during forty lines in Mr. Catcott's manuscript, now before me. There is also "a true, whole, and particular account of his birth, parentage, and education," showing how, in expiation of his malpractices, he was ordered to build a church, but it is too long for insertion here. Besides, although I have spoken of our hero as a reality, yet there is little doubt that the whole is a fiction by Chatterton; but as even in an ordinary novel the reader feels an interest in the catastrophe, I add that King Henry pardoned him, even after hope had left him.

His propensities were, however, "bred in the bone;" he again hoisted the bloody flag, and finally perished in a great battle, fighting under the white rose, against the Lancastrians.

It may be well to apprise the reader that Robynne, being determined to join the band of freebooters, under Lamyngstone, applies to him to be enrolled, but the latter tried to dissuade him, by depicting the horrors of a pirate's life—with what success the lines will show.

LAMINGSTONE, PHILPOTT, AND ROBYNNE.

Lam.—Thou saiest manne that thou wouldst goe with mee,
And bare a parte in all mie mennes empryze,
Thinke well upon the daungers of the sea
And ghess if that wyll no thee recradize,
When throwghe the skies the levyn-brondie fiies,

And levyns sparkel in the whited oundes
Seemynge to ryse at lepestone to the skies,
And no contented bee with its sette bounds.
Then rolles the barque and tosses too and fro,
Sike drearie scenes as thys will coole thie bloude I trowe.
Thynk, when wyth bloudie axes in our handes
We are to fyghte for goulde and sylver to,
On neighbours myndbuch lyfe no one then standes,
But all his ayme and end is to death's doo.

Rob.—I've thowghte on alle, and am resolved to goe,
Fortune no moe I'll bee thie taunted slave,
Once I was greete, nowe plans'd in wante and woe,
I'll goo and bee a pick hatch of the wave;
Goodes I have none, and lyfe I do disdayne,
I'll be a victoar, or I'll break mie gallynge chayne,
I'll washe mie handes in bloude and dele in dethe,
Our shippe shall blowe alonge with windes of dyinge breth.

Thus far is the autograph of Chatterton. Upon reference to a copy of the whole piece, now before me in the handwriting of Mr. Catcott, I find that which is here subjoined, and which in all probability was upon the next leaf of the copy-book which is now lost.

Lam.—I like thy courage, and I'll tell thy doome,
'Thou wilt unyere a brave captaine bee,
Goe thou to Brystowe, staie untylle wee come
For there we shall happlie have neede of thee,
And for a thight and shapelie warehouse see
Whareen to put the chattels we shall brynge.
And know if there two Cocknie knaves may bee
Phillpot and Walworth, soe reporte doth synge.
If soe I'll trounce the gouler bie mie faie,
There's monies maun for thee— Ralph! take the things awaie
Which we from Watchets towne have taken nowe,
Yn the barque's bottom see thee same you stowe.
Ralph.—Mastre of myne I go as you do saie.
Rob.—And I to Brystowe town will haste awaie.

We must now have recourse to Dean Milles's and Cottle's Edition—in the latter, in vol. ii. page 145, will be found a fragment, being a most strange and unaccountable jumble of Latin and English, ending thus:—

Walworth.—Quæ requirit misericordiam mala causa est
Alack! alack! a sad dome mine in fay.
But oft with citizens it is the case.
Honesta turpitudo pro bonâ
Causâ mori, as auntiente pensmene saye.

Here it breaks off, being from "The first part of Discourse the Second, between Master Walworth and Philpot Cocknies."

Chatterton's autograph supplies the remainder of the *hiatus*—whether it was *valde deflendus* the reader shall judge; howbeit, at all events, it is a lost sheep driven into the Shepherd's flock. Thus it runs:—

Phill.—Home news welle let alone and latyn too,
For mee a memorie doth 'gin to fayle;
Saie, Master Walworth, what gode newes have you,
Praie have you herdeen of the stouns of hayle?

Walw.—I have, and that ytte with reddour did sayle,
Some heutstones were lyke cheryes rege and grete
And to the grownde there did the trees preveyle,
But goodmanne Philpotte what dye you ahete
Bowte goods of Laymingtone, nowe holde by you
For certaine monies store to you for chattels due?

Phille.—Ah, I have nymd him specyal, for his wine
Have ta'en attons twelve pounds, for dayntye cheer.
Though the same time mie wyfe wyth hym dyd dyne,
Been payd a mark—non-extra of the beer;
But when hys synkynge purse did 'gin to wear
I lent hym full syx markes upon hys faie,

And hee, poore Custrols, havynge note to spere
Favor'd a cleere and now doth runne awaie,
Hys goodcs I downe at Brystowe towne wyll selle,
For which I will get forty shenynge marks full well.

Wal.—Tyde lyfe, tyde death, I wyll withe thee go downe,
And selle some goods too yn brave Brystowe towne.

So much for the autograph—now for a word, by way of tailpiece. All inquiring strangers are surprised to find that, although Bristol gave birth to the boy whose innate talent has rendered him, in spite of all obstacles, a star of the very first magnitude in the galaxy of national bards, yet that the noble library in his native city contains not a single line, or even a word, the actual production of his hand and pen.

This reproach, for so I consider it to be, shall be speedily done away, by presenting to the library the last letter he ever wrote, together with the sketch of the intended pamphlet against Bishop Newton—also the first 560 lines of the BATTLE OF HASTYNGS—the TOURNAMENT, OR UNKNOWN KNIGHT, consisting of 110 lines—CRAISH'S HERALDRY, consisting of six pages of his manuscript, on which are emblazoned by him eight shields, never yet published. For the three latter pieces the public have to thank the Rev. John Eagles, who, most liberally, presented the autographs to me a short time since.

As an *avant courier*, I have already presented to the Committee, to be hung up in the room, the sheet concerning LAMYNGSTONE, which being placed between two panes of glass and framed, may be read both sides without any risque of damage.*

* The late Mr. George Symes Catcott, who was termed "Rowley's Midwife," (he having first published "The

Although this communication is longer than I intended, yet I have to hope that your readers will pardon it, especially the admirers of that friendless and talented boy, whose transcendent genius has cast upon " auntiente Brightstowe " a never-dying lustre, and an interest to be extinguished only by the " crack of doom."

I remain, &c., yours,

RICHARD SMITH,

Surgeon.

38, *Park Street.*

April 27, 1838.

Poems,") was a most laborious collector of all papers, notices, critiques, and paragraphs, from all the publications, newspapers, journals, and magazines, together with a complete list and index; and all these, fifty-seven in number, he has pasted into two large volumes. He has also, with his own hand, copied all the correspondence between himself and the literati of the day. Amongst these are letters from and to Dean Milles, Lord Dacres, Percy of Alnwick, Dr. Glynn, Rev. (afterwards Sir Herbert) Croft, Tyrwhitt, Villey, Lord Camden, Lord Charlemont, and the celebrated Thomas James Matthias. Now this is nowhere else to be found. The books are now in the possession of Mr. Richard Smith, Senior Surgeon of the Infirmary, who is the nephew of Mr. Catcott. We have reason to believe that the whole, together with Chatterton's autograph letter, and many other things, will be at no very distant period presented to the City Library. This is as it should be.—*Extract from the Bristol Mirror.*

APPENDIX II.

PROSE MISCELLANIES.

ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTMAS GAMES.[1]

In the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons fled with popery, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this season; unless by resting from their laborious pleasures, and (if they can think) find a happy serenity in solitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes. The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements; wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men; it is true, the conversation of the hearthside was the tales of superstition; the fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's-buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices

[1] From a MS. preserved in the British Museum. Add. MSS. 5766. C.

of the chanters and sub-chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax-candles; curiously representing the Virgin Mary; praying the saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross-loaves, sold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends, and night-mare; sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy bush and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes against those invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights usually kept open house during this season, when their villains, or vassals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wastol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis or upper seat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels. This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that

William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons were usually family histories; the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances, absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gorges,[1] Constance, countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the

[1] Who was Sir Thybbot Gorges? He was one of that bright galaxy of bards who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and who were unknown to the world till Chatterton generously introduced them to posterity and fame. Ed.

plot, generally, the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent; they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with it, which though low now, was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation; these Chaucer mentions in the following passages: —

Doe comme, he saied, myn mynstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon in mye armyage.
Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love longynge.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynstrales,
And jestours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepynge and of yame,
And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
Third Book of Fame.

The MS. of the Christmas Games is preserved in the British Museum; but on comparing it with the "antiquity of Christmas Games," printed by Southey in his Edition of 1803, I discovered such a striking difference in the structure of the sentences, so much omitted in the MS. that is to be found in the printed copy, that it seems probable that there were two MSS. in Chatterton's handwriting in existence, and that Southey's text was printed from the missing document. I have retained the article, as it has hitherto appeared in previous editions.

OF THE AUNTIAUNTE FORME OF MONIES,

CAREFULLIE GOTTEN FOR MAYSTER WILLIAM CANYNGE BY MEE THOMAS ROWLEIE.[1]

GREETE was the wysdome of him who sayde the worlde is to ne one creature, whereof every man and beaste is a member; ne manne lyveth therefore for hymself but for hys fellow creature. Excellent and pythey was the sayeing of Mr. Canynge that trade is the soule of the worlde, but monie the soule of trade, ande alasse monie is nowe the soule of manie. The age when metalles fyrste passed for monie is unnoticed: as oxen and sheepe is thoughten to have beene the moste earlie monie or change. Butte ytte is stylle more difficyle to fyx the fiyrst tyme of stampeyng ytte. Abrahame is sayde to have yeven shekylls bie wayght: an Ebrewe writer saithe that in the daies of Joshua the Ebrewes enstamped theyre monies wythe the symboles of the tabernacle vessylles, butte I thynke the fyrste enstampeyng came from Heathenne Ammulettes, whyche were markyd wythe the image of theyre idolle, and preests dyd carrie from house to house begginge or rather demaundynge offeryngs for theyr idolle.—The Ebrewes who scorn'd not to learne inyquytye frome theyr captyves, and vaynlie thynkynge as in other thyngs to copy other natyons myghte take uppe thys ensample ande enstamepynge theyre monie in the oulde tyme of Josue beyne maie happe one of the

[1] From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 37.

Idolatries mentyon'd in holie wrete. Examyne into antiquytie and you wylle fynde the folk of Athens stampyd an owelette the byrde of Athene, the Sycylyans fyre the symbole of theyre Godde Vulcanne, theie of Ægypt a couchaunt creeture wythe a lyonnes boddie and a hawkes heade symbole of theyre Godde Osyris: butte to come to owre owne countrie; oure fyrste fathers the Bryttons usyde yron and brasse ryngs some round, some shapyd like an egge; eleven of these were founde in the gardenne of Galfrydes Coombe on Saincte Mychaels Hylle, bie theyre dyspositionne in the grounde seemed to have been strunge onne a strynge, and were alle marquede on insyde thus, *M.* Lykewyse is in Maystre Canynges Cabynet an amulett of Brytishe characters peerced at the toppe. Julyus Cæsarres coynes were the fyrst enstamped monies usede in Englande; after whomme the Brytonnes coyned as followes. Tenantius at Caer Britoe, Cunobelyne at sundarie places, butte notte at Caer Brytoe, Arvyragus at Caer Brytoe, Maryus at Caer Brytoe, Bassianus at Caer Brytoe. Syke was the multitude of monies bie them coyned upon vyctoryes and sykelyke that neyther anie kynge tyll Arthurres tyme coyned quantity of metalles for anie use nor dyd Arthurre make monie but a peece of Sylverre toe be worne rounde of those who han wonne honnour in batelles. Edelbarte kynge of Kente was the fyrste chrystenned kynge and coyner in Kent, Chaulyn or Ceaulynne of the Weste Saxonnes, Arpenwaltus of the Easte Angles, Ætheldfryde of the north Humbres, and Wulferus of the Mercians. The piece coyned by the Saxonnes was clepen pennyes thryce the value of our pennyes. In Adelstanes reygn were two coyners in

Bryghstowe and one at Wyckewarre at which two places was made a peece yclepen twain penny.

Golde was not coyned tyll the tyme of Edwardus but Byzantes of Constantinople was in ure, some whereof contayned fower markas or mankas, some two, some one, and some less and more. Robert Rouse Erle of Gloucester had hys mynte at Brystowe and coyned the best monie of anie of the Baronnes. Henrie Secundus graunted to the Lord of Bristowe Castle the ryghte of coynynge, and the coynynge of the lord wente curraunte unto the reigne of Henricus the thyrde; the coyns was onne one syde a rampaunte lyonne withynne a strooke or bende Sinyster and on the other the arms of Brightstowe.

Eke had the maioure lybertie of coyneyng and did coyne several coynes, manie of whyche are in mie seconde rolle of monies.—Kynge Henricus sext, offred Maystre Canynge the ryghte of coynynge, whyche hee refused, whereupon Galfridus Ocamlus who was wyth Mayster Canynge and mieself concerning the saide ryghte, saieth, "Naie bie St. Pauls Crosse hadde I such an offre, I would coyne lead and make ne law, hyndrynge Hyndes takyng it." No doubte (sayde Mayster Canynge) but you'd dyspend Heaven to gette goulde, but I dyspende Goulde to get Heaven.[1]

[1] "This curious account," says the credulous Mr. Barrett, "is an exact transcript from the writing on vellum, which having all the external marks of antiquity to give it the credit of an original, could not be passed by, however readers may differ in their opinions. If genuine and authentic, it proves,

"1st. That besides the authorities above recited for the Caer Brito of Nennius being the city of Bristow, British money was coined here with that name inscribed, though hitherto unnoticed. (!)

"2dly. That coins of Bassianus and others, 'have been dolven wythynn its walles,' besides the quantities of coins of other Roman Emperors, which have been found so frequently very near it. (!!)

"3dly. That many coins of Saxon Kings have been thrown up, on opening the ground, in the very streets of Bristol. (!!!)

"From all this the antiquity of the city of Bristol is fully demonstrated. (!!!!)"

PROCLAMATION.[1]

To all christian people to whom this intended writing shall come, William Canynge of Bristol, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, priest, send greeting. Whereas certain disputes have arisen between the Prior of St. James, and Johan a Milverton, steward of the Bonnehommes, concerning the Unity in Trinity, which after many vain arguments asserted to invalidate the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer by him, the said John a Milverton, he hath referred it to our decision, and the said Prior, conscious of the truth, when he maintains that Christ is God, had agreed to the same. As what is above human comprehension can neither be proved nor disproved by human arguments, it is vain for the wit of man to pretende to unfolde the dark covering of the ark of the Trinity, lest like those of old he be stricken dead and his reason lost by breathing in an element too fine and subtle for the gross nature. But as the said John continues to spread about his detestable heresy of the Unity alone of God, notwithstanding John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum. We may suppose that Chatterton, as soon as convenient, would have antiquated these documents by the substitution of old words. There are many of the same kind among his MS. of which this and the following may be taken as specimens.

unwilling any man should die for an opinion, gave him his life and liberty, forfeit to the Holy Church; though we William Canynge and Thomas Rowley approve not of invalidating arguments by violence and death, provided a man enjoys his opinion alone; yet when he goes about to persuade others from the right way, and speaks openly of the terrestrial being of Christ, a bridle should be laid on his tongue. The weak and ignorant catch at every thing they understand not; and as the said John as aforesaid doth still continue to preach his heretical notions, we by power to us assigned by the said Bishop of Worcester, command him the said John, on pain of imprisonment, not to teach or preach in public or private till we give him leave so to do. And the said T. Rowley will on Sunday at St. Mary's Cross in the glebe of St. Mary Redclift deliver a discourse on the Trinity, so far as it shall tend to confute the doctrine of the said John: after the matin song, and after even song, the said John shall be at liberty, without fear of imprisonment or other punishment, to answer, and if he can, to invalidate the arguments of the said T. Rowley, a copy of his discourse to be given to Mr. Canynge for the inspection of himself, the said T. Rowley, the prior and monks of St. James, and whom it may concern: and whereas thirteen brothers of the order of the Bonnehommes did attack and cruelly beat William Cooke and five other servitours of the Monastery of St. Augustines, because they were such; and John said Bishop of Worcester hath given us William Canynge and Thomas Rowley as Ecclesiastical Knights Templars of Saint John of Jerusalem, power to search into the same and amerce the offenders; we hereby, as well as by a greater deed to which

is fixed the mayoralty seal of Bristol, our ecclesiastical seal, and the seals of the principals of St. John's, St. Augustines, St. James and the Calendarys, do amerce each of the said thirteen Monks in the sum of fifty marks, to be given to William Coke and his fellow servants in equal portions. Witness our ecclesiastical seals.

DEED OF A FOUNDATION

OF AN ADDITIONAL COLLEGE AT WESTBURY.[1]

To all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come, Thomas Rotherham, under God and the holy Father of the Church, Bishop of the see of Rochester; John Carpenter, Bishop of the see of Worcester; John Booth, Bishop of the see of Exeter; Sir William Canynge, Dean of St. George's college at Westbury upon Trim, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem: and John Iscam, chauntry priest. NOW KNOW YE, that we, the aforesaid Thomas, John, William, and Thomas, having assembled the third day after the feast of Easter, at Westbury, in the house of the said bishop of Worcester, having maturely considered all the circumstances attending such a design, and estimated the expence, have, for the love we bear unto holy Church and all things thereunto belonging, resolved to build a new College to be adjoining to the left wing of the college lately founded by the late John of Worcester and Sir William.—The lands proposed for the said buildings, its gardens, cloisters, and other outlets, being four acres square, and belonging to Thomas of Rochester, is by him the said Thomas, hereby given to Sir William and Sir Thomas Rowley, intended builders and endowers of the said additional college.

The said Thomas of Rochester, John of Worcester, and John of Exeter, do absolve Wm. Canynge, father,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

and Robert Canynge, brother to the said Sir William, from all sins by them committed during their life, as by power of the Holy Father of the Church they are enabled so to do. They, the said Sir William and Sir Thomas do give to the building thereof 2000 marks in equal portions, to be paid by William or his heir apparent to the master builders and carpenters employed in the same: and we shall superintend the whole. John of Worcester, testified by his seal ecclesiastic hereunto set, gives the master or principal for the time being, the priests dues upon the holy offerings made in the Easter of the churches of St. Martin and the chancels of Saint Gregory, Saint Mary, and Saint Elphage, in the city of Worcester.

John of Exeter gives the master, witnessed by seal ecclesiastical, the offerings of three chancels at Teignmouth, three at Exmouth, and two at Exeter, at the choice of the master. John Iscam to be master of the college when finished, and to instruct the brethren in grammar, philosophy, and architecture; and for that purpose purchase MSS. relating to the said sciences, at the expence of Thomas Rowley, who will adorn the Boc-hord or library with gilt wood. Also at the expence of T. Rowley, an instrument of the new invented art of marking letters, to be made and set up there.

The brethren, being 20 in number, shall be advanced in degrees as they advance in learning, and incorporated with the college of 30 brethren founded by John of Worcester and Sir Thomas, under the same laws enacted, be by the same master, John Iscam, governed, who shall receive an additional stipend of 40 marks per annum.

The badge of the College to be a cross, gules, on a

field argent; and the brethren, being free-masons, to observe the rules of Canynge's Red Lodge. After the death of Thomas Rowley, his estate, now computed 5000 marks, to devolve to the College, to the further emoluments of 40 of the most learned brethren. The estates to be purchased with it to lie in Somersetshire. And John Iscam, for himself and his successors, doth promise that the said T. Rowley shall be buried in the isle near the canon's seat in the church of Westbury, with a fair ruby ring on his finger, and over his head a portraiture of his arms. Argent on a chief, or, a spear rowel gules. Sir William Canynge gives at his death 400 marks for the further emoluments of the remaining 10 unlearned brethren.

If the settling the new brethren exceed 2000 marks, Sir Thomas Rowley doth hereby covenant to make up the deficiency, and also to furnish the chapel with palls, and the house and refectory with furniture. The master, after the decease of Iscam, to be chosen by the brethren, although not considered as master till their choice is ratified by the Bishop of Worcester for the time being.

In witness of the truth of the above we have all of us hereunto set our public or private seals, as the law in this case requires, in the 8th year of the reign of King Edward.

Endowed,

Hereunto is fastened the ground-plot view, elevation, and section of the intended college.

1468.

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON.

BY ROWLEY.[1]

HAVYNGE whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte. Manne

[1] This fragment was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1782, with this note annexed. "The following fragment has been produced as a transcript from a sermon by Thomas Rowley, Priest, of the fifteenth century. There being little reason, however, to suppose that Chatterton, who apparently forged all the other pieces attributed to this occult personage, could be the immediate author of such a performance, to learn from whence the groundwork of it was borrowed is the object of the present insertion. If any person who has leisure and opportunity should happen, in the course of his researches after things of greater moment, to make such a discovery, and will communicate satisfactory proof of it through the channel of this Magazine; as a small acknowledgment for his trouble, a set of books chosen by himself, and of three guineas value, shall be at the service of the earliest satisfactory communicator."

The words ascribed to Cyprian are supposed not to belong to that Father. They are taken from a tract, *De Cardinalibus Christi Operibus*, formerly imagined to be Cyprian's, but long since rejected by the best critics, and attributed by Bishop Fell to Arnold of Chartres, Abbot of Beauval, a contemporary and friend of St. Bernard, A. D. 1160. See the citation of Arnold's Works, as printed in the Appendix to Fell's edition of Cyprian, p. 60, *De Spiritu Sancto*.

moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you.* Lette us dhere desyerr of hymm to ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and

In the number of the same Magazine for the following month there appeared this solution of the difficulty:—

"*Wrexham*, May 14.

"MR. URBAN: I will not be confident that I have discovered the *groundwork* of the fragment inquired after, p. 177; but, if your correspondent consults the latter of two sermons on the '*Deity of the Son and Holy Spirit*,' by the Rev. Caleb Evans of Bristol, printed for Buckland, 1766, he will find the beginning very similar to the fragment; and also, upon reading the former, that Mr. Evans's proof of the Deity of Christ is agreeable to Rowley's reference. If, too, he reads p. 72 of the above sermon, Mr. Evans quotes Herman Witsius, a Dutch divine; the quotation is from his *Exercitationes in Symbolum.* Now, whether Chatterton's inquisitive genius did, (as he easily might,) understand so much Latin as to dip into Witsius, or might get it translated, it is certain that the very address to the Spirit, said to be from St. Cyprian, is in the beginning of Exercit. XXIII., and is introduced in almost the same words as in Rowley's fragment. I observe, further, that Witsius has, Sect. XXXII., Rowley's argument 'Seyncte Paulle sayeth yee are the temple of Godde,' &c., and speaks of the 'personne, giftes, operatyonns, &c. of the Holy Spryte,' all which Chatterton might acquire by a very shallow acquaintance with Latin, and indeed most of them by only reading the table prefixed to the Exercitation. I will not say where he got the curious notion, that it will be the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit to 'destroye' the 'worlde' (perhaps it was Mr. Chatterton's *own*,) nor yet whence he had the extract from St. Gregory; but your correspondent will be

you ynn understandynge hys deeite; lette us saye wytne Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cælitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; for the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the personne and glorye of the thryrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture; beeynge, as Seyncte Peter sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde mooved uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn of the worlde; thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the soughle of his decyples; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast

struck with the similarity, I was going to say; *sameness*, of the supposed Rowley's reasoning, that 'the Holy Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges and vyrtues of a man's mynde' with that of Mr. Evans, p. 57–60. Is not the expression, *Deity of the Spirit*, more modern than the fifteenth century? But it is in the beginning of Mr. Evans' Sermon.

"Yours, &c. AN ENQUIRER."

keepe yese goode thynges; gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte be doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd soughles. Nete bee a greaterr proofe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggen hymm, hee agayne raysedd mann fromm the duste, ande havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he raysedd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, and hee shalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys; *Γενᾶται Χριστος· προτρέχει· Βαπτιζεται· μαρτυρεῖ· Πειραζέται· αναγεῖ· Δυναμεις ἐπιτελεῖ. ξυμπαραμαρτεῖ· Ανέρχεται.*[1]

[1] The Greek quotation from Gregory Nazianzen contains in itself the most unquestionable proof that it was not copied from any MS. of the fifteenth century. It will be allowed, I presume, that Chatterton could only copy the characters which he found in the originals. He had no skill to vary the forms of the letters, to combine those which were apart, or to separate those which were connected together. We may be certain, therefore, that his transcript (involuntary errors excepted) was in all respects as like to his archetype as he could make it. But his transcript differs totally from all the

specimens which I have ever seen of Greek writing in the fifteenth century. It appears to me to have been evidently copied from a printed book. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has annexed a fac-simile of the MS. in Chatterton's handwriting with the Greek attached, from which any reader can judge for himself The Greek quotation is from Greg. Nazian. Orat. xxx. v. i. p. 610. edit. Paris, 1639. in Chatterton's fragment, the sentence is left imperfect for want of the verb *διαδέχεται.*

EXTRACTS FROM CHAUCER.[1]

But great harme was ytt as it thoughte me,
That on his skinne a mormall had he.
Chaucer's charac. Coke.

Rounde was his face and camisde was his nose.
Reeve's Tale.

Sounde of men at labor.
To plaies of miracles and to maryages.
Wyfe of Bathe, Prologue.

Doe come he saied mye minstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon yn mine armynge,
Of romaunces that been reials,
Of Popes and of Cardinauls,
And eeke of love longing.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all mannere of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales,

[1] From a MS. in Chatterton's handwriting in the British Museum.

[These extracts are worth preserving, as they evidence Chatterton's acquaintance with Speght and Chaucer, and show that his habit was to transcribe such passages as he afterwards intended to introduce in his works. At the end of the Antiquity of Christmas Games, he has printed two of the above extracts. SOUTHEY'S *Edition.*]

Both of weeping and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame.

The Third Book of Fame.

Chaucer, when of the Inner Temple, as appears by the record, was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet street.

Speght.

GLOSSARY.

The words of which the significations were given by Chatterton have the letter C affixed to them.

A.

Abessie, *humility*, C.
Aborne, *burnished*, C.
Abounde, *do service, or benefit.*
Aboune, *make ready*, C.
Abredynge, *upbraiding*, C.
Abrewe, *brew.*
Abrodden, *abruptly*, C.
Acale, *freeze*, C.
Accaie, *assuage*, C.
Acheke, *choke*, C. [The participle *acheked* is in Kersey.]
Achevments, *services*, C.
Achments, *atchievements*, C.
Acome, *come.*
Acrool, *faintly*, C.
Adave, *dawned upon.*
Adawe, *awake.*
Adeene, *worthily.*
Adente, *fastened*, C.
Adented, *fastened, annexed*, C.
Adented, *indented, bruised.*
Aderne, *cruel, fierce.*
Adigne, *noble, worthy.*
Adoe. *delay.*
Adradde, *afraid.*
Adrames, *churls*, C. [This word is unauthorized. The adjective *adraming*, churlish, is to be found in old writers, and likewise in Bailey.]
Adrewe, *drew.*
Adventaile, *armour*, C.
Adygne, *nervous; worthy of praise*, C.
Æterne, *eternal.*
Affere, *to affright or terrify.*
Affraie, *affright*, C.
Affraie, *to fight or engage in a fray*, C.
Affynd, *related by marriage.*
Afleme, as *fleme*; to drive away, to affright.
After la goure, should probably be *astrelagour*; astrologer.
Agested, *heaped up.*
Agguylte, *offended.*
Agleeme, *to shine upon.*
Agrame, *grievance*, C.
Agreme, *torture*, C.

Agreme, *grievance*, C.
Agrosed, *agrised; terrified.*
Agroted, see *groted.*
Agylted, *offended*, C.
Aidens, *aidance.*
Aiglintine, *sweet-brier.*
Ake, *oak*, C.
Alans, *hounds.*
Alatche, *accuse.*
Aledge, *idly.*
Alenge, *along.*
Alest, *lest.*
Alestake, *a may-pole.*
All a boon, *a manner of asking a favour*, C.
Allaie, *was allayed or stopped.* *Allaie* used as a verb neuter.
Alleyn, *only*, C.
Almer, *beggar*, C.
Alofe, *aloft.*
Alse, *else.*
Alyche, *like*, C.
Alyne, *across his shoulders*, C.
Alyse, allow, set free, C. [Chatterton probably took this word from Kersey: ALISED, allowed. "From whence Kersey took it is less material; but I am inclined to believe that it was formed originally from a mistaken reading of the article ALIFED in Skinner. The very distinct significations of the two words are thus stated by Verstegan, p. 227. ALIFED, allowed, licensed.—ALISE, release.—ALISED, released."—TYRWHITT.]
Amate, *destroy*, C.
Amayld, *enameled*, C.
Amede, *recompence.*
Ameded, *rewarded*, C.
Amenged, as *menged*, mixed.
Amenused, *diminished*, C.
Ametten, *met with.*
Amield, *ornamented, enameled*, C.
Aminge, *among.*
Aneighe, *near.*
Aneste, *against.*
Anente, *against*, C.
Anere, *another*, C.
Anete, *annihilate.*
Anie, as *nie*, nigh.
Anlace, *an ancient sword*, C.
Annethe, *beneath*, C.
Applynges, *grafted trees*, C. *apple-trees.*
Arace, *divest*, C.
Arblaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublaster, *a cross-bow.*
Arcublastries, *cross-bowmen.*
Ardurous, *burning.*
Aredynge, *thinking, reading.* Qu. ?
Argenthorse, *the arms of Kent*, C.
Arist, *arose*, C.
Armlace, *accoutrement for the arms.*
Armourbrace, *a suit of armour.*
Arrow-lede, *path of the arrow.*
Ascaunce, *disdainfully*, C.

Ascaunse, *obliquely.*
Asenglave, a *lance.*
Askaunte, *obliquely.*
Askaunted, *glanced.*
Aslape, *asleep.*
Aslaunte, *slaunting.*
Aslee, *slide or creep.*
Assayle, *oppose.*
Asseled, *answered*, C.
Asshrewed, *accursed, unfortunate*, C.
Asswaie, *to assay, put to trial.*
Astarte, *started from, or afraid of.* Qu. *neglected?*
Astedde, *seated*, C.
Astend, *astonish*, C.
Asterte, *neglected*, C.
Astoun, *astonished*, C.
Astounde, *astonish*, C.
Astounded, *astonished.*
Astrodde, *astride, mounted.*
Asyde, perhaps *astyde;* ascended.
Athrowe, *through.*
Athur, as *thurgh;* through, athwart.
Attenes, *at once*, C.
Attoure, *turn*, C.
Attoure, *around.*
Atturne, *to turn.*
Aucthoure, *author.*
Ave, for *eau*, Fr. water.
Avele, *prevail.*
Aumere, *a loose robe or mantle*, C. [The proper signification is *purse.* Chatterton's interpretation was derived from Kersey, or Bailey, where we have, AUMERE, O-welt, skirt, or border.]
Aumeres, *borders of gold and silver*, &c. C.
Aunture, as *aventure;* adventure.
Aure, *Or*, the colour of gold in heraldry.
Autremere, *a loose, white robe, worn by priests*, C.
Awhaped, *astonished*, C.
Aynewarde, *backwards*, C.

B.

Balefull, *woeful, lamentable*, C.
Bane, *curse.*
Baned, *cursed.*
Bankes, *benches.*
Bante, *cursed.*
Barb'd, *armed.*
Barbde haulle, *hall hung round with armour.*
Barbe *beard.*
Barbed (horse), *covered with armour.*
Baren, *barren.*
Barganette, *a song, ballad*, C.
Barriere, *confine, boundary.*
Barrowes, *tombs, mounds of earth.*
Batauit, *a stringed instrument, played on with a plectrum.* Qu.?

Battayles, *boats, ships*, Fr.
Batten, *fatten*, C.
Battent, *loudly*, C.
Battently, *loud roaring*, C.
Battone, *beat with sticks*, Fr.
Baubels, *jewels*, C.
Bawsin, *large*, C.
Bayne, *ruin*, C.
Bayre, *brow*, C.
Beaver, *beaver, or visor.*
Beer, *bear.*
Beeveredd, *beaver'd*, C.
Behesteynge, *commanding*, C.
Behight, *name.*
Behylte, *promised*, C.
Behylte, *forbade.*
Behyltren, *hidden.*
Belent, *stopped, at a fault or stand.*
Beme, *trumpet.*
Bemente, *lament*, C.
Benned, *cursed, torment*, C.
Benymmyng, *bereaving*, C.
Berne, *child*, C.
Berten, *venomous*, C.
Beseies, *becomes*, C.
Besprente, *scattered*, C.
Bestoiker, *deceiver*, C. [Bailey has the word to *bestoike*, to betray.]
Bete, *bid*, C.
Betrassed, *deceived, imposed on*, C.
Betraste, *betrayed*, C.
Bevyle, *break*, a herald term, signifying *a spear broken in tilting*, C.
Bewrecke, *revenge*, C.
Bewreen, *express*, C.
Bewryen, *declared, expressed*, C.
Bewryne, *declare*, C.
Bewrynning, *declaring*, C.
Bighes, *jewels*, C.
Birlette, *a hood, or covering for the back part of the head*, C.
Blake, *naked*, C.
Blakied, *naked, original*, C.
Blanche, *white, pure.*
Blaunchie, *white*, C.
Blatauntlie, *loudly*, C.
Blente, *ceased, dead*, C.
Blethe, *bleed*, C.
Blynge, *cease*, C.
Blyn, *cease, stand still*, C.
Boddekin, *body, substance*, C.
Boleynge, *swelling*, C.
Bollengers and Cottes, *different kinds of boats*, C.
Boolie, *beloved*, C.
Bordel, *cottage*, C.
Bordelier, *cottager.*
Borne, *burnish*, C.
Boun, *make ready*, C.
Bounde, *ready*, C.
Bourne, *boundary, promontory.*
Bourne, *bounded, limited.*
Bowke, bowkie, *body*, C.
Bowting matche, *contest.*
Bismarelie, *curiously*, C.
Braste, *burst.*
Brasteth, *bursteth*, C.
Brasteynge, *bursting.*
Braunce, *branch*, C.
Braunces, *branches*, C.
Brauncynge, *branching.*

Brayd, *displayed*, C.
Brayde, *embroider.*
Brayne, *brain, care.*
Brede, *broad*, C.
Bredren, *brethren.*
Breme, *strength*, C.
Breme, *strong*, C.
Bremie, *furious.*
Brende, *burn, consume*, C.
Brendeynge, *flaming*, C.
Bretful, *filled with*, C.
Brionie, *briony, or wild vine.*
Broched, *pointed.*
Bronde, *fury, or sword.*
Brondeynge, *furious.*
Brondeous, *furious*, C.
Brooklette, *rivulet.*
Browded, *embroidered*, C.
Brued, *embrued.*
Brutylle, *brittle, frail.*
Brygandyne, *part of armor*, C.
Brynnyng, *declaring*, C.
Burled, *armed*, C.
Burlie bronde, *fury, anger*, C.
Byelecoyle, *bel accueil*, Fr. the name of a personage in the *Roman de la Rose*, which Chaucer has rendered *fair welcoming.*
Byker, *battle.*
Bykrous, *warring*, C.
Bysmare, *bewildered, curious*, C.

C.

Cale, *cold.*
Calke, *cast*, C.
Calked, *cast out*, C.
Caltysning, *forbidding*, C.
Carnes, *rocks, stones.* Brit.
Castle-stede, *a castle*, C.
Castle-stere, *the hold of a castle.*
Caties, *cates.*
Caytysnede, *binding, enforcing*, C.
Celness, *coldness.*
Chafe, *hot*, C.
Chaftes, *beats, stamps*, C.
Champion, *challenge*, C.
Chaper, *dry, sun-burnt*, C.
Chapournette, *a small round hat*, C.
Charie, *dear.*
Cheese, *chuse.*
Chefe, *heat, rashness*, C.
Chelandree, *goldfinch*, C.
Cherisaunce, *comfort*, C.
Cherisaunied, *comfortable.*
Cheves, *moves*, C.
Chevysed, *preserved*, C.
Cheynedd, *chained, restricted.*
Chirckynge, *a confused noise*, C.
Chop, *an exchange.*
Choppe, *to exchange.*
Choughe, choughs, *jackdaws.*
Church-glebe-house, *grave*, C.
Chyrche-glebe, *church-yard.*
Clangs, *sounds loud.*
Cleme, *sound*, C.
Cleere, *famous.*
Clefs, *cliffs.*

Cleped, *named.*
Clerche, *clergy.*
Clergyon, *clerk or clergyman*, C.
Clergyon'd, *taught*, C.
Clevis, *cleft of a rock.*
Cleyne, *sound.*
Clinie, *declination of the body.*
Clymmynge, *noisy*, C.
Compheeres, *companions*, C.
Congeon, *dwarf*, C.
Contake, *dispute*, C.
Conteins, *contents.*
Conteke, *confuse, contend with* C.
Contekions, *contentions*, C.
Cope, *a cloke*, C.
Corteous, *worthy*, C.
Corven, see *ycorven.*
Cotte, *cut.*
Cottes, see *bollengers.*
Cotteynge, *cutting.*
Covent, *convent.*
Coupe, *cut*, C.
Coupynge, *cutting, mangling.*
Couraciers, *horse-coursers*, C.
Coyen, *coy.*
Crasen, *broken.*
Cravent, *coward*, C.
Creand, as *recreand.*
Cristede, *crested.*
Croche, *cross*, C.
Crokynge, *bending.*
Crocheđ, perhaps *broched.*
Crokynge, *bending.*
Cross-stone, *monument*, C.
Cryne, *hair*, C.
Cuarr, *quarry.*
Cuishe, *armor for the thigh.*
Cullis-yatte, *port-cullis gate*, C.
Curriedowe, *flatterer*, C.
Cuyen kine, *tender cows*, C

D.

Dacya, *Denmark.*
Daie-brente, *burnt*, C.
Daise-eyed, *daisied.*
Damoyselles, *damsels.*
Danke, *damp.*
Dareygne, *attempt, endeavour*, C.
Darklinge, *dark.*
Daygnous, *disdainful*, C.
Deathdoeynge, *murdering.*
Declynie, *declination.*
Decorn, *carved*, C.
Deene, *glorious, worthy*, C.
Deere, *dire*, C.
Defs, *vapours, meteors*, C.
Defayte, *decay*, C.
Defte, *neat, ornamental*, C.
Deigned, *disdained*, C.
Delievretie, *activity*, C.
Dente, see *adente.*
Dented, see *adented.*
Denwere, *doubt*, C.
Denwere, *tremour*, C.
Depeyncte, *paint, display*, C.
Depicted, *painted, or displayed*, C.
Depyctures, *drawings, paintings*, C.
Dequace, *mangle, destroy*, C.
Dequaced, *sunk, quashed.*

Dere, *hurt, damage*, C.
Derne, *melancholy, terrible.*
Derkynnes, *young deer.*
Dernie, *woeful, lamentable.*
Dernie, *cruel*, C.
Deslavatie, *disloyal, unfaithful.*
Deslavatie, *lechery*, C.
Detratours, *traitors.*
Deysde, *seated on a dais.*
Dheie, *they.*
Dhere, *there.*
Dhereof, *thereof.*
Difficile, *difficult*, C.
Dighte, *drest, arrayed*, C.
Dispande, *expanded.*
Dispente, *expended.*
Dispone, *dispose.*
Divinistre, *divine*, C.
Dolce, *soft, gentle*, C.
Dole, *lamentation*, C.
Dolte, *foolish*, C.
Donore. This line should probably be written thus: *O sea-o'erteeming Dovor!*
Dortoure, *a sleeping room*, C.
Dote, perhaps as *dighte.*
Doughtre mere, *d'outre mer*, Fr., from beyond sea.
Draffs, *the refuse, or what is cast away.*
Dreare, *dreary.*
Dree, *draw, or drive.*
Dreerie, *dreary, terrible.*
Drefte, *least*, C.
Drenche, *drink*, C.
Drented, *drained*, C.
Dreyncted, *drowned*, C.
Dribblete, *small, insignificant*, C.
Drierie *terrible.*
Drites, *rights, liberties*, C.
Droke, *dry.*
Drocke, *drink*, C.
Droncke, *drank.*
Droorie, *courtship, gallantry*, C.
Drooried, *courted.*
Dulce, as *dolce.*
Duressed, *hardened*, C.
Dyd, should probably be *dyght.*
Dyghte, as *dight.*
Dyghtynge, as *dightynge.*
Dygne, *worthy*, C.
Dygner, *more worthy*, C.
Dynning, *sounding*, C.
Dyspendynge, *expending.*
Dyspense, *expence*, C.
Dysperpellest, *scatterest*, C.
Dysporte, *pleasure*, C.
Dysporteynge, *sporting*, C.
Dysportisement, as *dysporte.*
Dysregate, *to break connection or fellowship.* Qu. *to degrade?*

E.

Edraw, for *ydraw*; draw.
Eeke, *amplification, exaggeration.*
Efte, *often, again*, C.
Eftsoones, *quickly*, C.
Egederinge, *assembling, gathering*, C.
Eke, *also*, C.
Ele, *help*, C.
Eletten, *enlighten*, C.

Elmen, *elms.*
Elocation, *elocution.*
Elves, *personages, people.*
Emarschalled, *arranged.*
Emblaunched, *whitened*, C.
Embodyde, *thick, stout.*
Embowre, *lodge*, C.
Embollen, *swelled, strengthened*, C.
Emburled, *armed*, C.
Emmate, *lessen, decrease*, C.
Emmertleynge, *glittering*, C.
Emmers, *coined money.*
Emprize, *adventure*, C.
Empprize, *enterprize*, C.
Enactynge, *acting.*
Enalse, *embrace*, C.
Encaled, *frozen, cold*, C.
Enchafed, *heated, enraged*, C.
Encheere, *encouraye.*
Encontrynge, *encountring.*
Enfouled, *vitiated, polluted.*
Engarlanded, *wearing a garland.*
Engyne, *torture.*
Engyned, *tortured.*
Enharme, *to do harm to.*
Enheedynge, *taking heed.*
Enhele, *heal.*
Enhepe, *add*, C.
Enlefed, *full of leaves.*
Enleme, *enlighten.*
Enlowed, *flamed, fired*, C.
Enrone, *unsheath.*
Enseme, *to make seams in.*
Ensemeynge, as *seeming.*
Enshone, *shewed.*
Enshoting, *shooting, darting*, C.
Enstrote, *deserving punishment.*
Enswolters, *swallows, sucks in*, C.
Enswote, *sweeten.*
Ensyrke, *encircle.*
Ent, *a purse or bag*, C.
Entendemente, *understanding.*
Enthoghte, *thinking.*
Enthoghte, *thought of.*
Enthoghteynge, *thinking.*
Entremed, *intermixed.*
Entrykeynge, *tricking.*
Entyn, *even*, C.
Enryonnde, *worked with iron*, C.
Eraced, *banished, erased.*
Erlie, *earl.*
Ermiett's, *hermits*, C.
Erste, *formerly.*
Estande, for *ystande, stand.*
Estells, a corruption of *estoile*, Fr., *a star*, C.
Estroughted, *stretched out.*
Ethe, *ease*, C.
Ethie, *easy.*
Evalle, *equal*, C.
Eve-merk, *dark evening.*
Evespeckt, *marked with evening dew*, C.
Everichone, *every one*, C.
Everyche, *every.*
Ewbrice, *adultery*, C.
Ewbrycious, *lascivious.*
Eyne-gears, *objects of the eyes.*
Eynes-yghte, *eye-sight.*

F.

Fadre, *father.*
Fage, *tale, jest,* C.
Faie, *faith.*
Faifully, *faithfully,* C.
Faitour, *a beggar or vagabond,* C.
Faldstole, *a folding stool, or seat.* See Du Cange in v. *Faldistorium.*
Far-kend, *far seen,* C.
Fayre, *clear, innocent.*
Featliest, *most beautiful.*
Federed, *feathered.*
Ferre, *fire.*
Feerie, *flaming,* C.
Fele, *feeble,* C.
Felle, *cruel, bad.*
Fellen, *fell.*
Ferse, *violent, fierce.*
Ferselie, *fiercely.*
Fetelie, *nobly,* C.
Fetive, as *festive.*
Fetyve, *elegant, beautiful.*
Fetyvelie, *elegantly,* C.
Fetyveness, *festiveness.*
Feygne, *willing.*
Feygnes, a corruption of *feints,* C.
Fhuir, *fury,* C.
Fie, *defy,* C.
Flaiten, *horrible, or undulating,* Qu.?
Flanched, *arched.*
Fleers, *fliers, runaways.*
Fleeting, *flying, passing.*
Fleme, *to terrify.*
Flemed, *frighted,* C.
Flemie, *frightfully.*
Flemeynge, *terrifying*
Fleurs, *flowers.*
Flizze, *fly,* C.
Floe, *arrow,* C.
Florryschethe, *blooms, flourishes.*
Flott, *float,* C.
Flotting, *floating, or undulating.*
Floure Seyncte Mary, *marygold,* C.
Flourette, *flower,* C.
Flytted, *fled.*
Foile, *baffle,* C.
Fons, fonnes, *devices,* C.
Fore, *before.*
Forefend, *forbid.*
Forgard, *lose,* C.
Forletten, *forsaken,* C.
Forloyne, *retreat,* C.
Forroy, *destroy.*
Forreying, *destroying,* C.
Forslagen, *slain,* C. [Kersey]
Forslege, *slay,* C.
Forstraughte, *distracted.*
Forstraughteyng, *distracting,* C.
Forswat, *sun-burnt,* C. [Properly, *much sweated.* The misinterpretation *sun-burnt* is from the Gloss of E. K. to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar.*]
Forweltring, *blasting,* C.
Forwyned, *dried,* C.
Foulke, *people.*

Foury, *fury.*
Fowlyng, *defiling.*
Fraie, *fight*, C.
Fremde, *strange*, C.
Fremded, *frighted*, C.
Fructile, *fruitful.*
Fuired, *furious.*
Furched, *forked.*

G.

Gaberdyne, *a piece of armour*, C. *A cloak.*
Gallard, *frighted*, C.
Gare, *cause*, C.
Gastness, *ghastliness.*
Gauntlette, *glove*, C.
Gauntlette, *challenging.*
Geare, *apparel, accoutrement.*
Geasonne, *rare, extraordinary, strange*, C.
Geer, *dress.*
Geete, *As gite.*
Gelten, *guilded*, C.
Gemot, *council.*
Gemote, *assembled*, C.
Gerd, *broke, rent*, C.
Gies, *guides*, C.
Gier, *a turn or twist.*
Gif, *if*, C.
Gites, *robes, mantles*, C.
Glair, *shining, clear.*
Glairie, *clear, shining.*
Glare, *glitter*, C.
Gledes, *glides.*
Gledeynge, *livid*, C.
Gleme, *shine, glimmer*, C.
Glester, *to shine.*
Glestreynge, *shining, glittering.*
Glomb, *frown*, C.
Glommed, *clouded, dejected*, C.
Gloure, *glory*, C.
Glowe, *shine, gleam.*
Glytted, *shone, or gluded*, Qu.?
Gore-depycted, *painted with blood.*
Gore-red, *red as blood.*
Gorne, *garden*, C.
Gottes, *drops.*
Gouler, *usurer.*
Goushynge, *gushing.*
Graiebarbes, *grey-beards*, C.
Grange, *liberty of pasture*, C.
Gratche, *apparel*, C.
Grave, *chief magistrate, mayor, epithet given to the aldermen.* Qu.?
Gravots, *groves*, C.
Gre, *grow*, C.
Grees, *grows*, C.
Greeynge, *growing.*
Grete, *greeted, saluted.*
Groffile, *grovelling, mean.*
Groffyngelye, *foolishly, vulgarly, abjectly.*
Groffyshe, *uncivil, rude.*
Gron, *a fen, moor*, C.
Gronfer, *a meteor*, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, corruption of *fire*, C.
Gronfyres, *meteors*, C.
Groted, *swollen*, C.
Gryne, *groin.*
Grypped, *grasped.*
Gule depeyncted, *red painted*, C.
Gule steynct, *red stained*, C.

Guyfts, *gifts, talents.*
Guylde, *assess, tax.*
Guylteynge, *gilding.*
Gye, *a guide*, C.
Gyte, see *gite.*
Gytelles, *mantels*, C.

H.

Habergeon, *coat of mail.*
Haile, *happy*, C.
Hailie, see *haile.*
Halceld, *defeated*, C.
Hallidome, *holy church.* Qu.
Hallie, *holy*, C.
Hallie, *wholely.*
Halline, *joy.* C.
Hamlettes, *manors*, C.
Hau, *hath.* Qu. *had.*
Hancelled, *cut off, destroyed*, C.
Handesword, *back-sword.*
Hantoned, *accustomed.* Qu.
Harrie, *harass.* Qu.
Harried, *tost*, C.
Harte of Greece, *a stag.*
Hatchedd, *covered with hatchments.*
Hatchments, *atchievements, coat armour.*
Haveth, *have, hath.*
Havyoure, *behaviour.*
Heafod, *head*, C.
Heavenwere, *heavenward*, C.
Heaulme, *helmet, crown.*
Hecket, *wrapped, closely covered*, C.
Heckled, *wrapped.*
Hedes, *regards, attends to.*
Heie, *they*, C.
Heideygnes, *a country dance, still practised in the North.* C.
Hele, *help*, C.
Hem, *a contraction of them*, C.
Hendie stroke, *hand stroke, close fighting.*
Hente, *grasp, hold*, C.
Hentylle, *custom.*
Her, *for their.*
Herehaughtes, *heralds.*
Herehaughtrie, *heraldry*, C.
Herselle, *herself.*
Heste, *require, ask*, C.
Heste, *a command.*
Hete, *promised.*
Hight, *named, called.*
Hiltrene, *hidden*, C.
Hiltring, *hilding*, C.
Hoastrie, *inn, or a public house*, C.
Hoistes, *lifts up.*
Hollie, *holy.*
Holtred, *hidden.* Qu.
Hommageres, *servants*, C.
Hommeur, *honor, humor.* Qu.
Honde poyncte, *index of a clock, marking hour or minute.*
Hopelen, *hopelessness.*
Harrowe, *unseemly, disagreeable*, C.
Hove, *lifted up, threw.*
Houton, *hollow*, C.
Hulstred, *hidden, secret*, C.
Hus, *house.*

Hus-carles, *house-servants.*
Hyger, the flowing of the tide in the Severn was anciently called the *Hygra.*
Hyghte, *named, called.*
Hylle fyre, *a beacon.*
Hylte, *hid, secreted, hide,* C.
Hylted, *hidden,* C.
Hyltren, *hidden.*
Hynde, *peasant,* C.
Hyndlettes, *servants.*

I.

Jade, *to render languid, fatigue.*
Jape, *a short surplice,* &c. C.
Jernie, *journey.*
Jeste, *hoisted, raised,* C.
Ifrete, *devour, destroy,* C.
Ihantend, *accustomed,* C.
Jintle, *for gentle.*
Immengde, *mixed, mingled.*
Impestering, *annoying,* C.
Impleasaunce, *unpleasantness.*
Inhild, *infuse,* C.
Investynge, *cloathing.*
Joice, *juice,* C.
Joice, *juicy.*
Joustedd, *justed.*
Ishad, *broken,* C., *shed.*
Ithink, *think.*
Jubb, *a bottle,* C.
Iwreene, *disclosed.*
Iwimpled, *wrapped up.*
Iwys, *certainly,* C.
Jyned, *joined.*
Jynynge, *joining.*

K.

Ken, *see, discover, know,* C.
Kenns, *knows,* C.
Kenne, *know.*
Kepe, *to take care of.*
Keppened, *careful.*
Kerveth, *cutteth, destroyeth.* Qu.
Kiste, *coffin,* C.
Kivercled, *the hidden or seeret part,* C.
Knite, *joined.*
Knopped, *fastened, chained, congealed,* C.
Knowlache, *knowledge,* C.
Knowlached, *known, distinguished.*
Knowlachynge, *knowledge,* C.
Kynde, *nature,* C.
Kynge coppes, *butter flowers.*

L.

Labrynge, *labouring, agitated.*
Ladden, *lay.*
Lare, *leather.*
Laverde, *lord,* C.
Lea, *field, or pasture.*
Lease, *lose.*
Leathal, *deadly,* C.
Lechemanne, *physician.*
Leckedst, *most despicable.*
Lecture, *relate,* C.
Lecturn, *subject,* C.
Lecturnyes, *lectures,* C.
Leden, *decreasing,* C.
Leeche, *physician.*

Leege, *homage, obeisance*, C.
Leegefolcke, *subjects*, C.
Leegefull, *lawful*, C.
Leegemen, *subjects.*
Leffed, *left.*
Lege, *law*, C.
Leggen, *lesson, alloy*, C.
Leggende, *alloyed*, C.
Lemanne, *mistress.*
Leme, *lighten up.*
Lemed, *lighted, glistened*, C.
Lemes, *lights, rays*, C.
Lere, *leather.*
Lessel, *a bush, or hedge*, C.
Lete, *still*, C.
Lethalle, *deadly, or death-boding*, C.
Lethlen, *still, dead*, C.
Letten, *churchyard*, C.
Levyn-blasted, *struck with lightning.*
Levyn-mylted, *lightning melted.* Qu.
Levyn-plome, *feathered lightning.*
Levynde, *blasted*, C.
Levynne, *lightning*, C.
Levynne bronde, *flash of lightning.*
Liefe, *choice.*
Liff, *leaf.*
Likand, *liking.*
Limed, *glassy*, C.
Limitoure, *a licensed begging friar.*
Limmed, *glassy reflecting*, C.
Lissedd, *bounded*, C.
Lisseth, *boundeth*, C.
List, *concern, cause to care.*
Listeynge, *listening.*
Lithie, *humble*, C., *soft, gentle.*
Loaste, *loss.*
Locke, *luck, good fortune.*
Lockless, *luckless, unfortunate.*
Lode, *load.*
Lode, *praise, honor.* Qu.
Logges, *cottages*, C.
Longe straughte, *far-extended, lengthened.*
Lordynge, *standing on their hind legs*, C.
Lore, *learning*, C.
Lote, *lot, fortune.*
Loverde, *lord*, C.
Loughe, *laugh*, C.
Loustie, *lusty, lustful.*
Low, *flame of fire*, C.
Lowes, *flames*, C.
Lowings, *flames*, C.
Lowynge, *flaming, burning.*
Lurdanes, *Lord Danes.*
Lycheynge, *liking*, C.
Lyene, *lye.*
Lyghethe, *lodgeth.*
Lymmed, *polished*, C.
Lynche, *bank*, C.
Lynge, *stay, linger.*
Lyoncelle, *young lyon*, C.
Lyped, *linked, united.* Qu.
Lysse, *sport, or play*, C.
Lyssed, *bounded*, C.
Lyvelyhode, *life*, C.

M.

Magystrie, *mastery, victory.*
Marvelle, *wonder*, C.
Mancas, *marks.* C., *mancuses.*
Machyn, *a sleeve*, Fr.
Masterschyppe, *mastery, victory.*
Mate, *match.*
Maugrie, *notwithstanding, in spite of.*
Maynt, *many.*
Mede, *reward*, C.
Mee, *meadow*, C.
Meeded, *rewarded.*
Melancholych, *melancholy.*
Memuine, *mesnie-men, attendants.*
Menged, *mixed, the many.*
Miniced, *menaced.* Qu.
Mennys, *men.*
Mensuredd, *bounded or measured*, C.
Menynge, *meaning.*
Mere, *lake*, C.
Merke, *dark, gloomy.*
Merke-plant, *nightshade*, C.
Merker, *darker.*
Merkness, *darkness.*
Merkye, *dark.*
Meve, *move.*
Meynte, *many, great numbers* C.
Mical, *much, mighty.*
Miesel, *myself.*
Miskynette, *a small bagpipe*, C.
Mist, *poor, needy*, C.
Mitches, *ruins*, C.
Mitte, *a contraction of mighty*, C.
Mittee, *mighty*, C.
Mockler, *more, greater, mightier.*
Moke, *much*, C.
Mokie, *black*, C.
Mokynge, *mocking, murmuring.* Qu.
Mole, *soft*, C.
Mollock, *wet, moist*, C. [*Mollock* is properly a substantive, and is used by old writers. See in Chatterton's usual authorities, Kersey and Speght.]
Molterynge, *mouldy, mouldring.*
Mone, *moon.*
Moneynge, *lamenting, moaning.*
Morie, *marshy.*
Morthe, *death, murder.*
Morthynge, *murdering.*
Mose, *most.*
Moste, *must.*
Mote, *might*, C.
Motte, *word, or motto.*
Mottring, *muttering, murmuring.*
Myckle, *much*, C.
Mychte, *mighty.*
Myghte amein, *main force.*
Myndbruche, *firmness of mind, sense of honor.* Qu.
Mynemenne, *miners.*
Mynsterr, *monastery*, C.
Mynstrelle, *a minstrel it a musician*, C.
Myrynge, *wallowing.*
Mystell, *miscall.*
Mysterk, *mystic*, C.

N.

Ne, *not*, C.
Ne, *no, or none.*
Ne, *nigh, or nearly.*
Nedere, *adder*, C.
Neete, *night.*
Nesh, *weak, tender*, C.
Nete, *nothing*, C.
Nete, *night.*
Nethe, *beneath.*
Nillynge, *unwilling*, C.
Nome-depeyncted, *rebus'd shields, &c.*, C.
Notte, *knot, fasten.*
Notte browne, *nut brown.*
Noyance, *annoyance.*

O.

Oares, *wherries.*
Oathed, *bound upon oath.*
Obaie, *abide*, C.
Offrendes, *presents, offerings*, C.
Olyphauntes, *elephantes*, C.
Onflemed, *undismayed*, C.
Onknowlachynge, *ignorant, unknowing*, C.
Onlist, *boundless*, C.
Onlyghte, *darken.* Qu.
Ontylle, *untill.*
Onwordie, *unworthy.*
Oppe, *up.*
Optics, *eyes.*
Orrests, *oversets*, C.
Overest, *uppermost.*
Ounde, *wave.*
Oundynge, *undulating, swelling.* Qu.
Ouphante, *ouphen, elves.*
Ourt, *overt, open.* Qu.
Ouzle, *black bird*, C.
Owlett, *owl*, C.
Owndes, *waves*, C

P.

Paizde, *poised.*
Pal!, *contraction from appall, to fright*, C.
Paramente, *robes of scarlet, a princely robe*, C.
Parker, *park-keeper.*
Passente, *passing.*
Passent, *walking leisurely*, C.
Paves, *shields.*
Pavyes, *shields.*
Payrde, *compared.*
Peede, *pied*, C.
Peene, *pain.*
Pencte, *painted*, C.
Penne, *mountain.*
Pensmenne, *writers, historians*, C.
Percase, *perchance*, C.
Perdie, *for a certainty.*
Pere, *pear.*
Pere, *appear*, C.
Pereynge, *appearing, peeping*
Perforce, *of necessity.*
Perpled, *purple, scattered, diffused.* Qu.
Persante, *piercing.*

Pete, *beat, pluck.* Qu.
Peynctedd, *painted,* C.
Pheeres, *fellows, equals,* C.
Pheon, *in heraldry, the barbed head of a dart.*
Picte, *picture,* C.
Piercedd, *broken, or pierced through with darts,* C.
Pittie golphe, *hollow of the pit.*
Pleasaunce, *pleasure, blessing.*
Plies, *sounds,* C.
Plonce, *plunge.*
Pole, *the crown of the head.*
Pouche, *purse.*
Poyntelle, *a pen,* C.
Pre, *to prey.*
Pre, *prey.*
Preche, *preach, exhort, recommend.*
Preestschyppe, *priesthood.*
Prevyd, *hardy, valorous,* C.
Proto-slene, *first slain.*
Prowe, *forehead.*
Prowes, *might, power,* C.
Puerilitie, *childhood.*
Pyghte, *pitched, bent down, settled,* C.
Pyghtethe, *plucks, or tortures,* C.
Pynant, *languid, insipid, pining, meagre.*

Q.

Quacedd, *vanquished,* C.
Quansed, *stilled, quenched,* C.
Quayntyssed, *curiously devised,* C.
Queede, *the evil one, the devil.*
Quent, *quaint, strange.*

R.

Rampynge, *furious.*
Receivure, *receipt.*
Recendize, *for recreandize, cowardice.*
Recer, *for racer.*
Reddoure, *violence,* C.
Rede, *wisdom,* C.
Reded, *counselled,* C.
Redeynge, *advice.*
Regrate, *esteem, favour,* C.
Reine, *run,* C.
Rele, *wave,* C.
Reles, *waves,* C.
Rennomde, *honored, renowned.*
Rennome, *honor, glory,* C.
Requium, *a service used over the dead,* C.
Responsed, *answered.*
Rewynde, *ruined.*
Reyne, *run,* C.
Reynynge, *running,* C.
Reytes, *water-flags,* C.
Ribaude, *rake, lewd person.*
Ribbande geere, *ornaments of ribbands.*
Ribible, *violin,* C.
Riese, *rise.*
Riped, *ripened.*
Rodded, *reddened,* C.
Roddie, *red.*

Roddie levynne, *red lightning*, C.
Rode, *complexion*, C.
Roder, *rider*, *traveller*.
Rodeynge, *riding*.
Roghlynge, *rolling*, C.
Rostlynge, *rustling*.
Rou, *horrid*, *grim*, C.
Rouncy, *cart-horse*, C.
Royn, *ruin*.
Royner, *ruiner*.
Rynde, *ruined*.
Ryne, *run*.

S.

Sabalus, *the devil*, C.
Sabbataners, *booted soldiers*.
Sable, *black*, *in heraldry*.
Sable, *blacken*, C.
Sable, *darkness*.
Sable, *black*.
Sai, *sagum*, *military cloak*.
Sanguen, *bloody*.
Sarim's plain, *Salisbury plain*.
Sayld, *assailed*.
Scalle, *shall*, C.
Scante, *scarce*, C.
Scantillie, *scarcely*, *sparingly*, C.
Scarpes, *scarfs*, C.
Scarre, *mark*.
Scathe, *hurt*, *damage*, C.
Scathe, *scarce*.
Scaunce-layd, *uneven*.
Scauncing, *glancing*, *or looking obliquely*.
Scethe, *damage*, *mischief*, C.
Schaftes, *shafts*, *arrows*.
Scheafted, *adorned with turrets*.
Scille, *gather*, C.
Scillye, *closely*, C.
Scolles, *sholes*.
Seck, *suck*.
Seeled, *closed*, C.
Seere, *search*, C.
Selke, *silk*.
Selynesse, *happiness*, C.
Semblamente, *appearance*.
Semblate, *appearance*.
Seme, *seed*, C.
Semecope, *a short under-cloke*, C.
Semlykeene, *countenance*, *beauty*, C.
Semmlykeed, *countenance*.
Sendaument, *appearance*.
Sete, *seat*.
Shap, *fate*, C.
Shap-scurged, *fate-scourged*, C.
Sheen, *to shine*.
Sheene, *lustre*, *shine*.
Shemres, *shine*.
Shemrynge, *glimmering*, C.
Shente, *broke*, *destroyed*, C.
Shepen, *innocent*. Qu.
Shepsterr, *shepherd*, C.
Shettynge, *shooting*.
Shoone pykes, *shoes with piked toes*. *The length of the pikes was restrained to two inches by* 3 Ewd. 4, *c.* 5.
Shotte, *shut*.
Shotteyng, *closing*, *shutting*.

Shrove, *shrouded.*
Siker, *sure.*
Skyne, *sky.*
Slea, *slay*, C.
Sleath, *destroyeth, killeth*, C.
Sledde, *sledge, hurdle.*
Slee, *slay.*
Sleene, *slain*, C.
Sleeve, *clue of thread.*
Sletre, *slaughter.*
Sleyghted, *slighted.*
Sleynges, *slings.*
Slughornes, *a musical instrument not unlike a hautboy, a kind of clarion*, C.
Smethe, *smoke*, C.
Smething, *smoking*, C.
Smore, *besmeared.*
Smothe, *steam, or vapours*, C.
Snett, *bent, snatched up*, C.
Snoffelle, *snuff up.*
Sockeynge, *sucking.*
Solle, *soul.*
Sorfeeted, *surfeited.*
Sothe, *truth.*
Sothen, *sooth.* Qu.
Soughle, *soul.*
Soughlys, *souls*, C.
Souten, *for sought.*
Sparre, *a wooden bar, or inclosure.*
Spedde, *reached, attained.* Qu.
Spencer, *dispenser*, C.
Spere, *allow.* Qu.
Sphere, *spear.*
Splete, *cleaved, split.*
Sprenged, *sprinkled.*
Sprytes, *spirits, souls*, C.
Spyryng, *towering.*

Staie, *support, prop.*
Staie, *fastening.*
Starks, *stalks.*
Steck, *stuck.*
Stedness, *firmness, steadfastness*, C.
Steemde, *reeked, steamed.*
Steemie, *steaming.*
Steeres, *stairs.*
Stent, *stained*, C.
Steynced, *alloyed, or stained.* Qu.
Steyne, *stain, blot, disgrace.*
Stoke, *stuck.*
Storthe, *death.*
Storven, *dead*, C.
Storven, *for strove.* Qu.
Stowe, *place, city.*
Straughte, *stretched*, C.
Stre, *straw.*
Stree, *strew.*
Stret, *stretch*, C.
Strev, *strive.*
Stringe, *strong*, C.
Stynts, *stops.*
Substant, *substantial.*
Suffycyll, *sufficient.*
Super-hallie, *over-righteous*, C.
Surcote, *a cloke or mantel which hid all the other dress*, C.
Suster, *sister.*
Swanges, *wave to and fro.*
Swarthe, *spirit, ghost.*
Swarthless, *dead, expired.*
Swarthynge, *expiring.*
Sweft-kervd, *short liv'd*, C.
Sweltrie, *sultry*, C.
Swolterynge, *overwhelming.* Qu.

Swolynge, *swelling*.
Swote, *sweet*, C.
Swotelie, *sweetly*, C.
Swotie, *sweet*, C.
Swythe, *quickly*, C.
Swythen, *quickly*, C.
Swythyn, *quickly*, C.
Syke, *such*, *so*, C.
Sythe, *since*.
Sythence, *since then*.

T.

Takells, *arrows*, C.
Talbots, *a species of dogs*.
Tempest-chaft, *tempest-beaten*, C.
Tende, *attend*, *or wait*, C.
Tene, *sorrow*.
Tentyflie, *carefully*, C.
Thight, *consolidated*, *closed*.
Thilk, *that*, *or such*.
Thoughtenne, *thought*.
Thraslarke, *thrushes*.
Throstle, *thrush*.
Thyk, *such*, C.
Tore, *torch*, C.
Tourneie, *tournament*, C.
Trechit, *treget*, *deceit*.
Trone, *throne*, C.
Trothe, *truth*, C.
Troulie, *true*, *truly*.
Twaie, *two*.
Twayne, *two*, C.
Twighte, *plucked*, *pulled*, C.
Twytte, *pluck*, *or pull*, C.
Tynge, *tongue*.
Tytend, *tightened*, *fastened*.

V. U.

Val, *helm*, C.
Vengouslie, *revengefully*.
Ugsomme, *terrible*, C.
Ugsomness, *terror*, C.
Villeyn, *vassal*, *servant*.
Unburled, *unarmed*, C.
Uncouthe, *unknown*, C.
Undevyse, *explain*.
Unliart, *unforgiving*, C.
Unlydgefulle, *rebellious*.
Unplaite, *explain*, C. [*To unplaite*, Kersey and Bailey. *Unpliten*, make plain, Speght.]
Unwote, *unknown*.
Upryne, *raise up*.
Vyed, *viewed*.

W.

Walsome, *loathsome*.
Wanhope, *despair*, C.
Wastle-cake, *cake of white bread*.
Waylde, *choice*, *selected*.
Waylynge, *decreasing*, C.
Whestlyng, *whistling*.
Woden blue, *dyed blue with woad*.
Woe-be-mentynge, *woe-be-wailing*.
Wychencref, *witchcraft*.
Wysche, *wish*.

Y.

Yan, *than.*
Yaped, *laughable*, C.
Yatte, *that.*
Ybereynge, *bearing.*
Yborne, *son.*
Ybrende, *burn.*
Ycorne, *engraved, carved.*
Ycorvenn, *to mould*, C.
Ydeyd, *dyed.*
Ydronks, *drinks.*
Yer, *your, their.*
Yeyre, *their*, C.
Yie, *thy.*
Ygrove, *graven, or formed.*
Yinder, *yonder.*
Yis, *this.*
Ylachd, *enclosed, shut up.*
Ynhyme, *inter*, C.
Ynutyle, *useless.*
Yreaden, *made ready.*
Yreerde, *reared, raised.*
Yspende, *consider*, C.
Ystorven, *dead*, C.
Ytorn, *torn.*
Ytsel, *itself.*

Z.

Zabalus, *the devil.*

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